

EDWARD A. OLSEN: MY CAREERS AS JOURNALIST IN OREGON, IDAHO, AND NEVADA; IN NEVADA GAMING CONTROL; AND AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Interviewee: Edward A. Olsen

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Description

Edward A. Olsen, a native of New York, was born in 1919. He spent nearly his whole life in the West, as a youngster in Colorado, and as a newspaperman in Oregon, Idaho, and Nevada.

Mr. Olsen was handicapped since birth by a serious physical condition. He conquered his handicap sufficiently to undertake two demanding careers—that of a wire service journalist and that of chairman of the Nevada Gaming Control Board.

Through the late 1940s and 1950s, Olsen was one of the most alert and effective journalists in Nevada. Few men knew Nevada better than he and none had a better sentinel post from which to watch the parade of celebrities who came and went through Nevada for their various political, matrimonial, social, and antisocial purposes. He was a careful and analytical reporter. In the early 1960s, when he was based as the state government's leading official in the field of gambling regulation, he had another unusual station from which to survey the carnival world of the Nevada casino industry.

In this oral history, Mr. Olsen gets to the bottom of things quickly and nearly always finds something to laugh at there. He is not motivated by any commercial considerations in offering the information. In general he is objective, and where he is not, he reveals his biases openly.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Edward A. Olsen is a native of New York, born in 1919. He has spent nearly his whole life in the West, as a youngster in Colorado, and as a newspaperman in Oregon, Idaho, and Nevada. Following his newspaper career, Mr. Olsen became the head of Nevada's gaming control agency. He is presently chief information officer for the University of Nevada, Reno. Professor James W. Hulse's introduction outlines some of Mr. Olsen's accomplishments and evaluates his contributions to journalism, to gaming control, and to research in recording his oral history.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. Olsen accepted readily. Nine recording sessions followed, working around a busy schedule, from September, 1967 to March, 1969. All recording was done in the oral history office of the DRI Western Studies Center. Mr. Olsen was a cooperative and enthusiastic chronicler of his life history; his review of the transcript resulted in a small number of changes in style and a few valuable additions to the text.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the recollections of people who have made important contributions to the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the University libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Edward A. Olsen has requested that researchers obtain his written permission to use his oral history and has generously donated the literary rights (with appropriate restriction) to the University of Nevada.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1972

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

This Oral History by Ed Olsen is an impressive document on three counts. First, it is the narrative of a man handicapped since birth by a serious physical condition. This affliction, while it made him an invalid during most of his childhood and has allowed him to walk only with difficulty in his adult years, plays a surprisingly small role in the main part of the narrative. Olsen conquered his handicap sufficiently to undertake two demanding careers—that of a wire service journalist and that of chairman of the Nevada Gaming Control Board.

This brings us to his professional commentary—the second dimension of the oral history that makes this document so unusual and potentially valuable to future researchers. Through the late 1940's and 1950's, Olsen was one of the most alert and effective journalists in the state. Few men knew Nevada better than he and none had a better sentinel post from which to watch the parade of celebrities who came and went through Nevada for their various political, matrimonial, social, and antisocial purposes.

In the early 1960's, when he was based in Carson City as the state government's leading official in the field of gambling regulation, he had another unusual station from which to survey the carnival world of the Nevada casino industry. We are unlikely ever to have a better look at that world more or less from the inside.

The third feature of this history that is striking is its combination of humor and admirable candor. Those who know Olsen well and who have had occasion to talk to him often know him to be witty and blessed with a delightful sense of humor; he gets to the bottom of things quickly and nearly always finds something to laugh at there. His acquaintances would not be surprised to find the same quality here, but those who do not know him may be somewhat puzzled in a few places. If these pages are consulted in some future time by a person not familiar with Olsen's conversational style, he or she should bear in mind that he is probably trying to share a laugh.

Historians of the near and distant future should count themselves fortunate because

of the resources this document offers. Olsen was not motivated by any commercial consideration in offering the information. In general he is objective, and where he is not, he reveals his biases openly. He was a careful, analytical reporter, and the same qualities can be noticed here, but he no longer must treat his information in the restrained manner of the journalist. In several places, he confesses his uncertainty about the years or seasons in which the events he describes transpired, and the historians will have to double-check some of these matters. But aside from these minor lapses of memory, the basic data are reliable, the interpretations of the facts fair, and the narrative entertaining. No other political figure, or journalist, and certainly no other figure in the gambling world, is likely to bring such a combination of intellect, integrity, and wit to the facts of Nevada history of the last twenty-five years.

James W. Hulse, Professor
Department of History
University of Nevada, Reno
1972

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

Unlike many people, I do not have pleasant memories of childhood and seldom dwell on it. I was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 30, 1919. I have no idea what neighborhood—I subsequently saw it some twelve years later; it appeared to me to be something of a slum, although at that tender age I certainly didn't have enough knowledge of what a slum looked like.

My father was Albert Olsen; he had no middle name at all. My mother was Agnes Murtha. I have virtually no memory of my mother. I have been told, or perhaps even have a vague memory, that she was dark-haired—long dark hair, and perhaps a first generation Irish girl. I suspect that she was married around the age of nineteen or twenty, although again, I have no knowledge of that. I never, to my memory, have ever had any contact with any of my mother's family. I know of no one from her family at this point, whether she had brothers or sisters or what.

My father was born in this country of Norwegian parents, and his mother's name was Lena Olsen. I do not know what his

father's name was. I have no memory of meeting my grandfather on my father's side, although I do have childhood memories of my grandmother, who was quite a character. I recall my father telling me that he lied about his age to marry about the age of twenty, which must have put their wedding just about the end of World War I, sometime in 1918. I remember we were living there—in what I think was New York—in an upstairs flat, two or three rooms there, and did our game of stepping on my father's shoelaces. He had a tendency to wander around with his shoes untied with his shoelaces dragging behind him. I don't really know whether this is something I've been told or whether it is actually a memory—but at this point it seems like a memory—of stepping on his shoelaces when I was a baby, and falling. And I recall spending some time in bed by the window and looking down into the street at a man beating these horses because of their inaccuracy in backing up a huge wagon full of coal. But as I say, I don't remember if this was really New York or perhaps somewhere else.

Now, my father has said that my mother contracted—shortly after their marriage and I guess while she was still carrying me—tuberculosis of the lungs. In those days, of course, there was no true medical treatment of tuberculosis.

As a very young married couple, they struck out on their own. He separated from his family of many brothers and sisters, and she from hers. I guess she did have brothers and sisters, too. They went out to—well, to him, it was the only possible solution to her health—and this was Colorado. I have been told variously that we moved to Colorado before I was a year old, and then at other times, by aunts or uncles, that we moved when I was about eighteen months old. I would tend toward the latter age because of the dim memories I have of early days in Colorado. And my memory from here is almost always in bed. I was disabled, apparently from my association with my mother, with tuberculosis of both hip joints. I remember in Colorado—this was subsequently confirmed by my father—he acquired a shack or a house on what is now—or what was then and is still known as Lookout Mountain. And I recall that this shack was across a dirt road, and I would be left to dig in a cliff of dirt with a spoon or shovel or something like that, which would be my only contact with—the normal contact children have with the earth, you know. I don't know what possible significance any of this stuff would have to any story. I'll go ahead chronologically, as they say, and throw it out.

Well, I recall we owned a Velie, a silver Velie, I think it was, a big touring car. My father used to drive to and from Denver every day—he worked in Denver, apparently—and drove up the mountain at night bringing groceries and wood, and so on. My mother was pretty much of an invalid at this point

herself, so consequently, there wasn't much care that she could give me during the day, so he'd have to come home and pretty much take care of both of us, which must have been quite a burden on a man that young, and without much education or anything of that nature.

We subsequently lived in Denver; I've been told that for a brief time we lived in Colorado Springs, but I don't know or remember any of that at all. But I do recall our living in Denver, first, perhaps on South Acoma Street, or even on South Broadway. And it was here that apparently it was determined that there wasn't really much hope for my physical recovery—to be able to walk—although I was constantly undergoing the bone treatments. I recall that one of the efforts in those days was what is known as traction; there's weights on the end of your legs to try to straighten them out. I recall this horrible doctor by the name of Packard, who was a horrible guy from a childhood standpoint, anyway. Traction was—the ropes to which the weights were attached which extended the legs were tied to adhesive tape applied to the bare skin of the legs. And this would go on for, oh, days, weeks, months at a time, and then the doctor would come to the house and change it. And he was a believer in “quick change,” which meant he would tear the entire length of adhesive tape off the skin, and great portions of skin would go with it. It was extremely painful. This is a memory that sticks in my life.

I also recall undergoing the surgical process at home; it was at the hands of the same doctor. He applied chloroform as an anesthetic; he would put a piece of gauze and pour liquid over your nose. And I have horrors of anesthetics to this day.

Apparently, somewhere along in this period—I can't really peg it as far as age; I couldn't have been more than, I suspect, three—I was placed for a time in the Children's

Hospital in Denver. I really have no great memory of that at all, but I think this period became my first introduction to a cast, the concept of solidifying—making the legs and pelvis and body motionless—destroying the disease, which was another method of treatment they had in those days.

I have another early memory of when we were living on—I believe it was South Ogden Street in Denver, next door to a friend whose name was Postma. And they likewise were Scandinavian; I don't know whether they were Norwegian or Danish or what. But Mr. Postma had a bakery there—it was a Scandinavian bakery in the basement of this little brick home—and a horse and wagon. He would bake at night and in the early morning he would deliver his bakery goods to customers all day with his horse and wagon. And quite naturally, from the next door neighbors, we always had goodies from the bakery.

Apparently my mother was still living at this time, but as I say, invalid. And I think I was in a cast—a body cast. And I recall that I was carried each day to a crib or a bed in the back yard and left there for the day. Apparently, my mother was unable to come and attend to me or anything like that, so I would have to wait until Mr. Postma—and I can remember this—that he would carry me out in the morning, and when he got home from his horse and wagon route that evening, well, he carried me back in. As this was the summer period—and I recall bees—and when you're unable to move or get away from those kind of things, you develop a fear, which I suspect is probably still with me. It's not a phobia of any kind, but I have no care for insects whatsoever—snakes or insects or any of that.

Apparently my mother died when I was—I really don't know, and I never have

been able to get my father—haven't been close enough to him or with him enough to get a decent chronology myself. Apparently she must have died about, oh, 1923-24, when I was four or five years old. I recall nothing of the death or whether I was there. I do recall living with the Postmas for a while; I was taken to their home and perhaps that's when this occurred. I lived there for, oh, quite some time; I suspect three or four months. I imagine this is when my mother died—either had died and I was probably moved out of the house, or perhaps was on the verge of death—I don't know. The Postmas had two youngsters, George, who was in high school at that time, I suspect—or perhaps if not in high school, in junior high school—and Margaret, who was, I think, slightly younger. I know nothing today of Margaret, but George has become a prominent physician in Denver and to my knowledge still practices there.

Anyway, I was finally taken from this neighborhood home to the National Jewish Hospital in Denver, which was at that time a hospital primarily devoted to the treatment of tuberculosis and was, I subsequently learned, a philanthropic hospital. My father obviously had absolutely no funds remaining after the lengthy illness of my mother, and, of course, the bills for me, and so we finally found an institution which would take me free of charge, both for custodial care and for possible treatment. I suspect I entered the National Jewish Hospital, which was out on Colfax and Colorado Boulevard, about 1924 or '25. I never wanted to check the record or delve into it, frankly.

Hospital treatment at that point—oh, it was so—I mean, we were in a children's dormitory, an old building which was divided into four wards, two upstairs and two downstairs. The girls were upstairs; there were younger boys in one ward downstairs and

the older boys in another ward downstairs, if my memory's right. I recall no particular medical treatment in the early days in that area, other than the concept of sunshine and open air. We had a lot of open porches and the hospital staff was devoted to putting youngsters out with the minimum of clothing in all kinds of weather. I recall blisters, and I can recall freezing. And frequently we would sleep out at night, too, and they would have to roll the beds out of each of the bedrooms for the patients. And this went on for, oh, probably two or three years. There were occasional "fun breaks" for children in which they would transport people in body casts and people in braces and people with lung diseases and people in all states of disability. They would transport them and put them in a—oh, these women's groups—and gather them up in cars or trucks, or this and that and the other thing, to take them to a farm or to an occasional circus or even to a picture show. We saw talkies. I think [they] were just coming in—or hadn't really come in. But Al Jolson, who became popular, oh, in 1927, or somewhere in there, I recall being taken to downtown Denver to a theater to see him.

Now, apparently, I subsequently was out of a cast for a while and was permitted to go about in a wheelchair. I recall I became quite adept at that, there being these long sun porches I mentioned before which would be probably three quarters of a block long, so this gave me quite a runway to practice "wheelchairs." I recall I had a wheelchair, however, that did not have swivel wheels on it. It was one of those old-fashioned ones where the wheels were all in a straight line. And you soon learned that by jerking the large rear wheels and then reversing their direction, you could lift up the front wheels and turn the wheelchair. But there was always the danger of going over forwards or going over backwards,

which I did many times. And the custodial help frowned on that because they'd have to come and set you back on your wheels.

During this period, I recall occasional visits from my father, and he probably visited me far more frequently than I recall, and even occasionally I could go home for a weekend on a Saturday or Sunday night or something like that. And I recall being taken—I had no idea where he lived; of course at that age, I probably wasn't interested—but I recall being taken to this apartment in downtown Denver—apparently it was a studio apartment—with my father and a woman who subsequently—I don't really know when—became my stepmother. Perhaps they were married then; perhaps they weren't. At least they spent the night together that night. I know, 'cause I was there.

My father was in the automobile business; he was an automobile salesman—or I think he was credit manager for a large firm in Denver. I know at that time it was the Utter Motor Company. The company sold Studebakers, I think. Incidentally, by virtue of being bedridden and confined to toys that could only be used in bed, I developed an early interest in automobiles—that was something I could run up and down the covers and not create too great a problem. But anyway, the woman who subsequently became my stepmother, her name was Nellie. Her maiden name was Adams. Apparently she had bought a car from my dad's firm and they got together through that means.

Returning to the hospital, there were, of course, periods in which—oh, I don't know how many patients must have been in this building; I'd say probably at least forty in the four wards. There were always periods when somebody came down with the mumps or the measles or the chicken pox or something like that. And in those days, whenever that

happened, the entire building would be quarantined. So this meant you could not receive visitors—you could only receive visitors on Sunday in the afternoon anyway, never any other time. But if one of us came down with some contagious disease, then the entire house would be quarantined for three weeks, and by that time somebody else caught it and we'd be quarantined for another three weeks, and there were lengthy periods when we never could have visitors at all. So this was perhaps where I think of my father, and subsequently Nellie, not coming to visit too often. Oh, later on, Nellie did adopt a very conscientious—she was a very conscientious person—visited me far more frequently than my father did. You know, she was a Christian Scientist by adoption—I guess conversion is the proper word. She likewise was without formal education, but had a somewhat more extensive social background perhaps than my father. She was originally married, I guess, to a sailor boy in San Diego; that didn't last very long. This, from my memory, [is] what she told me—that is, later. And then she was married to a well-to-do Denver man who apparently was alcoholic. Of course, in Nellie's eyes, anybody who had more than two beers was an alcoholic. Then she was married to my father, and in the process had adopted the concept of the Christian Science religion.

I neglected to mention that my original mother, the Irish girl, was Catholic. So consequently, I was born and apparently baptized as a Catholic, although my father's religious affiliation has never been pinned down. He certainly was not a Catholic, but if he had any religious association during his childhood, it would have been with the Lutheran Church by virtue of Scandinavian parents. So I was born a Catholic and wound up in a Jewish institution.

There, I should mention that in group eating or in group [activity], we always observed Jewish holidays. We always said Jewish prayers before dinner, and I became fairly familiar with the, oh, Rosh Hashanna and Yom Kippur, and a lot of things of that nature. But the Jewish people were never of a proselyting nature. They never tried to make me a Jew, and we certainly weren't forced to participate in their religious observances, nor did they ever, for instance, not permit Christmas. We always had Christmas, New Year's and the Gentile holidays, too. There were Gentiles and Jews and they existed and did very well as children. But as I was saying, [I was] born a Catholic and placed in a Jewish hospital and brought up in a Jewish hospital; and then having a mother who was a Christian Scientist, I wound up without organized religious affiliation, also.

Schooling during this period was pretty rudimentary. I recall some bedside attendants that interested me in reading and arithmetic problems, and I recall my father at the hospital at a point one time when I was quarantined with mumps or something, but they at that time hadn't acquired the general quarantine rule. Apparently the whole institution wasn't down; it was just me. I recall during this period my father trying to teach me multiplication tables, which I've never learned to this day very well. And then I recall a period, too—apparently when I was in a wheelchair—in which I was permitted to go to the school that was on the hospital grounds. It was a school that had anywhere from, oh, first to eighth grades, all in the same room and handled by one woman. But these periods were fairly limited that I was free to attend those. The rest of it, what I had, apparently, was bedside by this same woman, who, through the day handled all those other kids and then tried to handle at night some others, you know. Her name was Mate Smith, a rather remarkable woman.

r did learn to read, and apparently, fairly early, these little—they had a bookcase in the hospital in this original building; it contained such books as *Tom Swift and His Flying Machine* and some little *Rover Boys*, and I suspect for the girls the *Bobbsey Twins* and things like that. I recall exhausting the entire library of *Tom Swift* and *Rover Boys* and such other things as were within my capability of reading, and at a fairly early age. I wouldn't try to guess how old I was because my memory is poor. They're certain authorities, notably my present wife, who say that my memory leaves something to be desired. I never particularly learned to write well, script writing, that is. This is difficult to do on your back, although I do recall the different periods when I was permitted to go to this little one-room school the making of the circles and the up and down lines. I still write with my hand rather than with my arm..

Subsequently, I don't know when—I suspect about early 1928—the hospital built a new and modern hospital building. (This building that we had been housed in all those years was not a hospital building. As I said, it was more in the nature of a sanitarium. It had wards with this big, open-air solarium, but it certainly was—it had no, what we consider today, the hospital facilities—blood labs or anything of that nature—and no registered nurses. There was no nurse in attendance, just those who were hired to help a bunch of little kids in various states of decomposition. I recall kids who were just covered with open sores and did subsequently die and had severe lung trouble. I was very fortunate in spite of being housed in, and growing up in, that situation. And in spite of the environmental contraction of the bone disease from my mother's lung disease, I've been extremely fortunate throughout my life because I've never contracted any lung problem, which

is quite amazing, when you stop to think of it.) As I was saying, they built this new and modern building, and the children who were in need of hospital attention rather than just rest cure attention—this was the medical approach at that point. It was—those who were able-bodied, physically, would come from all over the state and perhaps all over the country, and they had a six- or eight-month rest cure with the sun and the fresh air and then good food. The lung lesions many times would heal themselves and the children would return to society. But those of us who had—relatively few—the physical problems, bed problems, were moved to the new facility.

This in a sense ended an era in my life. I went into the more or less sterile atmosphere of a hospital from the relaxed atmosphere of a dormitory. We didn't like it, as I recall, to begin with, because there, you were held in with— everybody was a bed patient. There were no ambulatory patients to speak of, and so consequently we saw more illness and were associated with more people who were unable to care for themselves. But you had the medical attention with the doctors constantly probing at you and nurses constantly worrying about when you went to the bathroom and all that kind of stuff.

This new building, as I recall, was called the Heineman building. I'm sure at the time it was one of the most modern facilities in Denver and many other areas. The hospital grounds, incidentally—the National Jewish Hospital grounds in Denver—even in those early days, were made up of, oh, six or eight different buildings. There was an adult hospital and adult institution as well as children's in that one little area; the one that I was in was for children. But there was a hospital, as such, across Colorado Boulevard which housed adult tubercular patients; there was a women's hospital on the premises; a powerhouse; there

was a nurses' home; there was this school building, which was big (and incidentally, in which they used to show movies. And even when you couldn't go to school, they'd cart you over there for the weekly movies if you were possibly able to go—by stretcher or wheel or any other way—for the early silent movies that came on at night. And, of course, they were fascinating to me, and I still remember them). There was also a residence on the property for the superintendent of the institution and probably other buildings that were never within my view to identify.

Anyway, I moved to this new hospital building. And there, as I say, the technology of medical treatment stepped up tremendously. I was rather still pretty much confined to a body cast all the time. These were big huge things that would go from, oh, just below your armpits to just above your knees, and sometimes even on down to your ankles and above your feet. We would be in these things for, oh, three, four months at a time. There was no facility for bathing or anything of that nature. In the summertime, they were tremendously disagreeable things. In the wintertime, too. And then somebody'd cut it off and put a new one on there. This was the treatment that was given me principally during this period. Apparently it had some effect, because finally I was permitted to go without the cast.

I must have been about eleven years old at this point, and I spent more time in a wheelchair, and finally, after additional treatment—I don't know, perhaps it was medication, but I don't recall much of that—I was finally permitted to get up on crutches. And by this time, my leg—my right leg was, oh, an inch to an inch and a half shorter than my left leg. So we attached to the bottom of my right shoe a big inch, inch and a half piece of cork, which theoretically helped balance you

out. And I did start walking on crutches, and finally I was discharged from the hospital.

At this point, I was in this institution seven to eight years. It was either in 1930 or '31—I suspect '31—that I did come out. I was, of course, acquainted with Nellie well by this time and I knew that she and my father were married, and had accepted her as a stepmother. But you still have to realize that I had spent no time with her except on visits and her effort to interest me in Christian Science and in the concept of positive thinking. I'm sure she made many inroads that way, because I do feel that psychologically it was possible I was helped.

I know I wanted to leave the hospital, and still I was fearful of it. After all, this has been the cocoon that you've been in all your life. There's no great problem of adjusting to other maladjusted people, and I was more or less brought up [in this], but I couldn't foresee the problem of adjusting to the so-called normal society.

It seems to me it was a Saturday. This Heineman building where we'd been for the last two or three years likewise had a big sun porch, but it was on top of the building. So every day, the nurses and attendants would have to take each bedridden case—the bed and all—into an elevator and take them to the top of the building and then bring them down at night. We were served our meals in bed up there.

I recall this horrible episode—I hated certain foods; parsnips was one. (I'm rambling now, but perhaps in this, we can repair it later.) I don't know why I thought of parsnips—I just couldn't tolerate parsnips, and our rule there was that you ate what was given to you or it was returned to you at the next meal. And if you didn't eat it then, it was returned to you again. I think that's been a rule throughout my life. [Laughing] And so

you did; you ultimately did something with the food. Not being ambulatory, you had a heck of a time going and flushing it down the toilet, so you might slip it in the urinal and an understanding nurse might flush it down for you once in a while. But I recall this one episode with the parsnips. By that time my arms, despite the lack of exercise, were developed fairly well, and I wrapped the parsnips in a napkin and leaned one arm over the side of the bed and threw it. It was off the mark, and it went right over the top of the roof. And a little unfortunately, it landed on some visiting people that were four stories below, and it was mush. [Laughing] There was much to-do about that. I don't recall that I was ever accused or caught and apparently nobody squealed.

It was shortly after this that I was discharged—I'm sure the parsnip episode had nothing to do with it, but I think there was still an investigation under way—and I was glad to be out.

I recall waiting. I couldn't believe that I would really be discharged. Oh, I had been told that this was coming and was coming, and there were several delays in it; then finally, on Saturday—or the day it was supposed to happen—they set an hour. I know two hours were passed, and I—I—I just can remember the horror of thinking it wasn't going to come about at all. But finally, Nellie did come to get me and we went home.

I had visited this home that they had acquired in 1929 on, oh, three or four occasions before, so it wasn't totally strange. And there, of course, I started a whole new life. For the first time, I entered school, public school, formally. Apparently I wasn't ready for it academically; but by the same token, by age (I guess I was eleven or closer to twelve—eleven, I think)—but by age and size and everything, naturally, I couldn't start in second

grade, so I was entered in the fifth grade. There was a grade school which had just been built and near our home, which at that point was just off of Sixth Avenue on Claremont Street, one of the nicer residential districts in Denver at that time and still one of the more desirable areas. My father and mother, apparently just prior to the 1929 financial crash, had acquired this house for \$10,000, with a huge mortgage, of course. It was a beautifully well built, one-story and basement, Spanish stucco home in what, as I say, subsequently became and was then developing to become one of the nicer residential areas in Denver.

My dad lost his job either in 1929 or in 1930, and I suspect that this was one of the reasons in the delay in my coming home. I came into an environment, or into a home life, in which I had to adjust to the outside world myself, and my parents were having to make a tremendous adjustment to lack of funds and this huge mortgage on this house. When he lost his job, apparently what little savings they had they had invested in this house, and the automobile company for which he worked had gone broke. I don't know what he did during the interim, but shortly after I came home he went to work as an insurance salesman for Travelers Life Insurance Company, or Travelers Insurance Company is what it was called. And this is, of course, the beginning of the great Depression. There were no salaries paid to the insurance agents at that point. They received strictly commissions.

My mother was a hairdresser by profession and had apparently—before her marriage to my dad and even afterward, during their period of relative security—had kept up a series of individual customers. She went from home to home of wealthy people, setting their hair and marcelling it and whatever they did those days. This, I suspect—what I know—is

the only reason we survived the Depression, because my father brought in very little income. He worked like a dog nights and days trying to sell insurance, but that was not a good time for people to buy insurance.

Despite this, my father and mother tried to keep up a front, which I suspect they tried to keep up too long. We had, for instance, a black chow dog, which had the run of the house, to which I became quite attached, as certainly was Nellie. She was the type of person to attach herself to any animal and child, I suspect. She, incidentally, could not bear children herself, I gathered; she subsequently told me. The chow dog, whose name was Gong Fu, was probably the first animal I ever really touched, there being no pets at the hospital. The dog would be fed a lot of meat—the dog wouldn't eat anything except raw hamburger—which was ten or fifteen cents a pound. The dog would be fed his raw meat every day, despite the fact that only half as much money would be available to spend on the table. But Nellie was hard-working—these various appointments, these daily schedules. She was a hard worker and maintained a home, kept an immaculate home, and always had a good meal on the table—macaroni and cheese or macaroni and potatoes; or rarely, we'd have meat, during those early days of the Depression, early years of the Depression.

I'm digressing for a moment; I'll give you a—perhaps my memory of the Depression might be a little more valuable, really. My parents subsequently—partly out of economics, and partly it was something for me to get interested in—acquired some chickens in our back yard. And we started raising chickens; this was not out in the country, really, but there were no strict ordinances at that point. And this was a beautiful, formal-landscaped back yard, but my dad built a

chicken coop and a chicken fence and we put in, oh, twenty or thirty hens. Well, we lived on eggs and on chickens for quite a long time. I grew to detest them; I hate chickens to this day—not to eat but to associate with. We are not the best of friends. They are strictly stupid animals, plus being dirty and you have to clean up after them.

There were sufficient eggs that I had the thought to build up an egg route of my own. And if you can imagine somebody wandering around the neighborhood on crutches, carrying a sack of eggs—if you've never used crutches—every step you make, there's a jar, you know. And periodically these eggs—when I tried to carry a sack in each hand, well, it would slam against the crutch, and there'd always be one or two broken by the time I got to my customers' houses. But I had some fairly understanding customers. They were good, fresh eggs, and we sold them for ten cents a dozen and it brought a little money into the house. We probably had, oh, perhaps twenty customers sometimes. And we would save the eggs over the week and distribute them on Saturdays.

As a matter of fact, when I think of it now, the egg business ended abruptly when I overextended myself and got more customers than I had eggs. I went to the Piggly Wiggly, we called it then, and bought some eggs to fulfill an order for a customer. Stupidly, I took them out of the box and put them in my regular sacks, and I didn't examine them, and it turns out there were Piggly Wiggly stamp marks on each egg. I lost that customer hurriedly.

Now, when I came home from the hospital, I started the mid-term in school at Steck. That was the name of the school. Steck Elementary School. When I started school I had a Miss Jessie Gobel as a teacher, who was a very understanding and very nice

person. I was the only handicapped person, I suspect, that she ever encountered in her classes. And so consequently she was trying to make emotional compensations for me, and occasionally when she would have to try to instruct the class in, oh, little common things like, "Don't call a cripple a cripple," and this kind of thing, well, I'd have to leave the room on some kind of a pretext of an errand. But those early days were not bad, and the adjustment was no great problem at that point.

I acquired two or three good little friends, boys of eleven, twelve years of age, who, now that I look back on it, were probably somewhat on the sissy side and did not engage in active sports or roughneck fighting, and so on and so forth, and this was probably—not having had any experience along that line myself—was probably why I was attracted to those kinds of people. But I had two or three friends for several years during that formative stage.

And then finally I managed to graduate from sixth grade and entered junior high school, still somewhat unprepared, I'm sure, with my academic deficiencies in the background, but sufficiently that I could get along. I went to Aaron Gove junior high school, which, ironically, was only a block from the hospital, the National Jewish Hospital from which I had escaped not too long before.

I recall still being on crutches, and I'm sure I was taken to the school by my parents—Nellie, it must have been—but frequently walked home at night. And this school was at 14th and Colorado Boulevard, and we lived at Sixth and Claremont, and Claremont was five blocks east of Colorado Boulevard, so that would make eight long blocks and five short blocks, which was quite a lengthy walk on crutches—but I guess when you're adept at moving around on crutches—I frequently

would get home and then wander three or four blocks off to a friend's house, which I—you know. But I recall the problems of carrying books and things of that nature. Then ultimately I learned to handle a bus—be able to get on and off a bus—which was always a problem because it would always be crowded. There was no such thing as school buses in the city. They did have a city transportation line; it would be jammed with kids and there were always problems with getting up and down stairs and crowd situations. If you could avoid crowds, you could move around pretty well.

In junior high school, I took, oh, the usual things, and I got mixed up with Latin, which was a total downfall for me. And I recall somewhere along the line my parents getting a failing notice and of having to go to "Opportunity School" at night to study more Latin. I suspect I finally managed to finish the course with a D. Anyway it was an invaluable study, but I just wasn't ready for it in the seventh grade with my limited academic background.

I don't recall too many outstanding things in my junior high period. It was not a particularly happy period because here began the adolescent, the boy and girl relationships, and I was emotionally and psychologically handicapped by my physical handicap as far as the opposite sex was concerned. I never really reached a normal adjustment at that period. I did confine most of my social activities and hours to boys I knew in school, although I did have a boy friend, a Catholic youngster, who went to a Catholic high school. He lived across the street from one of these other kids that I did know, that I said was somewhat on the—perhaps would be considered on the feminine side. Tommy Edmundsen, the boy across the street, was certainly not effeminate; he was older than his years in many ways, and a hunter—his father would

take him out hunting; he taught him how to handle guns and drive cars, and things like that. He and I became, really, fast friends. He had a beautiful sister. So this was of great assistance in that adolescent period, having an acquaintanceship with girls. He had two pretty sisters, as a matter of fact, one my age and one a little bit younger. This was toward the end of junior high school.

Finally, of course, the Depression, continuing through these years, my parents had to give up their beautiful home. It wasn't a sumptuous home, but it was a beautiful home for a two-bedroom home at that time. They moved into the basement of it and rented the upstairs. This was no great problem. I can't pinpoint the dates of that—it was at the time of the Lindbergh kidnapping—I recall we lived in the basement. When was that, 1932? '33? I remember the rest of the year down there; we went through the trial of Hauptman, which didn't come about until a year and a half or so later. Then we subsequently moved out of the basement and rented both the basement—. We started out—I remember we started out renting the basement out as an apartment, and we got some guy in there who subsequently was found to have been counterfeiting in the basement and went to prison for it. There was quite a little counterfeiting going downstairs, overcoming his problems with the Depression for a while anyway.

Then we moved into the basement and rented the upstairs, and then finally we moved out about 1934 and I think rented both the basement and the upstairs. We moved out to the eastern outskirts of Denver in what was known as Xenia Street, 17th and Xenia, which was only two blocks from the city limits in Denver. The next adjoining community, like Sparks is to Reno, was Aurora.

Anyway, I said we moved to Xenia Street and it was here that I came to my sixteenth

birthday. My mother in the meantime had undertaken to teach me how to drive a car. I do not recall Al, my dad, ever having the patience or closeness to do so. I don't recall that closeness with my father, and by the same token I always had a lack of closeness between me and my mother. She was the one who certainly tried to keep me on the proper path and keep me going.

But to go back for just a moment, I still have Claremont Street in my early adjustment problems. She [Nellie] did get me interested in the Christian Endeavor society, which was a young people's group in the Sixth Avenue Congregational Church in Denver. She was, as I say, a Christian Scientist, and I was born Catholic and brought up by Jews. By virtue of the fact that this Congregational church was a neighborhood church—it was ten or twelve blocks from the house and there were walking problems involved—it was at least a possible place to get. She got me interested in that and I did spend a number of years, and I suspect that was probably one of the best influences in my social and psychological adjustment there could have been, with the young men and women. Also I tried Sunday school there, but I started Sunday school with absolutely no concept of the Bible or biblical tales or any formal religion. I didn't study the Jewish religion; that wasn't available to me and I had no religious instruction in the Jewish hospital, so Sunday school just didn't do much for me until—there were two people involved.

My dad, incidentally, became superintendent of Sunday school for a year. I can't conceive of this now that I look back at it; possibly this was his conscious effort to try to identify with me. Subsequently, my mother got into the choir and he got into the choir, and then somebody forced the superintendency of the Sunday school hour, which I don't know what it entailed, but I'm

sure I'd hesitate to try such a thing, especially with the religious training that he'd had!

But in this Sunday school period, I encountered an individual—I can still remember his name—Travis Taylor, who forgot all about the formalities of religion and talked mostly about man's relationship to man, it seems to me—man's relationship to society. I suspect that Travis would probably be considered, even today, a rather, oh, pink political liberal. But I was fascinated by him and I'm sure received much of my own political bent like that perhaps. There was another gentleman that was there as a friend of Taylor's, who—I don't know whether he lived in Denver, or whether he just happened to be there visiting, but I know he had the Sunday school class on occasion, and he likewise was of the same political frame of mind. Of course, you have to put this in a historical time, too, in the midst of a tremendous depression; the social revolution in Russia was not too far back; our capitalistic system seemed to have failed totally at this point, when we had people in the streets hungry and selling apples and pencils, and things like that. These men were just men, I'm sure, that were probably still in college or just out of college. I didn't understand their social beliefs; their political beliefs would be, oh, somewhat to the left of my father's. I mean, he was brought up in a prosperity-oriented period and was refusing to believe that the system failed. It seems to me the second man was Monroe Sweetland. I subsequently—many years later—encountered Monroe Sweetland's name as the national Democratic committeeman from the state of Oregon. I read it in a paper one day, and I subsequently mentioned it, it seems to me the—to Bette and Grant Sawyer, and it turned out that they both knew him well. And he is still a firebrand. But that's an aside.

All right. Let's go back to when we moved out on Xenia Street, and this is a fitting point in my life. That's why I keep going back to it without my memory failing. As I say, I reached my sixteenth birthday and my mother had taught me how to drive, although I don't think I had ever driven alone at that point. But on my sixteenth birthday, June 30, 1935, my father had gone to work—it was a Saturday, as I recall— and I recall at about noon this horrible clatter out in front of this tiny house we had. (Incidentally, this little house— I mentioned the counterfeiting in the basement of our old house. This little house formerly had a still in the basement of it, and we only paid, oh, twenty dollars a month or something for it, but it had—a horrible odor persisted the whole time from the still in the basement.) [Laughing] There was this horrible clatter outside the house and I naturally went to see and my mother went to see, and here my father was climbing out of a dilapidated Model T Ford which was a birthday present for me! It was a 1924 Model T Ford coupe with a black body, red wheels—it was unusual for a Ford to have anything painted other than black back in those days— and somebody apparently painted these wooden wheels.

This represented to me, for the first time in my life, liberation. I'd never been mobile before—the crutches always hampered; the legs hampered; the beds hampered; the casts hampered. And here was a turning point in my life, a total new vista of freedom. So it was indeed the biggest thing, I think, that ever happened in my life. I recall he paid fifteen dollars for it, and I guess he licensed it, and I'm sure there was no insurance or anything like that with it. And I—within a week—we lived, as I said, on the outskirts of Denver; it's not far from—well, I suspect the Denver municipal airport is almost over to it by this point—but there was this vast area of prairie ground

there with little trails and I was able to take the Ford out by myself and learn to drive it in the prairies. I wasn't permitted to go in the streets, because my mother insisted, and my dad, too. But I was permitted to do as I wished through the, oh, miles of little roads around here. There was no traffic. And I became quite proficient with the Ford. And with the Model T—I don't know if you're familiar with it or not—it had three pedals; it had no gearshift. It's your lefthand pedal you had to push down to put it into low gear; then you let out and it was in high gear. It had only two gears forward. The middle pedal was reverse, and the right pedal was the brake. And these were all in the planetary transmission immediately below these pedals.

It was that year that I started high school, and here I took my new-found freedom, in the Ford, driving to high school. In high school I went to East Denver High School in Denver. East Denver High School must have been, I guess, about a good five miles away, I suspect; our house was twenty-three streets east of Colorado Boulevard and the high school was west of Colorado Boulevard, probably about fifteen or sixteen blocks, making it almost forty blocks away. So it was a long drive down Colfax Avenue to East Denver High School.

I keep getting my school and my nonschool all mixed up together in things that are important. I started high school with, by this time, some friends, you know, that you've acquired outside school. So the social problem was being adjusted to with no great troubles. And plus the freedom of an automobile. Of course, the automobile freedom didn't last too long because the winter set in. Before I forget to mention it: now, of course, there is self-starting; but the Model T had to be cranked, and this was a delicate and very important technique that you had to learn early, otherwise you'd break your arm when

the engine kicked back. But as I say, the car didn't last too long because as soon as the cold weather came—well, Model T Fords were not noted for starting easily when they were brand new, and they certainly weren't noted for starting easily when they were ten or eleven years old. This Ford was remarkably recalcitrant about starting in cold weather. So that would entail these long bus trips to and from high school and then walk from Colfax, which is 15th Street, where the bus was, to home on 17th Street.

It was only two blocks, but it was still a long walk and I was still on crutches. I recall this old house clown on the next corner; I had to go by it every day—This was after the car was disabled and I was taking the bus—I don't know of any significance to this, but I still recall it—terrifying. The first time I think I encountered any mental case—I'd seen all kinds of physical problems before, but never any kind of mental derangement. This old woman apparently was locked in the upper story of a great big attic in this house, and she screamed piteously at anyone who was wandering by to be let out and—oh, incoherently. I never did find the story on it, which should have been written, but I avoided going that way. I used to walk a block out of my way to avoid seeing her.

Well, I can't recall if it was in the first year of high school—I guess it was. I was taking geometry. I remember that; it was a horrible subject for me—never did make that at all. I entered the university with a deficiency in geometry. I got through the first semester apparently, and then my leg started up again and I was down on my back. I had to quit school and wound up back in the National Jewish Hospital.

Now, let me go back before the car, and in—apparently about 1934, it was determined that surgical processes had

advanced sufficiently that perhaps something could be done to help straighten out my body and maybe make it so I could even walk without crutches some day. A surgeon by the name of Dr. Alvah Thomas in Denver, who apparently was quite a renowned bone man, through some means or another—I suspect through a family friend, Dr. Cary Pollack, who had been a family doctor through the years and who had been friends, social friends, with my parents, he and his wife. I suspect it was through him that my dad was put in touch with this Dr. Thomas, who agreed to undertake this surgery at no cost to the family—more or less of an experimental nature. How the hospital was taken care of I do not know, but I know, of course, that my folks didn't have the money to do that. But I was placed in Children's Hospital in Denver, which I had been into once or twice when I was very young. The type of surgery that was going to be done was to my right leg. When hip joints are gone—it had gotten to the point where my knee—my right knee—was locked against my left knee, so this prohibited any possible independent motion of the legs. The point of the surgery was to go in and cut a big “V” out of the side of the femur and break the bone so as to pull the leg out straight, and at the same time surgically remove any possible disease in that hip joint and absolutely fix the joint so it was just absolutely solid with no possibility of motion. The same thing on the hip joint could have been done for the left leg, but the doctor did advise me that I would be, thence, from that time on, unable to have *any* motion whatsoever, and if it didn't prohibit my ever walking without crutches, it certainly would prohibit my driving. In those days, of course, the automatic transmission was unknown. They now have the paraplegic devices on automobiles—the hand controls and things like that were just not even thought

of then. You had to function, and you had to be able to use a clutch to drive an automobile. This was a *big* decision to put it on a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old boy; but typically of a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old boy, the concept of the freedom of mobility in an automobile was greater than any other thing, and I elected to have one leg worked on and the other leg left alone, which was done.

This was perhaps—well, it wasn't the worst, because subsequently I had a worse one, but it was certainly the worst painful period that I'd ever gone through up to that time. The hospital, they—I detest children's hospitals. My memory: the sterility; the lack of, want for, nurses; the doctors; the lack of understanding toward children, perhaps—I don't know.

This was extremely painful, and at that point, extremely experimental surgery. I went through many days or even many weeks of intense pain, where even a jar on the floor would just be extremely painful. I was kept on morphine, heavily, but that apparently didn't kill the pain nor my memory of it sufficiently to do much good, although apparently I did become almost addicted to morphine and they had to get me out of it through the use of placebos in the later stages. But generally speaking, it was an extremely successful bit of surgery, and that leg on its own, to this day, has never given me another bit of trouble. They left sufficient movement in the ankle and the knee that there's no problem in operating a brake on a vehicle, or something of that nature, although there is no motion in the hip at all.

That hospital period—I think it was done in the summertime. I recall the Chicago World's Fair was under way at the time. Sally Rand, I remember that. I was reading newspapers, of course, at that point. So I think that was in '34, which would bring

my sixteenth birthday and entrance to high school subsequently a year later.

Now, going back to that business of the car and entering high school, and so on and so forth—apparently I was through the first semester when my left leg, which had not been surgically approached, flared up again and I had to drop out of school, and on the advice of doctors, once again, go back to the National Jewish Hospital. I entered that, oh, just shortly after I started the semester and apparently was there, oh, for a period of six or eight months until the end of the following summer, as I recall, because I started high school again in the following year. The rest and the sunshine apparently took care of that problem, for the moment anyway. Still, even in these days, there was still no medication as we have today to approach tuberculosis. It was just sunshine and rest. As I recall, I was once again put into a heavy cast, but this didn't last for too long, and they concentrated on bed rest and sunshine, and I was confined to a wheelchair again and back to crutches. I started my second year of high school, but by this time I was still a sophomore by virtue of having missed that second semester. And this put me behind the kids I had started with, and so there was another problem of adjustment.

I perhaps am dwelling too much on physical things, but these are the major memories in my life, too, naturally. It was after that last episode in the Jewish hospital and starting back to high school and still on crutches that things apparently seemed to go well enough that this Dr. Pollack, the family friend, suggested that I endeavor to use a cane. I did undertake to use a cane, and this was sixteen and a half, seventeen years old. And there again, that represented almost the same breakthrough that the car had represented for me, because here, at an age of being interested in girls and afraid of girls and this and that

and the other thing—and extremely self-conscious about the crutches—I could go to cane. This was just a tremendous advance. I still walked with a full three quarters of an inch to an inch—very unsightly—lift on the bottom of my right shoe, and that was a hampering thing, too.

I never did have a date as such with a girl other than this Kathleen, whom I mentioned earlier as the sister, the pretty sister, of Tommy Edmundsen. And then subsequently— of course, I had fallen in love, this last episode in the hospital, with some little girl. I never got a date with her or anything like that; we weren't even going—it was one of these “mash” things—we were sending notes back and forth. But came the cane and that gave me a big boost in self-confidence. There are other people who still are friends from school days, but I have rarely seen them since. A Melvin Draper, who likewise had a beautiful sister (I always picked out guys with beautiful sisters)—still a beautiful girl, as a matter of fact; her name was Elvira. So for the first time I was able to transfer my attention from just one little girl who wanted dates with other people to two girls, see. This was very helpful.

I had acquired another car by this time, my 1924 Ford having “died.” So I acquired a 1926 Chevrolet touring car that had no top on it, and the springs were broken in the back. As a matter of fact it had a cracked engine block from which the water kept leaking out. You could only drive two or three miles without having to stop and refuel it with water. But this was the car that we used the second summer.

Oh, there was Tommy and Melvin and Elvira and Kathleen and, oh, just a group of kids—we'd wander around for picnics and things of that nature. My parents had acquired a cabin in the Rocky Mountains above Nederland, Colorado; a little community called Eldora, as a matter of fact, was where

the cabin was, all this being up in the hills above Boulder.

I recall my mother saving up and buying this thing. It was a good half acre of land and a sturdy house which included a living room, bedroom, and kitchen, all for a hundred dollars, [laughing] which would be just tremendous to have today—I mean, the land itself would be of tremendous value—set in a pine forest and across the road from a beautiful creek where you got your water; plus the house was an old mining house and apparently had been occupied for generations by one family. The old trunks were full of tintype pictures and historical documents. It would have been a great find to write a story on that one. But anyway, we kids would have fun up there on occasion. Gradually, the time passed through this adolescent period, which worked out, really, rather well.

I graduated from high school, finally, in mid-term, and went to work for my father, who, after selling insurance for a number of years, had finally—about 1938 or so—had gone to work for a trucking firm as a—what they call a solicitor; this was a freight salesman, a person who solicits orders for freight. His talents for organization and direction of people came to the fore, and he was soon the manager of the office and then was hired away by another trucking firm, and they began to get on their feet along about that point. This would be—I guess I graduated from high school in early '39 it would be probably February '39 or so. So I went to work for my dad in his office. You see, we have to use the word “office” advisedly when you speak of truck lines, especially in those days. This office was on lower Larimer Street, it was in the lower part of downtown Denver, the worst part. And this, of course, was a tremendous life experience. For the first time I'm seeing down-and-outers that—. Naturally, through

the Depression you encountered tramps who came to the house, so-called tramps who came to the house, to see if there was something to eat there and do a little work and get a meal. But I never had encountered those that were seeking something for alcohol, you know. And down in this trucking-freight depot, the area was just filled with the derelicts of society, and this was my first exposure to them. I was paid, I think, ten dollars a week as a billing clerk, a billing clerk being a person—. (Oh, I neglected to mention that one thing I did accomplish in that last period in that Jewish hospital when I had to give up high school—my parents bought me a portable typewriter and I taught myself to type, in a cast, lying on my back in bed. And that was indeed a valuable tool. It gave me an occupational tool from that day on.) So I went to work for my dad in this Rio Grande Truck Lines, it was—big red and silver trucks—and encountered these derelicts who would come by and need money.

I was forever giving them ten cents or twenty-five cents, something like that, because you could buy a whole meal across the street for twenty-five cents including milk or coffee or whatever you wanted. There were depressed prices in those days. But I subsequently determined that these gentlemen were not going across the street to buy meals, because as I walked out the door I'd find them collapsed on the sidewalk with a bottle of witch hazel or something like that. So I learned early that generosity can be misplaced sometimes.

A billing clerk in a truck line is the individual who has to type up the various bills which identify the individual shipments of freight and also type up the manifest which will identify all the shipments of freight on a specific truck. And this was my function. It turned out that you would work from noon

until midnight; I worked every day. My dad would not only manage the office, he sold freight, figured rates, loaded trucks, on occasion even drove trucks.

My knowledge may be wrong here, but this was the period of the beginning of the Teamsters Union. It perhaps had established itself in the east, in that part of the country, or in the San Francisco area, but to my knowledge it was the beginning of the effort of the union to unionize the trucking lines in Denver. I haven't spoken too much of my father's political philosophy, other than the reference to the fact my Sunday school teacher was considered to the left of him. My dad was and is a Republican—a very strong, leaning [laughing], very conservative philosophy—and the last thing in the world that he could possibly agree with would be a union. As I say, I was receiving ten dollars a week for twelve hours a day, but I was a kid and this wasn't bad. I didn't look upon that as bad, perhaps, because I was the son of the boss and I was getting a little more than I deserved, I don't know. But the men who were driving the trucks, one in particular (a man with a family and children) was a pickup driver—this is the man who used the small truck and went around to the various business areas to pick up small loads of freight to bring in to pack into the big transport trucks—he was paid only thirteen dollars a week. And it was just totally impossible in 1939, even with the prices as they were then, for him to make an adequate living for his family on thirteen dollars a week. I recognized this out of just observation and what little bit I picked up in high school. So I think I was secretly in sympathy with the union, or with the desire of the union to increase better working conditions and better wages although horrified at the concept of compulsory membership and the compulsory approach that seemed to have to accompany

unionization. This truck line my dad had, as I was informed and had reason to believe, was the first one to put on semi-trailers. It had the largest truck in the United States at that time, even though it was a small line. We ran from Denver to El Paso, Texas, via Albuquerque and back. And they put on the first major semi—it was the longest semi-trailer in the country at that time, complete with sleeper cabs and what have you; and they also invested in very fast machinery, high powered Cummins diesel and White diesel trucks. It was a fiercely competitive business. He who delivered the freight fastest would have the advantage over a competitor. I recall periods—I do not know this for a fact because I never did see it—but I was told that the trucks would leave Denver with a machine gun in the sleeper berth because the union was trying to run the trucks off the road in their effort to unionize these nonunion shops. And we did have several peculiar mishaps to trucks. I don't think they were ever particularly traced to any individuals or any organization, but my father was convinced that these were union activities. I was told by drivers and my father at one time, these trucks went out with machine guns in the sleeper cabs. There was an incident, too, in which he was chased home one night himself and managed to elude his pursuers, as I recall, by swerving and swinging the rear of his car into the front of the other car to cause it to overturn. All of this in the city of Denver and nobody reports it to the police or anything else, you know [laughing], and it's [laughing] a very interesting little period there.

I guess I worked directly for my dad during the period from whenever I graduated from high school in January, the end of the semester in January or February, to early June, whereupon I was offered a promotion. I was to be put in as the assistant manager

of the truck lines office in Hot Springs, New Mexico, which was roughly two hundred and fifty miles south of Albuquerque, and some two hundred and fifty miles north of El Paso, generally. Hot Springs is now known as Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, having changed its name formally some years back because of an offer of the radio program by that name to broadcast from that location.

I thought the promotion was a grand thing and assumed it would be accompanied by a substantial increase in salary, so I set off with my friend, Tom Edmundsen. At this point, I had gone through one other car after my 1926 Chevy. I acquired a 1925 Dodge roadster and then, finally, for a hundred-dollar investment, a 1931 De Soto sports roadster. It seems to me it was quite the thing in 1939.

So Tom and I set out for Hot Springs, and he was to, really, accompany me down and then ride one of the trucks back, which he did.

I got into Hot Springs. I mentioned earlier my dislike for the insect world—I had no concept of what was in store for me in Hot Springs. I did learn that my salary was indeed to be increased from ten dollars a week to twelve and a half. Instead of living at home and having my mother prepare meals and everything else, the twelve and a half was to cover my living expenses. This was a rugged assignment, and I undertook to find the housing, but every place I'd go, there would be bugs. And when I mean bugs, I mean bugs; there would be tarantulas, huge things. So I just didn't have the moral gumption or the physical courage or something to tackle a housing condition which I could afford, so I wound up living at the most expensive hotel in Hot Springs, which was a fine resort hotel—for those days it was—a hotel, and then the cost there was a dollar a day. Well, with my twelve and a half weekly salary, there was seven dollars a week for rent right there, and

that left me the balance to eat and drive this De Soto on. Life in Hot Springs was indeed in a way dull and in other ways fascinating. I was the assistant manager, which turned out to mean you're a broom sweeper and a billing clerk and a manifest clerk. I tried to figure rates, which I never could. But the manager apparently had a number of children and had been rifling the till or some such thing—he was suspected of that, anyway. So he soon disappeared, and I was left in charge of this office. We had one other employee. He was an able-bodied truck driver. When he was there it was fine, but when he wasn't I tried to struggle to put the freight on the truck myself.

It was an interesting summer. The little town was set along the Rio Grande River, which is where all these damned Insects would come from—mequitoses the size of your fist and tarantulas the size of my head, it seemed. I don't recall the size of Hot Springs: I suspect it was a town of between fifteen hundred and two thousand people at that time. It was hot and dry and the highways were forever covered—at that time of year, forever covered—with rattlesnakes that had shed their skins and would be going out on the roadways to keep warm at night. And also in New Mexico—the vivid memory I have of it—is the engineering concept of making a dip in the highway instead of putting in a culvert to catch the sudden flash rains that they'd have. You see, you'd be going along the highway at fifty-five, sixty miles an hour at night and your headlights would go right out and you wouldn't see this dip. All of a sudden you'd be down in it. And there the cattle would gather after rains for what little puddles of water that might be left, and the trucks were forever slaughtering the cattle.

I recall once during the summer, it was the New Mexico centennial. The state had a major production that was being moved

from one city to another all summer long on a schedule. It was being moved from El Paso to Albuquerque and we didn't have enough drivers or trucks, so it was suggested that I take a truck to El Paso to pick up a load of this stuff and in the meantime find another driver to send back to Albuquerque. So I started out on a Sunday afternoon. I explained to the home office in Albuquerque that I certainly didn't have a license which permitted me to drive a truck—we always had to have a chauffeur's license for that—so I really wasn't too familiar with heavy trucks. But this made no difference to them. The point was to get it done, which you can see is the theory of the people I've worked for all my life. So I started. There was a Texas inspection station at the border of New Mexico near El Paso where all trucks were supposed to stop, and the Albuquerque office told me just to go through and “wave friendly” to them. Well, I did. And it worked. They didn't pursue me; they sort of tried to flag me down, but I just waved happily and went on, and it worked out just fine. I got into El Paso that Sunday afternoon. As I say, having lived a very sheltered life, I was somewhat taken aback, certainly by Hot Springs and its insects, and more so by El Paso and its—oh, the dirtiness. I had no association with people of another race, really, and the Mexicans—and it was a disillusioning experience in my young life. I remember going into a restaurant and ordering what was my standard fare in those days, a hot beef sandwich, and it was only ten cents; but the meat was spoiled. I recall I couldn't eat it. And this huge Mexican proprietor became incensed because I wouldn't finish the meal, and I couldn't very well tell him his meat was rotten and I couldn't stomach it, and he kept badgering me all the way out of the—it was a little dumpy restaurant, and he kept badgering me all the way out, incensed because I wouldn't eat his meat. I hurt his feelings.

But anyway, we gathered up our load of stuff and started back that night for Hot Springs. The truck I had was a light truck, relatively, and was only lightly loaded, fortunately, whereas the big truck was to follow me because the big truck was having mechanical difficulties. Every time the man stepped on his brakes his lights would go out, his headlights. We had no service facilities or mechanics or anything like that; we made do. So the arrangement was that I was to drive, oh, fifty or a hundred feet in front of him, and every time I was going to slow down or stop suddenly, I was to have my spotlight aimed in the air and flash the spotlight so he could see it and gear the thing down instead of using the brakes. And I was to not stop suddenly to force him to use the brakes. We'd go, oh, two hundred miles like that, and every once in a while he'd use up his lights and he'd have to get out and put a new fuse in it—and me, frantically trying to flash this spotlight in the air to warn him. You can imagine those kind of things today. The authorities would have you in the bucket forever! [laughing]

Hot Springs offered another romantic interlude in my life, the first time I really became interested in a young lady. The community and the youngsters were so far more developed sexually than we were in the northern part of the territory— [laughing] at least than I was. There, there were these great teenage parties, never any drinking or anything like that, but all—much sex play—never all the way, but to a great extent. Lord, I was horrified! It was just—I was as old as they were, but—I was older, as a matter of fact, than many of the twelve and thirteen-year-old girls, but they were certainly more worldly-wise! But this was another interim of my life.

I did meet a young lady who worked in a drug store and who apparently was under extremely firm—and as I subsequently found

out—very firm parental supervision. We became well acquainted, and she never was permitted to attend these kind of parties, and I wasn't up to going to very many of them. She was apparently a half-breed Mexican, very attractive. I think her mother was Mexican and her father was white or something like that—very attractive youngster. That interlude was, of course, a summer romance, and ended at the end of the summer. I think I got to hold her hand once, and her father came plodding through the sagebrush looking for us. That was the end of that.

I recall this roadster I had. By the time I got it down there and had driven it around that summer, it was mechanically virtually on the verge of just not running at all. It needed new piston rings and it needed a valve grind. And at twelve and a half dollars a week and seven dollars a week for rent, I certainly had no money for a mechanic. But somebody talked me into the fact that this was an extremely simple job which you did yourself; there was really nothing to it. So I tackled it. I used some old barn, as I recall, to work in. It was the last week before I was supposed to go back to Denver and go on to college, and I had to get the darn thing fixed. I had enough money to buy a few parts, but I didn't have the vaguest idea of what I was doing. I'd been into the engine of a Model T when I was younger, but the Model T and this De Soto product some ten years apart were just vastly different creatures. But I did somehow or another manage to get the piston rings put in the darn thing and to get the bearings hooked back up, and also to grind the valves. I would no more tackle a job like that today than fly, even on the same type of an engine! I don't know how I possibly managed to do it. But I did, and it ran, and I got it back to Colorado.

One of the episodes during the Hot Springs business—we always had a weekly

run—it was on Fridays—to a community called Silver City; it's up above Las Cruces. It's a mining territory. We would haul dynamite up and haul dynamite back, and for some reason or other I always had to go along, not as a driver, but as a passenger. I subsequently figured that the truck driver was a little bit leery of this whole episode himself and wanted company. We carried—totally against all reason, common sense, and safety rules, which I'm sure the ICC had effective even then—carried caps and dynamite in the same little pickup truck up and down this bumpy road. The driver kept professing that he had no care about it at all and [it was] totally safe, and I lived in mortal fear on these trips, all the time, that something was going to go off in the back of that truck and that would be the end of that whole episode.

Another occasion, I got mixed up with a girl and wound up in my only trip out of this nation—I wound up in Juarez, Mexico, across the border from El Paso. This gal was at Hot Springs and was moving to El Paso or something, and I had to go down there on some other errand and so I offered her a ride. I didn't really know her, and it turned out that she was a little older and more worldly-wise [laughing] (as were all the girls down there) than I was and she took me across to Juarez. I remember buying her a couple of twenty-five cent beers, and by then I was broke and had just about enough money to buy gasoline to get back to Hot Springs. As I recall, she was quite disappointed with me [laughing]. Those little marks that go on your ego, you know!

I entered the University of Colorado at Boulder in the fall of 1939. Of course, I'd been living away from home for almost a year at that point but did indeed look forward to severing the home relationships or home ties as much as possible, succeeding rather well, I guess. Colorado—the University—at that

time was small and perhaps one of the most beautiful campuses in the country. Unlike our own university, it's architecturally pretty well blended together. Except for the original buildings, like our Morrill Hall, all of the buildings in the recent thirty, forty, fifty years are made out of the same stone—built out of the same stone, a natural flagstone, a red type flagstone that comes from the mountains nearby there. It was a spacious campus, and now it's just packed with buildings the last time I saw it. But in those days it was an open and spacious campus, and I certainly remember it in my days in college. They opened really new vistas.

High school had generated my interest in political science, sociology, a little bit in journalism, unfortunately not enough in history, which is an essential area for anybody who went into the work that I went into. I had no idea, I don't think, when I left high school what type of work I wanted to do. I know nine months with a truck line was enough to convince me I never wanted to go to work in the transportation business under any circumstances. I'd had a variety of odd-type jobs through high school in washing cars and polishing cars and cleaning old syrup bottles and mayonnaise bottles so people could pour new mayonnaise in them and wash them with lye and that type of thing. And I wanted none of that activity. So I really didn't know what I wanted to get into. But I guess I did in college— and in your freshman year you have to indicate anyway—I indicated a major in journalism, principally because I'd gotten mixed up for a while in the high school paper and never had really gotten into it but thought it interested me. My interest really developed in college into psychology and political science and the sociology fields and this was really where I made the best grades, although journalism was an easy subject for

me and I had no problems with the mechanics of that. So it was that way—more or less came by that naturally. I mean, I decided that I wanted to be a psychiatrist somewhere along the line. All nuts do [laughing], and some of them succeed!

I did very little dating in college. I was still unequipped to, oh, totally overcome my various emotional blocks that developed on my physical situation, although prior to my college, a shoe man—as I mentioned earlier, I had been wearing this big, heavy inch sole on the bottom of my right shoe, which was always an awkward and attention-attracting thing. People couldn't help but look at it, and I suppose it made me self-conscious. A shoe repairman came up, just by accident, with the concept of, "Why not build a lift inside the shoe and wear a normal shoe?" Well, this he did, and again, one of the great emotional obstacles was broken because of that. And it worked quite accurately, and I used that same lift for—made out of wood and leather. The leather rotted away and I used it for many, many years after that. So I did enter college with that shoe thing corrected, and even without a cane.

The cane episode disappeared in the final years of high school one day when I was out on Dr. Pollack's farm. He owned an eighty-acre farm in Aurora, or east of Aurora, across from the Fitzsimmons General Hospital. That's now all housing tracts and what have you. These people had this farm for many years, and as I said, we were family friends, and frequently my family would be out there on a Sunday. And one time I was, as always, trying to do more than I could physically cope with and got off into a mud bog. The cane sunk down halfway and I lost my balance and the cane snapped. And at that point Dr. Pollack announced that I didn't need a cane; it was a psychological weapon. So I tried it

without a cane and did learn to walk without a cane. And I went through college without a cane. It was a difficult walk and was a very tiring one, but all the same, I at that point had gotten rid of the lift on the shoe and the cane and all outward manifestations of the handicap other than the actual limp.

Boulder was a charming city. When college was in session, it would have about five or six thousand kids. The city had a population of around 12,000, including students. The campus sat on the hill, much like Nevada's does, overlooking the city of Boulder. The two campuses are quite similar in many ways. Boulder is nestled in the foothills of the Rockies; it was a matter of five minutes and you'd have to be in second or low gear to climb any of the mountainsides.

I guess it was in my second year that I met a girl, Dorothy Douglass. Her father was the dean of the school of education. We met quite by accident through some committee type thing, planning something. We hit it off rather well doing that, and as I say, I had not done very much dating in college, but I did start dating Dorothy. She was engaged at the time to a boy from Beirut, a very interesting fellow. I keep looking for him in connection with the Syrian and Lebanon conflicts with Palestine because he was politically oriented and a very bright young man. This engagement subsequently was broken and Dorothy and I ultimately became inseparable companions from, oh, early in 1940, I guess, on until she finally got her degree in 1942, and we were married on June 7, 1942. I quit college; I'd completed my junior year by that time, plus perhaps an extra time I stayed in summer school those summers.

Dorothy majored in journalism for reasons unknown to anybody, including her, because she certainly wasn't cut out for dealing with people or socializing with people. She likewise had a severe physical handicap, but

it was not an evident one; she was born with a cleft palate, which had markedly influenced her personality and childhood background. I know it was repaired officially through the use of a plate, oh, I guess when she was at the University of Kentucky earlier. But it was too late to overcome the psychological damage that had been done to a young girl who couldn't speak, you know, plainly, so anyone could understand her. Now, perhaps that leads to the key emotional things that drew us together; I don't really know.

We were both principally interested in psychology. We spent hours psychoanalyzing each other and our friends and our professors and everything else, and became interested in abnormal psychology, the abnormal problems that hit people through life. But as I say, she was a major in journalism and not really interested or fit for it, so I did most of her senior work—or, senior homework—term papers, and things like that, and felt that there was really not too much point in my taking the senior year in journalism over again, which, of course, was not very bright thinking, but that at least was the thinking at the time of adolescence.

My parents helped finance my first year in college in which I lived in a boys' dormitory, and they helped the next two years by at least paying the fees and tuition. But I did manage to take care of my board and room by working in the dormitory (oddly enough with my physical problems) as the games-room keeper, which meant the maintenance of two bowling alleys and three pool tables, plus instruction in bowling. I mean, I can't bowl [laughing], and this is one of the problems that had to be resolved, some way or another. Fortunately, I found an eager French youngster who was a tremendous bowler and who was willing to instruct the freshmen in bowling if I'd give him a preference in line when he wanted to bowl. And this way, it worked out fine. I still

was, however, caught with the physical waxing of the alleys and the maintenance of this huge room; it must have been, oh, a hundred by two hundred—with the waxing and the polished floors. I did become a pretty good pool player and was able to teach that.

Dorothy and I, I guess, decided by the fall of '41 that we were going to marry and escape from the parental environment. She lived at home in a beautiful home, and as I said, her parents were faculty people and very prominent on campus and very happy as faculty. She had a sister slightly younger than herself, who was, unlike Dorothy, very gregarious and social-minded. She had a brother who was older and by that time was graduating from law school and went on to World War II and served with distinction and is now a prominent lawyer in Boulder.

But Dorothy and I, our primary objective in life was to escape from parents completely and strike out on our own, but we felt that one of us should have a degree before we undertook that, so we stuck out her last year, her senior year, to get the degree. Finally, we did get engaged the winter of '42. I recall she had a portable typewriter and I had a portable typewriter, and hers wasn't much good; mine was better, the one I acquired at the hospital many years before. So we took hers down and pawned it for ten dollars and bought a zircon. We drove out to the community of Longmont so nobody'd see us shopping in a jewelry store and bought a zircon engagement ring; a zircon is an imitation diamond.... [laughing], but we, as I said, had been constant companions, and certainly I was not unaware of some of her habits and certainly she was not unaware of some of mine. We practically lived together and certainly we spent all of our waking hours together, almost, that we weren't in class or that I wasn't working because her parents were very lenient as far as friends in the house, and

besides, her sister had a boy friend, so we—the boys that “lived” up there—drank the folks' whiskey, smoked the folks' cigarettes, and everything else, and still wanted all the time to get away from the folks. That was the *stupidest* thing [laughing]. They had money; we didn't.

Along about the winter when we were engaged, we decided it would become necessary, really, to bring these plans to fruition, it would become necessary to get a job. So we cast about for various possibilities and just found nothing, even though the War had started by that time and there were many demands for able-bodied people and naturally I was exempt from the war by virtue of my physical problems. By the same token, they exempted me from, oh, manufacturing jobs and the so-called high paying jobs that required physical abilities. So we decided we better look into the newspaper field and try to find an activity we could handle.

We conceived the idea of a newspaper—publication of a newspaper—as a job application form in which we would set forth in newspaper style and newspaper makeup and newspaper pictures a front page telling all about ourselves. And we worked on this for months in our spare time and finally came up with a front page of a newspaper that was headlined “Two for the Price of One,” or some such thing as that, and had my picture and her picture and individual stories about us. It illustrated the fact that we could write a news story, we could make up a news page, we could place a photograph, and so on and so forth. Because of both of our disinclination for crowds, I suspect, or big social situations, we decided we wouldn't apply to large dailies, so we canvassed weeklies and the small dailies all over the country. We sent about three hundred of these stupid things out.

We wound up with two replies. One I don't recall at all; it was merely an inquiry or

an acknowledgment perhaps. The second was a very definite offer of a job. They wanted us to come, and to come just as soon as possible. And this was from the *Hood River County Sun* in Hood River, Oregon. I know that we had scraped together—I think our printing bill was fifty-six dollars, and that was a tremendous investment, this job seeking thing, so we were absolutely overjoyed in getting the job offer. As a matter of fact, we were the only—she was the only senior in her class and me the junior—it was even unheard of—we were the only two people out of the graduating class to go to work in the newspaper field. So perhaps our gimmick wasn't too bad after all.

Dorothy, who was more of an introvert by far than I am, declined to participate in the graduation ceremonies, and finally, through the influence of her father, was excused. Colleges don't like to excuse people from commencement ceremonies, you know, but she was excused and we did marry on June seventh, 1942. I think commencement was to be the following Monday.

Of course, it's understood we had *absolutely* no money between us. She had no funds, and I had none. I had free board and room; you could live and you could cadge a cigarette once in a while and maybe a beer or something like that. But we just had no money, and this business of entering marriage, under the circumstances, I just wonder. I look at my own kids now and say, "You *can't* do that. You gotta have fifteen thousand in the bank!" You know.

So I borrowed a hundred dollars from my dad and she borrowed a hundred dollars from her dad. And her former fiance, had acquired—. My roadster had given out by this time, or just about given out—it certainly wouldn't make a trip to Oregon. Goro (his full name was Goro Deeb, the Beirut boy) through some devious dealings of his with a rich widow (he was quite a playboy, or quite a girl's boy,

or something like that) had acquired this 1928 wolverine sedan from this rich widow. The car had been up on blocks for years, and Goro acquired it for twenty-five dollars, and out of his fondness for Dorothy and for me, he traded me the Wolverine, which was in good shape, relatively speaking, for my 1931 De Soto. And even though the Wolverine was three years older, the Wolverine certainly hadn't had quite the wear and tear on it that the other one had.

So we packed. Of course, Dorothy's folks, as I said, were prominent in the community and had many friends. And the wedding, they would approach it with far more than we wanted. Dorothy and I just wanted to slip off to a J. P., or something, but her folks wouldn't hear of that. So we had a home wedding with guests invited by both sides, the groom and the bride—you know, the routine stuff—and all of her people, her folks' friends—many of them she didn't know, and I certainly didn't—faculty, and so on and so forth, came up with all kinds of silver wedding things—salt shakers and bowls and fancy things. And Dorothy could care less. She was absolutely no homemaker or housewife or domestically inclined in any sense. But we had these boxes of junk and we loaded it on the back seat of this Wolverine and built a great platform out over its trunk rack. It had an old-fashioned trunk rack out the back. We built a great, huge wooden platform that would hold a big box and filled this with all our worldly possessions, and as I said, borrowed a hundred dollars from her dad and a hundred from mine. And by the time I paid off the bills that I'd run up in Boulder, charging cigarettes here and charging something there, and laundry charged here, and so on, we had about a hundred and twenty-five dollars when we rolled out of Boulder two hours after our wedding, plus this car filled with junk. And we headed up to Hood River, Oregon.

BEGINNING A CAREER IN JOURNALISM

Hood River is—or was, at that time, anyway—a beautiful small town built on the banks of the Columbia River at the juncture of the Hood River and the Columbia. The town's built on a hillside pretty much. You have to climb a fairly sharp incline of about, oh, a hundred, two hundred feet or something before you get up to the residential area, whereas the business district is pretty much down right on the river banks. We went to work, my wife, or my bride and myself, as the co-editors of the *Rood River County Sun*. The salary was ten dollars a week for my wife, fifteen dollars a week for me, for which, of course, she, being a women's rightist, protested mightily as being discriminatory. Besides, she had the college degree and I didn't.

The *Rood River County Sun* was—an understatement—the lesser of the town's two newspapers. The other one, the *Hood River News*, was apparently a well-produced newspaper and apparently quite prosperous. The *Sun*, of which we had absolutely no knowledge before we went out there other

than the statistical data available in the directories, newspaper directories, was an impoverished newspaper. It was run down mechanically and physically and every other way. The entire—well, it was owned by a gentleman by the name of Jack Travis, who I subsequently learned wanted to be a forest ranger. That was his life's ambition, to be a forest ranger. But his father, who had been a newspaperman, somehow or another got him into the newspaper field. Jack just wasn't, in my eyes, anyway—even my young eyes at that time—wasn't really cut out for news paper work.

The paper was of four and sometimes six pages. It was produced on an old flatbed press and then folded by hand every Wednesday or Thursday night, whenever we published. Its staff included Travis, who was the publisher (presumably his wife had some other function), my wife and myself, a printer whose name escapes me, and a twelve-year-old apprentice. The printer was not only the linotype operator, but was also the pressman. Most of our headlines were

set by hand. And this fell to the—it was part of the duties of the twelve-year-old, who was a very sharp youngster, but he had trouble, as all of us do, reading the type backwards, and occasionally he would get his n's and his u's mixed up. So there were too many occasions—there were several occasions in which a headline referring to the *Hood River County Sun* would come out the *Rood River Conuty Snu*, [laughing] because the n's and the u's would be upside down. It's C-o-n-u-t-y S-n-u [laughing].

The publisher—we soon discovered that he actually had only a minimum of paid circulation. His advertised circulation was, oh, around a thousand or something, but very little of that was paid; most of it was either complimentary or taken out in some kind of trade for living expenses.

Travis was the type of guy that thought he could dictate simultaneously to two different secretaries. This is what really drove my wife nuts. He would start dictating a letter to her, and, of course, she didn't take any shorthand, so dictation was a problem anyway. And at the same time he'd be dictating something to his wife, another letter. And his thought transference would go back and forth until all of a sudden he'd—in the middle of it—collide, and would end up something in this letter over here that belonged in the other letter. It was really far out.

That first week in Hood River, we arrived with, oh, I think about forty or forty-five dollars, plus this whole carload of goodies you couldn't eat—silver cups, and trays, and stuff like that. We rented a little cottage in the higher part of the town that looked out at the majestic Mt. Hood, which was twenty miles away or so; it was still snow-covered in June. It was really quite a beautiful little location, our house was. It cost us twenty-five dollars, because I remember paying a month's rent,

so that left us, oh, less than twenty dollars for gasoline and power turning on charges, and food, and things like that.

Dorothy was never one of the world's outstanding homemakers, or cooks, and certainly she didn't have the wherewithal to even experiment. But she had read somewhere that barley was nutritious and inexpensive. So she went down with what little cash we had and invested it in a sizable amount of barley. She proceeded to get out one of her wedding gifts, a great big bucket, and poured barley in it and added some water and started to boil it. Well, I had no knowledge of the expansion properties of barley, and neither did she, but it turned out that before the episode was over, we had filled, oh, it was *dozens* of vessels with barley. It was just—the tiny kitchen was just loaded with barley! I hate barley to this day. I can't stand it. I ate it for a week. I've never had it since.

We worked our first week trying to just get acquainted with people in the town and learn our way around it, and looked forward eagerly to our initial paycheck because then we'd be able to go to the grocery store—you know, barley was becoming overwhelming at that point. We had it for breakfast, noon, and dinner. When they brought our paycheck, and it was combined for the two of us, and twenty-five dollars was—looked tremendous to us. And we went running off to the Safeway Store, I think it was—it was in the town at the time—and got a couple of baskets and went around, just spent like millionaires. We just bought food, food, food. We got to the counter and had it all rung up; it was, oh, twelve or thirteen dollars, or something like that, which was really quite a lot. We presented—promptly presented—our check to pay for the purchase, and the gentleman declined the check. He said nobody accepted checks from the *Hood River County Sun* [laughing]. So we had to give up

all the food and went back and discussed the problem with Mr. Travis. Mr. Travis said, “Well, of course, if you’re going to cash the check—. But you can take it up to a grocery store up on—way up on the top of the hill, and he’ll take it in trade. They’ll cash it. See, he takes it out in advertising.” So that was about the only place we could ever cash our check, was up at this one store. And the deficiency, he’d apparently take this twenty-five dollars out in advertising and not bother to even try to process the check. Well, the printer had another arrangement. We subsequently determined that he cashed his at a bar. And the bartender would apparently take it out in advertising, but he expected the printer (the printer’s name was Wayne) to invest a good portion of the check in the establishment for the courtesy of cashing it. And Wayne would invest quite a bit every week. And he lived in Ellendale, Washington, which was across this broad Columbia River. I’ll never forget one night after cashing his check and making his investment in the bar, Wayne set out with his rowboat to get home, and he apparently was too far down from the bar, and instead of making it slightly upriver, upstream, to the other bank, he coasted and was found days later about twenty miles down the river [laughing]. We had a great newspaper!

The Hood River Apple Growers Association, I think was the name of the outfit, or perhaps Fruitgrowers Association, was the dominant industrial or business organization in the town. Hood River is the focal point for a vast apple, pear, and cherry orchard area. Its apples are still famous, Hood River apples and Hood River pears, and then these large Bing cherries. The fruit industry was the prime activity of the area, and the growers’ association pretty much controlled things, it seemed to me—that, and, of course, the Farm Bureau. And they did have a Grange there,

which is apparently the liberal organization in agriculture.

I’d never had too much so-called makeup experience, having missed my senior year at college, and so that was one of the first things I had to learn, was placing stories into a page. I mean, you can’t stretch type out and you can’t compress it, so things more or less all have to fit even around the advertisements. I worked at that mightily and finally became adept in two or three editions, and I became fairly proficient at it. But I was paying more attention to making things fit than to juxtaposition, and it was called rather violently to my attention by the publisher. One page I had surrounded an advertisement for the *Christian Science Monitor* with advertisements for a cold remedy, liquor, and cigarettes. And apparently the *Monitor* declined to accept that as a valid piece of advertising.

I don’t really have much of a recollection of any news events there. Of course, this was during the war; the war had started the previous winter, and the small town was not really aware of war in a sense at that point, except that, naturally, the news of servicemen who had left and men inducted to go into the service started to filter back at that point. That made much of your news, plus our strictly local events. There were no stories of the outside, no effort at national news or state news, or anything like that. It was strictly a country weekly.

The publisher and I clashed immediately on news value. As I mentioned earlier, he didn’t have much in the way of circulation, paid circulation, but some promotion outfit came through town and sold him a big bill of goods. They induced him to offer free pen and pencil sets with each subscription. And he bought it on time, you know, and traded it, or something, and pretty soon—. We operated this little stationery store in conjunction with

the paper, as weeklies do—a little job printing shop and stationery. But the office was loaded down with hundreds of pens and pencils, none of which would write, incidentally. We had to start this big campaign of a free pen and pencil with each subscription, and the publisher insisted that that was the headline story every week. And people really didn't look upon that as news, but he thought it was. I still recall one horrible banner headline, "Pen and Pencils Going Like Hotcakes at Conuty Snu Office."

But the operation of the stationery store also presented something of a problem. That would be the only instance in which there would be a little cash come into the business, if somebody came by and bought a pencil and bought a ream of paper or something like that, they would ordinarily pay cash, and that would go into the cash drawer, which was our obligation to watch and keep balanced and so on and so forth. Except along about noon each day, well, the publisher's wife would call him from home and tell him to bring some milk or some groceries, or bring some meat, and he'd use the cash drawer to take fifty cents or a dollar, or what was in there, and go out and buy it. So there was never any cash in there to make a deposit to the bank. We were supposed to be making daily deposits, but we didn't have anything to deposit because he would take the cash on his way home for groceries. So this period went on for, oh, I think about two months. In the meantime, we were still having to cash our check up at one grocery store, and Wayne, the printer, just finally disappeared altogether. He just—I don't know if he went down the river, but I never did hear from him again. And so we hired some lady linotype operator who was a good old soul. It seems to me she was related or something to some guy whose name was

connected quite famously in Oregon with a group of raiders, wartime raiders, or what.

Our relationship with Travis kept growing worse, and finally, after about, oh, eight or nine weeks, he and my wife got into some kind of a big emotional blowup because he was just as emotional as she was; they just couldn't get along together. We discussed it carefully and decided we'd give notice—we were going to resign. So we did that the next day, giving notice that we would resign in two weeks. He said, "The hell you will; you're fired!" So we were fired right then and there.

So this created another problem. We were looking forward to the next two weeks' salary; that's why we were giving two weeks' notice. And we didn't have income or job, but I had met the manager of an employment service in the course of my reportorial activities. There was a guy by the name of Chandler Stevens, known professionally as "Chandler the Magician," in Oregon—Portland, Oregon. He was managing the little office for the United States Employment Service in Oregon. And Chandler suggested that I go to the employment service office in Portland and try to get a job with his office in Hood River. So we did that. (Incidentally, the drive from Hood River to Portland is a beautiful drive. It's all, I suspect, four-lane freeway by now; but those days, it was just a steep canyon drive along the banks of the Columbia River up past Bonneville Dam.)

And speaking of Bonneville Dam, it reminds me of one other anecdote about Travis. His father put him in the newspaper business; Jack really wanted to be a forest ranger. But Jack also acquired a newspaper, the first newspaper at Cascade Locks—I think that was the name of it—in connection with Bonneville Dam, which had just been opened shortly before. Jack devoted his great mental abilities to naming that newspaper and finally

wound up calling it the *Dam Chronicle*. It folded before we even left.

But going back to this business of hunting a job, I went up to Portland. I was interviewed by some woman who was very, very impressed by the fact that I'd been a newspaper editor. She didn't really care for how long, despite the fact that I'd only been one for eight or nine weeks. It didn't seem to make much difference to her. So within two weeks or so, she did indeed line me up with a job as a junior interviewer or something like that at the Employment Service back in Hood River.

I started to work for Stevens and determined that the federal government was just something out of this world! You had these vast volumes of all kinds of job names and job descriptions. And why you had to learn all that in Hood River, Oregon, where they didn't have anything but fruit pickers anyway, or fruit jobs, was beyond me. But we'd spend hours and hours going through these volumes, and then at the end of each day, you'd have to fill out a time card which would detail precisely your activity from eight o'clock in the morning 'til five o'clock at night, including the activity of filling out this time sheet. Everything was coded; everything had a number. If you had a cigarette, it had a number. If you put a piece of paper in a drawer, that had a number. If you sharpened your pencil, that had a number. If you read this book, that had a number. And it would take you a full half to three quarters of an hour at the end of the day to find the number to go with the activity if you could remember the activity. This just wasn't really for me, but fortunately, the fruit harvesting season was upon us, and somebody conceived the idea that we should open a branch office of the Employment Service out in the orchards to determine the needs of the various growers for help and to ship the help around because

there was obviously going to be a shortage out here because of the War, shortage of labor. So I got the job of going out to this tent camp, representing the Employment Service, and a guy by the name of Tom Nelson, representing I think the—oh, some housing, national housing authority, or something—anyway, in which they provided housing for migrant laborers, tent houses. He was the manager of the camp. It was my job to determine from the growers how many pickers they needed and on what days and to deploy the migrant workers that came flooding into the camp to the right orchards at the right time. Well, this was great, except that in the six weeks or so that I was out there, there never came a migrant worker. The only migrant worker that ever showed up was my wife, and I deployed her out to various orchards and she was picking pears and apples and cherries. And really, we were making much more money with her picking fruit than we ever did in the newspaper business or working for the federal government. But I recall the federal government was paying me twenty dollars a week, so that was five dollars short, or less than we were getting before. Her picking fruit at three or four dollars a day was really quite a big boon to us.

As I say, the migrant workers never did show up. There just weren't any; they were elsewhere. And so we had to start working up various programs to get the townspeople and help from other areas to come in because the fruit would be ripening shortly. So in conjunction with the Portland office, we worked out a deal where, oh, I think there were twenty carloads on a special train that came down from Portland on a Sunday to pick fruit—just the city people—and broke the ladders and broke the limbs off the trees. The orchardists were going nuts, but on the other hand it was the only way they could

get the fruit picked, too. We also worked up a special excursion one Sunday, or one weekend, for Reed College. Reed College, I guess, is a politically liberal school, but at that time the people of Hood River thought it was a little bit left of communist, I think, and they were terrified of the wild students that might come to town and take over the capitalist system or something. But the kids came by the droves and held intelligent discussions from tree to tree [laughing] as they were picking the fruit. And all the wild fears of sex orgies and things like that never did develop in the town. Actually, I think this developed a little better respect for Reed College than before. Something has escaped my memory, now that—. Hood River was a very, very bigoted community, and it became nationally known before I got there. There was some episode that I can't recall. It had to do with the American Legion or some veterans' organization, oh, not permitting the burial of a Negro or American Japanese boy or someone who'd been killed in the service, something of that type of thing. But it illustrates the conservative and inbred condition in the community at the time. This business of working for the federal government out in the orchards was really great because you got away from all that paperwork and you didn't have anything to do; it was wonderful. I should have gone and picked apples, really, but I had to stay and man this office in case any help did show up, which it never did [laughing]. So I was sad to see an end come to that.

At that point, the government offered me a job to go up to Nyssa, Oregon, which was the location of the Japanese relocation center. Apparently I was to go up there as a public information man, or something like that. But because of my distaste for the whole relocation program, I declined that and figured I ought to get back into the newspaper business. So

we went, oh, three or four weeks after the closing of the camp at Odell, where the labor camp was. After the closing of that camp, we went, oh, three or four or five weeks looking for a job again, all over Oregon. We had this old 1928 Wolverine that we'd driven out there; we undertook to drive all over the western part of the state, just looking for a job. Oh, we tiled Eugene and Astoria, Salem, several small communities, but weren't successful, but did get a lead as far as La Grande, Oregon was concerned. But that was quite a ways out in the eastern part of the state, and it was during the period of gas rationing, so a trip over there was impossible. But we did write them and they sent me a train ticket, I think, and I went over and talked to them. So I hired onto the *La Grande Evening Observer*, which was a daily newspaper, for, oh, I think it was twenty-five dollars a week.

The *La Grande Evening Observer* was somewhat more solidly established than the *Hood River County Snu* [sic] was. It was still no thriving metropolitan newspaper, nor did it have a thriving staff. It had much brass; it had a publisher and a circulation director and an advertising director and an editor, period. And then a reporter; and the reporter was me. It ended up the reporter was also to be the sports editor, the society editor, the police reporter, the city beat reporter. The editor did nothing but take the copy off the teletype and write headlines for what little bit of national copy we used. So this was a good training ground, though, for me. I had the greatest problems with society news. Women are just hopeless to—when they know they're going to get their names in the paper—about their social affairs. [They] talk endlessly and beef because their name might get below somebody else's or their party didn't get as many words as somebody else's party, and—oh, I just hated that part. It all had to be

done by nine o'clock in the morning, anyway, so there wasn't too much of the day that was devoted to that. I made the major booboo of all time, however, by printing on the society page a picture of a Negro girl who got married. I soon learned that that was strictly *verboden*. I mean, you never run pictures of Negro people. That illustrates how times have changed, though, in a sense, in such a relatively short time. La Grande was in eastern Oregon. And as Hood River was beautiful, La Grande was ugly. By this time, we were limited to four gallons of gas a week; there were no tires. La Grande was just so far from anything; you could never get to another community, even on four gallons of gasoline. So it became a long, dreary winter we spent there. We lived in an alley behind a hotel. Oh, the oil soot and the coal soot would all be down over the snow (which it did frequently); it was always dirty snow there. My main memory of La Grande was being a dreary, dreary community. The primary reason for that, I'm sure, was just the lack of mobility we had to go out and see the countryside because of gasoline rationing.

Going back to Hood River for just a moment to illustrate something of the times, I mentioned that we had first rented this little cottage, but within about a month after that, we discovered one of those situations which were, I suspect, prevalent around the country at that point, the situation in which the man had gone off to war and the woman had gone to a war plant area, or something, to work, but left their home and wanted someone to take care of it. So we got this beautiful two-bedroom home on five acres of orchard land, fully furnished with nice, overstuffed furniture and modern appliances and things like that, for fifteen dollars a month. And we could sell the fruit off the five acres, too. So the contrast between living in Hood River and living in La Grande was quite sharp.

I really don't remember much more about La Grande. Its major civic gathering point at the time was the Sacajawea Hotel. Sacajawea was the Indian woman on the Lewis and Clark expedition.

I've never been back to La Grande, nor have I been back to Hood River, but I'd like to go back someday just to see how the towns have progressed. La Grande was principally a railroad community in a way, and I guess it did have some mining, and not too far out some agricultural stuff, but principally prairie land. Reminds you of the—what's that story? *Giants in the Earth*, I think. The book where the Norwegians or the Swedish people came across the Great Plains. It was a very depressing book. And La Grande reminded me of that.

I recall it got so cold there that the oil pump in my car would freeze. I'd been in all kinds of trouble in earlier times with water freezing or something like that; we didn't have adequate antifreeze, but the oil pump would freeze, it would be so cold. It wouldn't pump oil into the engine. I had to be to work every day before seven to turn on the teletype to receive the news from the United Press in Portland. And woe be to him who ever overslept, because that way, there would be no news.

It was while we were in La Grande that Dorothy suddenly received a bequest from an uncle who had given her a very minor bit of an oil well back in Oklahoma or Kansas or somewhere around there. I remember she received about four hundred and fifty, five hundred dollars. This was just a—a major windfall. But we used most of it for her teeth; she had all her teeth removed while we were there. She was only twenty-four years old, but had always been plagued with bad teeth and had them all removed at the same time and on the same day in the dentist's office. It was one

of their first efforts, I think, at that time, when they were just putting a new plate in just as soon as they tear all the teeth out, you know. Oh, Lord, that was a terrible experience. I didn't think she'd ever recover from that. I guess that again sticks in my memory.

We went through the winter there and the spring, and finally I read an ad in a paper, the *Portland Oregonian*, one day, of a metropolitan—how'd they describe that? It was very peculiar—sea coast city—no, they didn't quite say “sea coast”—“West Coast city.” They wanted a reporter. They said it was a major daily, and all these—oh, it sounded great. So I talked it over with my editor in La Grande and also the circulation manager, and decided to answer the ad and did, and got this telephone call back from Boise, Idaho (laughing), this “West Coast city,” wanting me to come up and interview—or be interviewed, and they agreed to pay the transportation. So I got on the train in La Grande—this was a wartime train, and just thousands of troops being shipped back and forth across the country—no food service, no lavatory service, no service of any kind; just a cattle train is all it was.

I went to Boise, arriving at the time of a flood. My appointment for an interview was at ten in the morning. The Boise River was flooding over at that point and so the entire staff—including its editor and everybody else—was busy covering the flood, and it wasn't until—I sat in the office all day, and it wasn't until eleven o'clock that night that—'til finally I was able to go out and have a cup of coffee with the editor, the city editor who was going to make the initial interview. I had discussed quite candidly with the advertising manager in La Grande what he thought the potential would be in Boise. I was making twenty-five dollars a week there and I asked him how much I should expect

or try to get out of the *Statesman*, the Boise, Idaho *Statesman*, or actually, to be technical, the *Idaho Daily Statesman*, and he finally suggested, “Try for forty dollars and settle for thirty.” You know. So I thought forty was pretty outlandish and wild myself, but decided to follow his advice and built up my courage all day, sitting in the office; in case the guy asked me what I wanted, I was going to say “forty dollars.” And finally, the opportunity came after about only five minutes of talking that night, and he said what would I work for?

And I said, “Well, I think I'd have to have at least forty dollars.”

He says, “I can't pay forty dollars. I have to pay forty-five.” So [laughing] I was very pleased to move to the *Statesman* for forty-five dollars a week. (The *Statesman* city editor who interviewed me, incidentally, was Clayton Darrah, now the owner of a paper at Winnemucca.)

I was there for a year and a half. It was a very interesting newspaper also. I guess maybe all newspapers must have had a hard time during the War. The *Statesman* had two newspapers; the *Idaho Daily Statesman* was the morning newspaper, and the strong newspaper in the state. It had statewide circulation and was by far the largest in the state and the most well-respected. It had shortly before acquired the old *Evening Capitol News* and turned the operation into the *Boise Evening Statesman* as I recall, published in the same plant as the morning paper.

Well, I was assigned to the morning staff, which turned out not to have a staff. But there again, you were overloaded with executives and no reporters. The daily staff—everybody wanted to work days and it was so hard to get staff during the war by this time that the papers just—if they wanted to work days, let 'em work days, see. So I would work nights and would have to rewrite most of the copy

they did in the evening paper so it would appear in the morning paper, and also cover everything by telephone—the police stations and fire departments and major stories that happened to break—and you’d have to try to do it by telephone because you could never leave the office. You were always, almost, alone; there’s a telegraph editor and there’s a city editor. The three of us put out this paper; it had, oh, twenty-five thousand circulation. It was a large paper, larger than any we have here at this point, as far as volume. And we’d put that silly thing out and finish it up [around] two or three o’clock in the morning and repair to somebody’s house for coffee or something to eat, you know.

Working nights is a peculiar thing to get used to, but then after you get used to it, it’s the same as working days. My first son was born during this period. His name is Perry. He was born on February 14, 1944. He grew up—in those early days, in just infancy—to be asleep days and awake nights, you know. He just adjusted into our life like our days.

The *Statesman* must have had, during the period I worked there, at least a hundred and fifty different reporters that would come through from all the parts of the country, just floating, and stay a day, stay a week, stay a month, and go on somewhere else. And I have a wild memory of several colorful characters.

One little blonde gal, just one of these shapely, beautiful women, small stature, very effervescent, and quite a flirt, and who was with them for, oh, about three months or so, and finally went off to Portland for some job there. She wrote a note back on a postcard to the staff of how she had been stopped in Oregon for speeding and found the Oregon state police to be “a very nice man after we went out in the bushes for a while.” [Laughing] She writes all this on a postcard back, and then says she didn’t get a ticket.

Then they had another classic character that worked. don’t recall his name at all. But he soon became, without doubt, the best crime reporter we’d ever encountered. He was just—was on top of every good police, burglary, or robbery case there was. He could write glowing stories about it. He particularly was good in the burglary stories. After about three or four months, though, the police began to think that he was awfully good because he had details in burglary stories that the police didn’t know about. And it turned out that he was finally arrested as the burglar. He dropped a *Statesman* pencil at the scene of one of the burglaries! So that was the end of him.

Then they had another old-timer in there that was—oh, a professional—well, if it was a woman, it would be called a sob sister. Ernie Hood was a tremendous feature writer. And I recall when—what was it? Shortly before Christmas Eve, or something like that, he wrote this story on the guy who had been executed at the state prison and was to be buried that day. He was to be buried before Christmas, and so forth. Oh, it was a heart-touching thing. It turned out that the paper came out and said he had been buried—well, Ernie always anticipated things a bit—and for some technical reason or another, he hadn’t been buried. And Ernie tried to get the staff of the paper to go out and bury him so that the paper could be accurate and so that the man could be in the ground for Christmas! I don’t know, it was—it was a real wild organization! [Laughing]

We did some weird things. The first use of penicillin developed along about that time. We had some teenage girl in town who had been ill with—I don’t know what it was—some type of disease that it was hoped the great “miracle” could solve, and so that became a story, except that these guys on the evening paper would never let go. And for twenty-

eight days straight, they had a story on that girl on the front page, about how she made this progress and she made that progress, and she slumped, and she'd taken up, and died, and now she's finally coming back again and she's almost conscious, and—oh, it was just horrible! I mean, the family must have just been torn apart. And as I say, for twenty-eight or thirty days, until she finally died, and that was the end of the story. All that was related to the penicillin coming into use for the first time then. It was known as the “miracle drug” at that point.

The owner of the *Statesman* was a Mrs. Ailshie, Margaret Ailshie, Margaret Cobb Ailshie, as a matter of fact. She was an elderly woman who had inherited the paper from her father who had founded it. She apparently had some idiosyncrasies. We on the staff seldom saw her, but we heard much of her. She had a great penchant for entertaining young lieutenants from the Gowen Air Force Base in Boise at her home, and was forever having these big parties and what have you.

When I got there, the general manager was a guy by the name of James Brown. And the story current in the newsroom was that Brown had come to town one day as a linotype salesman, and she liked him and so she hired him as the general manager of the paper. She didn't really have anything to do with anything, you know. And Jim was a red-faced, apoplectic type; he was on the verge of a stroke all the time, especially if you got him angered. During the war, he and Mrs. Ailshie acquired a string of thoroughbred horses and they became very, very interested in, and active in, raising fine horses. The only thing else that they had such an active interest in was their total hatred of Roosevelt and the whole Democratic administration.

It was during that period when every day there'd be some news from Washington

about a new restriction on civilian life and new ration, and this and that and the other thing. I had learned by that time to work teletypes, because in the evening, in addition to trying to put out the paper, I was also the correspondent, the night correspondent, for the Associated Press in Salt Lake. So if there was any news that developed in Boise, you would teletype it to Salt Lake. So I had become familiar with teletypes and conceived one night this bright idea of pulling a practical joke on Brown. Knowing his passionate hatred for the Roosevelt administration and knowing his passionate love for the race horses, I wrote a short bulletin to the effect that the President announced that day that all horses not actively engaged in the war effort or in the production of food were to be sent to Europe for food, slaughtered and sent to Europe for food. And I inserted this onto the teletype. You know, all you had to do was turn off the news copy and put it on a test circuit and type this in and turn it on again and off it went, you know. And I did this on a United Press teletype.

Jim was working the telegraph desk that night, and so as a last minute check, just before the paper was to go to press, you know, he was going to look at the last bulletins. So here was this bulletin from Washington on the destruction of horses that were not actively engaged in the war effort. And he roared and flipped that thing off, the [machine], and stood there, and he was just—he couldn't comprehend it! He couldn't believe it, you know. Here, this thing, saying Roosevelt had done something else again! And he went roaring over to the telegraph editor, and he said, “Go down and stop the presses and put this on the front page!” And the telegraph editor, who was in on the joke, jumped up and said some uncomplimentary thing about Roosevelt and roared down the stairs to the

composing room to stop the press, you know. And Jim ranted and raved and fumed and carried on; and finally I left, assuming, of course, that the telegraph editor would tell him in a while it was just a big joke—you know, “Ha, ha.” Well, the telegraph editor didn’t tell him that at all, and he went home, too.

Well, it turns out that Mr. Brown went home and woke up his wife and fumed and ranted and jumped around and couldn’t sleep and cursed all night long, just in an *absolute* frenzy about Roosevelt. And then it was, oh, six-thirty or seven o’ clock, when his newspaper was delivered, he ran out to get it and—his wife could hardly believe the story—and he wanted to show it to her in print. This was—you know, this was gospel once it’s in print. He ran out and got the paper and took it in [laughing], and he couldn’t find the story on the front page. So he assumed that the circulation department had slipped up and had delivered the mail edition, which goes to press early, in town, rather than delivering the city edition. So he called the circulation manager and got him out of bed and just chewed the holy bejesus out of him for delivering the mail edition in town. Then I guess he got up and marched over to Mrs. Ailshie’s house—and she’d been entertaining lieutenants all night and was sound asleep, but he got her up—and she was horrified. So they both repaired to the office and locked themselves in the executive office and sat down and started to compose this *vile* telegram to Roosevelt.

At this point, the telegraph editor and the city editor—they were all back there, and they felt that something had better put a stop to all this before it got out of hand. So they told them it was a joke. But Jim and Mrs. Ailshie didn’t think it was much of a joke at all. And when I finally came to work that night, Mr.

Brown had some very uncomplimentary things to say. And I’m sure if he hadn’t been totally without staff at the moment he’d have fired me.

For a while in Boise, we lived with a woman whose husband had been one of the editors of the paper but who had gone off to the service and decided it would be well if somebody stayed with her and shared their nice house, you know. So we did this, but it turned out this woman was a compulsive buyer. She had to buy anything that was rationed. She didn’t smoke, but she bought a package of cigarettes every day, which was fine as far as I was concerned, because it kept me from standing in line. And she bought coffee every time she could; she’d buy sugar every time she could. Anything that was rationed, she’d do anything to get her hands on it, even though she had no use for it. And she had her basement just loaded with these commodities, you know, that everybody would give their eye teeth for. We used to trade meat stamps for sugar stamps. But we finally broke up with her when they started to ration ping-pong balls. [Laughing] And she’d go down and she’d stand in line for *hours* to get a ping-pong ball. Oh, people are nutty, really! Well, I don’t remember whether it was the government or whether it was the store. They had some ping-pong balls but would only sell them so many to a customer, you know. Well, she’d go back every day and get ping-pong balls. We had BOXES of ping-pong balls all over the house! [laughing]

For a while, while I was with the *Statesman*, they decided they were going to enlarge their operation. How they could possibly think of that with help as scarce as it was—. They’d get people, you know, that come through and spend a week or a month or a day and run up these fantastic long distance telephone calls, calling all over the nation, looking for a job,

you know, and charge it all to the paper. So they decided they were going to extend their operation by opening a series of little bureaus in surrounding towns; one in Nampa, one in Caldwell, one in Payette. So as a pilot project, they sent me to Caldwell, and they installed a teletype and rented an office, and it would be my job just to cover the little town for the city paper in Boise. I spent a month or so down there, and that was interesting.

Then I was brought back to be state editor in addition to night copy man and roving reporter. They told me to be state editor and I had to find people to go out in these small towns and help them get set up; I think we were going to have four or five. So I found this gal—I hired a gal to go out (her name was Liz) and sent her out to Payette. But she couldn't conquer the teletype to save her. So I took one of the guys out of the office, a guy by the name of Joe McLain, who is now a newspaperman in Las Vegas. I sent Joe down to Payette, to teach Liz how to run the teletype, and he was supposed to be down just for the day. Well, Joe didn't come back for a week. Finally, I just ordered him to come back, and he wouldn't come back without Liz. So then we closed the Payette bureau and brought Liz back and put her to work on the paper as a reporter, too. Then one night, I sent Joe out to cover the carnival. It was some kind of a fair or carnival had come to town. So he and Liz went out to cover it, and so help me they never came back. They ran away with the carnival and [laughing] they worked at the carnival for several years. What a goofy bunch of people!

As I say, I encountered Joe years later, many years after, working for the *Las Vegas Sun*. He and Liz had gotten married before they ran off with the carnival. I think they ran off for a honeymoon or something with the carnival.

After about a year and a half with the *Statesman*, a job opened up in the AP bureau, the Associated Press bureau there, as a second man; it was just a two-man bureau, although they had a girl who did the teletyping. And so I applied for that, but under the wartime rule at that point, you could not leave one job for another without some technical need being demonstrated. And by the same token the Associated Press would never hire from any newspaper that it served without the consent of the newspaper. Well, this was shortly after the episode of the horses on the teletype, and I had to get the consent not only of the city editor; I had to get the consent of Mr. Brown, the general manager. And this we worked at for weeks, with him refusing and—. Then, finally, they were just going to have to hire somebody else for the job because the job was going down the drain. But at that point, Jim finally relented. He called me in his office (and this was the first time he'd really spoken to me since he gave me hell), and said, "Well, you can say for the Associated Press that they hire the stupidest sons of bitches on earth." [Laughing] We subsequently became good friends after that. So I went to work for the AP. I had to take a five-dollar cut in wages, but it was the type of job I wanted.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS: IDAHO

With the wire service job, which had always really been an ambition of mine, you no longer had to deal with trivia as far as news was concerned; and it would be more or less things of significance. When I started, my beat was the state capitol. And it was there that I had started in covering politics, and, oh, the state functions, the legislature, and things like that.

We used to go through the capitol twice a day, calling on virtually every office (it was small enough in those days, you could), and the prison and hospital, things of that nature. The fellow I worked for was a man by the name of Charles D. Wood.

It was during this period or shortly before that Glenn Taylor became senator from Idaho, and Charlie and I became quite interested in Taylor. Apparently, before I got there, he had twice before unsuccessfully run for the U. S. Senate. The guy was sort of a “pass the biscuits, Pappy” type of guy; he was a guitar player and ran around with his wife and children, a “folksy” type approach. Charlie got very well acquainted with him. We never really had

anything to do with Taylor’s campaign at all, but we were in several bull sessions in which we suggested for the third time around that he drop the guitar and take on a new image, wear a black fedora and a suit, and things like that. So Taylor did follow that suggestion and was subsequently elected.

Of course, this was an introduction to politics, as far as I was concerned. It was very interesting, and particularly with a left of center political philosophy, whereas Idaho itself was really quite conservative. How they ever elected a guy like that, that wound up running for vice president with the Progressive party, I never did understand.

How did Glenn Taylor organize his political career, his arrangements with the various segments of society? I just don’t know, really. As I say, the last election had this sedate approach and no longer the singing evangelist, but how he organized—I never did get that close to him. We were just, I’m sure, a part of the fringe group. It seemed we were close at the time but really never had anything to do with his [organization] - It

always struck me that Taylor never really did have an organization. He just went out on his own all the time and just appealed to some people and kept trying. Every time he'd come back he'd run for senate and he'd lose, then he'd go out of state and go to work. He'd go down to a defense plant or something like that and work for a couple of years, come back and spend his own money and what other money a few influential or wealthy friends might contribute. I'm sure the guy who [owned] the Boise-Winnemucca Stage Lines did contribute something to Taylor, and he'd run again and lose and go out of state and go to work. When he finally won, we were all somewhat amazed. But who his friends were and who his organizations were, I don't really know.

I was pretty young at the time, just getting my own feet wet. I don't recall the influence of the banks in Idaho, for instance, or the railroads. Agriculture was, of course, the major influence in the legislature, as was mining from the northern part of the state. And it was, of course, at that time, too, that they started the development of the atomic reactor at Arco. This was all pretty hush-hush, and we didn't really know much about it, or anything about it. It is quite an atomic research area today.

Another character of the day up there was Secretary of State George H. Curtis; he was another Harold Ickes type guy. He was a scholar and a very well-educated politician, you know, and the conservatives always accused him of being in "cloud cuckoo land." He was a quite an interesting old liberal. He was secretary of state in 1939-'43, or somewhere around there.

Governor Bottolfson was the governor, as I recall, when I first went to work for the AP. But in the year [1944] that the Democrats elected Taylor, well, they also elected Charles

C. Gossett as the Democratic Governor of Idaho. Charlie [Wood], being the senior correspondent in charge, was closer to the governor perhaps than I was. So whenever there'd be a major meeting of some kind, well, he would usually cover that. And there did come that year, which was in '44 or '45, a western governors' meeting or a national governors' meeting or something in Reno. Charlie was designated by the AP to travel with Governor Gossett down to the meeting and to cover the sessions. I recall when they were coming back—good whiskey in Idaho was just hopelessly unavailable—they had in these darn state liquor stores the cheapest possible brands. They came back in the governor's car from Reno just loaded down with Canadian Club and good scotch, and so on. Here was an informal attitude toward the state tax laws and interstate transportation, and everything else!

Another early lesson I learned on the wire was similar to the episode in La Grande in publishing the Negro girl's wedding picture. We had this gruesome murder in Boise; oh, it was one of these husband and wife things, or something, but it was quite a gory affair and we gave it a pretty good ride, a pretty good story, detailed coverage, and what have you. We got a letter back from our Salt Lake City boss saying that we'd gone overboard, because after all, "they were nothing but a couple of niggers." And so that wasn't news, you know. If it had been white people, it'd been different. This was an attitude that prevailed for many years in the wire services, but on the other hand, they were one of the earliest to make the change, too, and have been influential in changing the nation's press toward a more civilized approach to things like that.

It was during my period with the AP in Boise that the false invasion of Europe happened that led to a general overhauling of

a lot of our procedures in the wire service. The invasion of Europe was reported, you know—the D-Day story that broke before D-Day—before the invasion was launched. This developed because a girl teletypist in London was practicing. And the whole staff there, of course, was anticipating this day, in a very, very competitive situation. Wire services are the most competitive newspapering of all, and the fact that the AP carries something thirty seconds ahead of the UP often determines which service will be used by newspapers and broadcasters. And when a newspaper has both services, it uses the first one to deliver a story most frequently. So both services were anticipating the invasion and set up for it. Well, this girl—. Somebody had written a flash and the subsequent bulletin and even started on the story, anticipating what was going to happen; and this girl was practicing the teletype to put it on tape and, inadvertently, her test circuit wasn't on "test" and the flash got out onto the national circuits and it went worldwide. This led to a prohibition against any typing without copy on a teletype, which we frequently used to do— and did for many years afterward, despite the new policy. You see, these small bureaus are so undermanned it's the only way reporters could do it; they frequently write into the teletype without copy. That you've written doesn't appear in print for a minute or two, so you hope for the best.

The legislature was principally rural, and Idaho had the same problem that Nevada had, and to some extent still has: an inability to communicate between the northern and southern parts of the state. This is something that we in the AP began to solve to some extent. In Boise, for instance, nobody heard much news of Moscow, the seat of the university, or that mining town up above it, Coeur d'Alene, and some other— Wallace.

You seldom heard of news of those areas down in southern Idaho because their news had to go to Spokane before relay to Seattle, then relayed again from Seattle to Salt Lake in competition with news of all the other western states and the eastern states, and then relayed once more from Salt Lake to Boise. So it was only rarely that you would even get political news of the north in the south. This is why it was usually a southerner who was elected governor, and things like that. I think they subsequently did elect a northerner for governor after I left there. But that was the main thing at the time; it was just a lack of communication between the northern and the southern legislators. They didn't know what each other were doing, and they would come down almost like strangers from two different states. These are things that the wire services have done much for states, in bringing them together by setting up—we subsequently were on the verge of it—establishing, as I left, a direct line between Moscow and Boise where the news of the state, both the north and the south, would appear in the papers at opposite ends. See, in Boise, even the capitol news wouldn't get to Moscow except by going to Salt Lake and relayed on the trunk wires to Seattle and rereleased to Spokane and then into the northern papers.

I never did really become too familiar with the cultural aspects of Idaho. There again, you were totally limited in travel with this four-gallons-of-gasoline-a-week business, and by that time, the lack of tires. Well, in Boise, I finally had to give up my 1928 Wolverine because I couldn't replace the tires on it. I bought a used 1934 Studebaker, and I did on one occasion get as far north as Payette Lakes, which is McCall. That was on a vacation excursion, but that was absolutely pushing the gasoline savings to your ultimate limit, what stamps you'd been able to save and things like that.

Of course, the state was predominantly Mormon, it seems to me, particularly in Pocatello-Twin Falls-Utah border area, although Boise itself had quite a Basque population. I can recall going in frequently to a Basque dinner house, which seemed to be the center for political gatherings, or politicking gatherings.

The bar service was odd at that time; they had another character on the *Statesman* who had come from Reno, ironically, and had to have a drink before he could ever start work in the morning. The bottle clubs—they had bottle clubs in Boise, and they didn't open until five o'clock in the evening. These were houses in which you brought your own bottle and they would charge you twenty-five cents for a mix to go with it, and twenty-five cents for ice, and this and that and the other thing. And this gentleman that had come up from Reno was known as "Shakey," partly because he shook when he couldn't get a drink. Boise was just an intolerable place for him because he had to have a drink before he could go to work, and he was working days and the darn joints wouldn't open until five o'clock. So he finally worked out a deal with this club next door to us; they gave him a key to their back door and he could get out and get to his bottle. [Laughing] Why he didn't have a bottle at home or in his desk or something, I don't know. But he had to do it legally.

Boise also was remarkable for the many stately old homes out along—I think it was called Warm Springs Avenue or something like that. They were all heated by hot water, underground hot water, piped right into the house so that you never had a furnace bill or a heating bill or anything like that. As a matter of fact, we subsequently—after the episode of the ping-pong lady—moved out into the country about four or five miles into an old, old house that likewise was heated

by a hot water well. It was very interesting. You never ran out of hot water, for instance. Of course, when you took a bath it smelled pretty sulphury, but you get accustomed to that. It stained your silverware and glasses all the time, but it was certainly economical heat.

It was while we were living out there that the baby disappeared one day. He walked rather early and was a great goer, and my wife discovered he'd climbed out of his playpen and disappeared. I guess he was—oh, couldn't have been more than fifteen months old or so, and she naturally was frantic and had no idea where he disappeared to, but did, by intuition or something, start off in the right direction and went across an entire field of cattle. And this little character had gone through all these cows and she found him in an irrigation ditch hanging onto a blade of grass. It was a remarkable recovery. It was by sheer hunch she went toward the ditch, I guess, just intuitively, to try to head him off from getting there in case he went in that direction. And so he was unharmed.

Another episode with him was when we were moving from this house with the hot water heat to Reno. Oh, things from the cupboards and everything were out on the floor, and he picked up a bottle of ammonia—he was thinking it was Coca Cola or something—and took a huge swallow of that. But other than just giving him acute distress for a while, it didn't hurt him.

In Boise it was certainly competitive, but Boise, unlike Reno, was not a national town. Reno's a national town and what you did here out of Reno was going to show up in the New York papers, and what you did out of Boise really wasn't. It just didn't have those kind of stories develop very much, except the Glenn Taylor story. And there it went through, not so much speed in production, but in writing and handling, that way. Although

the elements of competition, you learned in Boise, certainly. I do recall—oh, it's hard when there are only two or three people in a wire service setup to be unfriendly with each other. Naturally they're out to beat each other, but on the other hand sometimes they have a little sentiment formed, too. One Sunday I was working alone, and they had another youngster working for United Press who was about my age and of similar experience. I got a call from our stringer; we used stringers in the small towns who would call in news of their communities and then it would be up to us to decide whether it was worth putting it on the wire or not. And this little gal at McCall called me on a story about the sea monster in Payette Lake, and I made a little feature out of it, a tongue-in-cheek type of thing. And this other kid working for the UP was having a bad day and he asked me something; I don't know what the problem was. So I told him about my sea monster story. Well, hell, without ever even talking to anybody, he sat down and wrote a story that got used more than mine [laughing]. So I learned early that nice guys always get beat. What did we do for fun when we lived in Boise? It was mostly—unlike Reno, it was mostly a case of people working for the paper and for the wire services getting together at each other's houses on Saturday nights. It was naturally limited. We were limited in funds as far as going out, limited in travel—we couldn't travel anywhere—so it was pretty much of an inner group social thing. We did expand a bit into Glenn Taylor's group and some of the political group. One of the things that Taylor wanted—he hated the Boise papers, of course, because they were “always agin' him.” So Taylor had this bright idea of founding another newspaper, a competitive newspaper in Boise. And Charlie [Wood] and I were all for that, of course, but he couldn't take it

over. We actually did get a little funding for it from the guy that owned the bus lines, the Boise-Winnemucca stages; I think that was the name of it. He was sympathetic to Taylor and the concept of a new newspaper, so he called me and pledged, oh, fifty thousand dollars or something. But that's as far as it could ever get. There was always a lot of “pledging” at these parties where everybody'd get around and have a few cocktails. He had many pledges, but the next day when he'd go after the money—well, none of the pledges ever converted into money. So the idea of the newspaper never did take off, although one of the guys who was in that area group did subsequently, after I left and he came back from the war, start a news magazine thing for Idaho patterned more or less after *Time*. But how long that lasted, I don't know. I did see a few editions of it, but I think it went for a year or so before it had to fold up for economic reasons. I mentioned that I had gone to McCall on vacation once, and that was the first time, I think, that I've ever seen gambling. I'd seen slot machines before in Colorado when I grew up there, but I'd never seen a gambling table. And McCall was just wide open; it was against the law in Idaho but it was—oh, they had crap tables and a roulette table and “Twenty-One” game, and under apparently local authorities' approval, the sheriff or somebody. And I was always quite fascinated by that. I'd never seen it or played the game or anything like that. There was another thing that came during the war, and this was really about the only case of outright censorship that I've ever encountered. The Japanese conceived this thought of launching the fire balloons—they had to be carried by the prevailing winds—into the United States. And the government advised us of this and specifically requested, and as a matter of fact, *prohibited* us to ever print anything about it—

if one ever landed to just ignore it. I mean, just to never put anything in print because they didn't want to get back to the Japanese the fact that it might well have been a successful venture and encourage them to continue it. And there was one that did land in, it seems to me, a northern Idaho forest, and we did get word of it. It killed a mother and four or five children. But we never could print the story or say anything about it. It was an interesting bit of cooperation; I don't think there was a federal law, but it was just—.

And of course, we had also—oh, one of my gruesome duties, until the government finally changed the policy, was—and it was always left for the night side to do; the day people would never want to do it, and I don't blame them—we'd get the casualty lists in on the wire (they're in the mail sometimes) on some local boy being killed in action. Well, it would be up to me to call the parents and/or the widow and find out a little bit about them. Well, nine times out of ten, they hadn't been notified. So here's a call from a newspaper reporter seeking information about their son or husband or something, and then having to tell them that they had been killed in action. And, oh, that was just a horrible agony, that part of the job. I would just hate it. But the government very quickly thereafter did put this notification of next of kin rule in, where they never publicly announced anyone had been killed until the next of kin had been notified. It was still very difficult to call the parents and family for biographical information, but at least they knew about it. They didn't want to get that by telephone. I think they were using in those days a telegram system where they'd send a telegram, but Lord, the telegram would never get there, or something like that, you know.

I mentioned this sort of censorship by the government. Did the newspapers have

a kind of informal point of view imposed on the reporting of their stories? No, I don't think so. I think the American press did most of this on its own, which is one of our problems in newspapering, I think. We do not have an objective international press. We have a national press and we write about a war: we write about "we suffered this, and they suffered that," which in newspapering, it's not that way at all. The Americans suffered such, and the Japanese suffered that. But the newspapers identified themselves with the nation, of course, and there was a code of censorship to the effect that we would never print anything that might be of aid to the enemy. Well, this is an attitude, of course, but it would depend on the individual editor as to how he interpreted this situation or that situation as being of possible aid to the enemy. So there's no formal thing. In connection with the newspapers' local points of view—well, obviously, that was one we learned in La Grande, that they're sure as heck not going to say anything about Negroes. We learned the same thing with the AP. The Negro story wasn't nearly as good a story as the white story.

Politically, you naturally are aware of the leanings of your employers. I think that many reporters are inclined to keep that in mind. The *Statesman*, for instance, would frequently use United Press political interpretive pieces in preference to ours because I think there was a difference in viewpoint of the two writers. Charlie was liberal in his philosophy—Charlie Wood, my boss—whereas Johnny Corlette, the UP guy, was more conservative and more in tune with the *Statesman's* ideas toward life. But these were—I'm talking about interpretive pieces now, rather than straight reporting. The *Statesman*, for instance, would—I don't think it ever used much of anything straight on Taylor. Anything they

could do to Taylor to make him look bad, it would do, but did never, as I recall, endeavor to make us do that.

This Jim Brown, the general manager, was indeed a character. They never really fired anybody; they somehow just eased them out. The circulation manager, for instance, was a guy that wound up in Nevada; I talked to him years later. Apparently they wanted to let him go but they didn't want to tell him. So one day he came to work and one wall of his office was missing. It had been taken out overnight. And the next day he came to work, and another wall was missing. The third day, the third wall was missing, and his desk was sitting out in the middle of a big office at that point. So he still kept coming to work, and the fourth day, the desk was gone. And so he got the hint that maybe they didn't want him.

And, oh, Brown was forever fighting with the wire services over something or another. He would go beyond us, of course, to the head office in New York when he really got hot. At one point, he decided he was going to move us into another area which hadn't been built yet. And I came to work on Sunday and found all my teletypes, my files—everything running perfectly, and my desk—out on the roof of the building. They hadn't put up any walls and you could see everything; he'd just moved the whole works out [laughing]. They cancelled the building plans the next day and moved us all back in. But I don't know what would happen if it had rained.

He had trouble with the United Press also, not just with us. One day, he got mad at something they wrote, and when Johnny came to work, his teletypes were sitting on the sidewalk in front of the building, along with his desk and his files and everything else [laughing], and he wound up having to open a second office in town. He had a suboffice over in the Boise Hotel, so that when his teletypes

were thrown out of the *Statesman* building, he could go to work over in the Boise Hotel. Oh, Brown was priceless!

I wish now that I'd noted down years ago more of the things that happened up there. It's sort of like the old stories of journalism that disappeared years before—you know, the old *Denver Post*, and things like that.

One of my favorite yarns about the *Statesman* involves the shooting down toward the end of World War II of Japanese Admiral Yamamoto, one of Japan's major wartime figures, by a young American flier named Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Lanphier. Mrs. Ailshie and Brown were so elated at this feat, they promptly sent Lanphier a cable offering him an executive editorship on the paper. They didn't know what he knew about newspapers, if anything, but they were proud of him. Lanphier, possibly to their surprise, accepted the job and spent a few months in Boise, but the staff didn't think he was exceptionally qualified. The colonel later picked up some postwar newspaper space by flying around the world rinsing out his nylon shirt each night and trying to write under water with ball point pens. It was a promotional stunt for nylon and ballpoints, which were new products after the war.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS: NEVADA

You know, I left Boise after—let's see, what happened. We had this inter-organization newsletter or bulletin, and I read where the office in Reno, which had been manned temporarily during the war by Mary Benton Smith, was being vacated because her husband—I think he was a colonel or something— was returning from war and he lived in San Francisco. So she just went down there to live with him. I put in through Charlie, who wrote my Salt Lake boss, asking that I be considered for the Reno job, not having any idea of what I was doing at the time. And they wrote back informally that, well, it was committed to Leroy Hittle who was getting out of the service and who had the Reno post originally, so there wouldn't really be any opening at all. Then all of a sudden one day, one Sunday, about two weeks later, I got a frantic telephone call telling me to go to Reno and be there within the week on an acting basis, that the release of Hittle from service had been delayed and so I could take the Reno job on an acting basis until he came out, and they'd relocate me somewhere else in

the country. Well, this was all right with me. As I say, I didn't have too much in the way of living possessions at that point, so we packed everything we owned into the rear end of the Studebaker, including playpen and crib and mattresses and baby and the whole works, and took off for Reno.

Graham Dean was the publisher of the Reno papers at that time. I had previously corresponded with him, asking if he would make me a motel reservation, which he wired back that he had done. We stayed all night in Winnemucca coming down because we were late getting away. We got into Reno the next afternoon and stayed out at what was then known as the Moana Motel. It was out on Moana Lane at South Virginia. But Lord, it was twelve or thirteen dollars for the night, and that was just beyond anybody's forty-dollar-a-week salary. They gave you moving expenses, but it just amounted to mileage, no settling expense or anything like that, and so we frantically had to undertake to do something.

And then was when I suddenly discovered what a horrible mistake I had made. Reno

at that time had absolutely no housing. This was in—I came down here October 15, 1945, I guess it was. As I said, Reno had no private housing whatsoever, even though the Reno Army Air Base was theoretically being phased out—not phased out; many people were being released. But Lord, they all seemed to stay here instead of going somewhere else. And the motels as a matter of practice would permit people to stay only one night; you could never stay a second night. So that meant every night, every day for weeks, my wife would have to pack up that darn car with playpen and crib. And they would never allow a baby in a motel bed; he had to have his own bed. And we went from one crummy joint to another for—oh, it must have been two weeks at least. A different one every night.

Now, of course, I was flat broke by this time; I had no savings or anything. And it was raining; it was starting to rain—it was a rain that hit Reno in the fall and it lasted for—I think it was three weeks, with the driveways just mud and everything else. Finally, one day, we found a—all the motels would carry a “No Vacancy” sign; they never put up a “Vacancy” sign. So we’d have to stop at each one and go to the office and see if they did have any vacancy. And you knew if they did, you could stay just that night. And the outrageous prices! We finally wound up in a thing called the Shady Motel. Thank God they’ve finally torn it down because it was a terror at that point—out on South Virginia, near an old V and T railroad car, or something, as I recall. And we were permitted to go into that room which had a kitchenette; it had a—well, it wasn’t a kitchenette, but it had a stove and a refrigerator alongside of it. So this was quite a godsend; but on the other hand, they wouldn’t change the bed. If you wanted a clean bed—. Apparently some prostitutes had lived in there for the last six weeks, and if you wanted to

change the bed, well, you were welcome to come get some linen and change the bed. And by the same token, if you wanted to use the sink, you were welcome to call the plumber and have the plumbing repaired, and the same way with the bathroom, and so on and so forth. But we did get it for—oh, what was it? It was—I think it was eighteen dollars a week, or something, which was so much better than ten dollars a night.

In the meantime, I was trying to figure out what I was supposed to be doing in Reno. We were starving, and Dorothy decided she’d better go to work. She’d never worked before in her life except picking fruit and that little bit on the paper in Hood River. But we became enamored of the gambling and she decided that would be a great job. At that point Harolds Club was advertising for college graduates. You had to be a college graduate to deal. And so she went down and was interviewed by Edie—this girl who was kidnapped not long ago—Graham. She didn’t get on there, but did get on with the old Wheel Club, which was on the corner of First and Center in what is now the Professional Building, and she was committed to go to work that night. But that afternoon, I covered the fire of the Wheel Club just as the whole building burned down, so she was without a job without ever starting one.

She did get on at the—it was called the Bonanza Club, wasn’t it then?—on Center Street where Harrah’s is now, between Harrah’s and the Golden, or where Harrah’s “Bingo’s is. She became a trainee—well, became a shill at first; that was it. She got—I think it was five dollars a day as a shill plus tips, and that was about as much as I was making as correspondent for the Associated Press. And so the gambling money just looked great to us at that point, and later she did begin to train to learn to deal.

But going back to the newspaper, I found that the only communication that Reno had with the outside world was a wire which was set up for one hour a day. And theoretically, all the news of Nevada that was of interest to the rest of the world would be put on that wire during that one hour. Well, obviously, that just didn't work. But we had no other outlets. The AP had no other outlets in the state of Nevada at all except the *Gazette*, so consequently we had no one who gave a hoot about Nevada government or Nevada state news. The only thing that out-of-state newspapers were really concerned with were the divorces, the marriages, and things of that nature. And this was right after World War II, and the public's appetite for sensational news developed just like that. They were interested in the frivolity of life rather than the other. After so many years of nothing but terror and death and war, people were—became vastly interested in divorces and marriages and sex and crime, or anything like that. So this was one of my early efforts here; they were almost all devoted to divorce stories and violent stories and things of that nature.

One of the first things I had when I got here—. Mary Benton Smith had left two weeks before, and there was nobody even to show me where my desk was or what the job was or anything like that. She had left me a list of notes from Eastern newspapers requesting stories on "X" divorce, somebody's divorce—Mrs. Smith's divorce and Mrs. Jones' divorce and Mr. Sam's divorce, and so forth. And the outside papers, of course, all had the opinion that these people would come to town and sign a central guest register and announce that they were getting a divorce and all you had to do was go find them, you know.

Well, it wasn't that simple at all. And one particularly persistent newspaper kept *badgering* us for—or badgering me—for a

guy whose name I can't recall. But I finally, in desperation, asked around the newsroom, "How do you find these people?" And they just laughed. Of course, you don't find these people. But when they show up in court and file a suit, then you can find them. But until then, you're dead. And I was particularly asking some of them about this particular name, you know, and it turns out it was the guy sitting across the room from me. He was a reporter for the [laughing] *Gazette* that had come wandering in. It was some prominent guy back East. He'd been sitting there for a couple of weeks at that point while I was frantically going around checking all the guest houses and guest ranches and things like that.

I remember when I came back from lunch one day—and this was about the first major story I got mixed up with. Charlie Bennett, who was an old photographer—not old in age, but in experiences who had a studio and a darkroom right across the alley from the old *Gazette* building, which was where the First National Bank garage is now, Charlie had taken many pictures for the AP in the past, and so we struck up a liaison, and he was going to take my pictures. This day he came a-roaring in just as I got back from lunch and said, "Get your coat on! We've gotta go! We've gotta go!"

And I said, "Fine. Where? What?"

He says, "Hobart Mills!"

So I said, "Hobart Mills, Hobart Mills. Geez, that sounds like Audrey Mills or somebody. That must be a hell of a big divorce," you know.

And [laughing] it wasn't until we were in his car and going ninety miles an hour up the Truckee Canyon that I find out we were going to a plane crash near a place called Hobart Mills in California. I didn't know we were going that far; I thought we were going to cover a divorce.

It was dead winter, blizzard, and this guy—well, Charlie always drank back in bed at night, and before he got up, and particularly when he was driving. And he drove very fast all the time. And there was this horrible blizzard and driving up the canyon at some outrageous speed, and Charlie would every once in a while reach over and grab his bottle, and we wound up—you know where Hobart Mills is? Well, we wound up— it's out north of Truckee. We wound up at Hobart Mills in snow up to our eyelashes, and no telephone, and I'm totally out of communication with my office or anybody else, and I don't even know that they know where I am, or that I'm trying [to reach them], or anything else. But I discovered that there has been a military plane crash back in the forest, oh, a mile or so from the Hobart Mills headquarters. That's the best information I could pick up at that point. So Charlie and I roared back into Truckee to get a telephone and call that much into the office.

In the meantime, we were roaring back out to Hobart Mills, and Bob Bennyhoff of UP hasn't shown up yet, and we were thinking, "We've got a really good beat on him," you know. "At least we've found some details." And as a matter of fact, it was at that time one of the largest casualty lists in the history of aviation. I think there were, oh, eighteen or twenty people or so, including the son of the governor of Michigan or some midwestern state. So it was a major story, and I was so happy at the fact we were beating Bennyhoff and he was still back in Reno or somewhere.

That goddamn Bennyhoff. When he got excited, Bob had a tendency to stutter, and he encounters, when he first gets to Truckee, the old constable up there, Tom Dolly. And Tom Dolly stuttered something awful! Well, I've often pictured in my mind Bennyhoff interviewing Tom Dolly. And it turns out that Dolly knew more about the crash than

anybody 'cause he'd been up into it already and was back into town to get some more help and stretchers and things like that. Well, Bennyhoff got just vastly more material, stuttering back and forth between him and Tom, than I ever came up with at all. And he finally shows up at headquarters and he doesn't tell me anything about this and I'm still out of communication, and it turns out that his story started to appear around the country, and my office was frantic trying to find me and can't, and— oh, I darn near blew my job over that one.

But that night, we finally—the military finally shows on the scene, and, of course, they take command and put the clamps on everything. But they wouldn't take us in to the scene. So Bennyhoff and Bennett and I decided to ride the back of a caterpillar tractor that's trying to blade a road for a newly-invented Sno-Cat to go in and get the bodies. And, Lord, I, as always, ended up in a business suit—and I had a beautiful camel's hair overcoat. It was given to me during high school, but it still fit and it was still nice. I'm on the back of this greasy old tractor in my camel's hair overcoat—I can't walk in the snow anyway—and so I'm hanging onto the trailer hook, and Bob just climbed up on something, and Charlie was sitting up with a bottle in one hand and his camera in the other, and it's still blizzarding, and here we are, going up this trail that this thing was trying to make so they could take the Sno-Cat in to bring out the bodies. Everybody was dead.

But we finally wind up at the military camp in there, much to the chagrin of the military, and they order no pictures. Well, hordes of bodies hanging from trees, and legs around, and arms, and all kinds of stuff, and I frankly wasn't interested in pictures anyway, and so I sat down on a log as I was more or less ordered to do, and Charlie did the same, but not Bennyhoff.

Bennyhoff kept plodding around and roaming around and got in the way of people. And they had this officious captain in charge, and he kept barking his orders, and Bennyhoff was just out of the Air Force himself as a major and wasn't about to listen to this captain, and—oh, they just—. Awful fights went on, and they—oh, for hours, while the other people were gathering up these bodies. And Bennyhoff's protesting the right of the press to do this, and duty to do that, and so on and so forth, and the military's furious with him.

And so finally, they do get a Sno-Cat in there with a sled to stack all the bodies on. And there was a seat in the Sno-Cat, and they offered to take me back to Hobart Mills and offered to take Charlie back, but Bennyhoff they wouldn't even talk to. And so they were ready to make him walk back—and he was just like me, in oxfords and thin shirt—and so Bennyhoff climbed on the sled with all the bodies and rode back [laughing]. What a character! Oh, it's a horrible story, but I decided—.

So anyway, the fact that he got the first break was really a major lesson to me—don't get yourself out of position, too far from a phone at any time.

Then our next—this was all in my first month here of wandering around trying to find housing, and so on and so forth—for two months, I guess it was. The next story that broke out of the blue was a woman by the name of Lucy Malcolmson. Lucy was a sharp, good-looking brunette who was the wife of the—I think it was the General Motors—the executive officer for General Motors in Australia. And she lands in Reno for a divorce and to marry one Gregory “Pappy” Boyington. Pappy Boyington was the outstanding Marine flier or ace of World War II and was the romantic symbol to the American population. And Lucy was a beaut.

Well, the *New York Daily News*—another of my major competitors here was one Bill Berry of the *New York Daily News*. The *New York Daily News* kept Bill up here to cover nothing but divorces and sex. He didn't have to worry about airplane crashes or legislatures or governors or anything. He was strictly a divorce and marriage man. They paid him eighty-five dollars a week, which is twice what either Bennyhoff or I were getting. And so Berry, who had all his contacts out among the lawyers and guest ranches and dude ranches and things like that, he tumbled to the existence of Lucy Malcolmson divorcing this major automobile executive in Australia, which was a hell of a story all by itself, without Pappy Boyington coming into the picture.

We finally found Lucy (but I was on the ground by that time) at the home of Chester Emmons, who at that point was a bank official and later became a stockbroker. His place was out at Moana Lane and Plumas.

Ironically, I was having a couple of drinks with him just the other night and he brought this Lucy Malcolmson episode up and as an aside, tells me how he wound up with her. The president of a major bank in California called and asked Chet—this prominent woman was coming up and it was all very hush hush—and he was to find her a place where she could live and avoid publicity. So Chet, it occurs to him, well, he's got this nice little guest house out behind his place, and he has no maid service or anything, but if this would be all right with her, well, fine. So, sure enough, she winds up out in Chet's guest house. And how we discovered her, or how Berry discovered her hiding spot or anything—where she was—I don't remember. But I know we all arrived within five or ten minutes of each other at the same place, just descended on the poor woman, and she was horrified! She didn't want the bank to be

involved in this, or his name or anything, and so it was a big scandal. I think we heard from Lucy that she and Pappy were going to get married. And so this made a great story, and Pappy confirmed that they were going to get married—and he was off in San Diego or somewhere. And Lucy was—oh, she'd had a couple of weeks of residency in by that time, so she had another month to go, and so we had just—oh, a daily national story involving Lucy and Pappy. He'd fly up and then he'd jet over Chet's house; he'd—well, they didn't have a jet in those days, of course—but he had one of these fighter planes, and he'd come down over his house and under the telephone wires in the back yard and zoom up again, right over Lucy's guest house [laughing]. Oh, it was great! All the glamor and foolishness.

Oh, in the meantime, the *New York Daily Mirror*, which was a competitor to the *New York Daily News* and just loved this kind of story and couldn't get enough of them off the wires, they sent me a telegram offering to hire me for forty dollars a week additional just to cover Lucy. And so this was fine, as far as I was concerned. I was covering Lucy for the AP anyway; I might as well cover Lucy for them. All the other lurid details that you could find that you couldn't put in the wire story you could send to the *Mirror*, you know? It was a Hearst organization [laughing].

Well, the denouement of the Lucy story was that the wedding was, I think, to be the next day, and she had just gotten the divorce, and Pappy was to fly in, and everything. We were all primed with cameras and every possible coverage—special telephone lines for a bulletin into San Francisco for relay to New York, and all these things. Along comes an innocuous little story on the wire—as if San Diego or whoever filed it had never been paying any attention to our Lucy story all this time—that Pappy Boyington got married the

night before to some blonde. And [laughing] so, God! We broke our necks tearing that off the wire to get it out to show Lucy and get her reaction. And I have this classic picture of her, to this day. Charlie Bennett took it. She had this great big framed photo of Pappy on her dressing table, and she sat down on the bed and she picked the photo up and looked at it, and her hand fell away and. [laughing]. It's a good picture.

In the meantime, poor old Chester Einmons and the bank wished to hell they'd never heard of Lucy or any part of it. And it turns out she continued to live in his house for, oh, a month or two afterwards, never any rent or anything like that—you know, eating—and finally—she was broke by this time. I guess she was gambling on a good thing. But God, in the end, she got beat on her settlement and everything else. So that was typical news of Nevada in 1945.

We used to—Bennyhoff and Berry and I—we used to cover the courthouse. Your tools of the trade were the volume of *Who's Who* and the social registers, the master social register for the cities that had social registers, and in your office you had the individual social registers for each city. And every divorce, and we were just—oh, we were having them—they had two courts at that point, and there was a divorce every five minutes in both courts all day. They had no time for civil matters, criminal matters, or anything else; they'd have to squeeze those in somewhere. You'd have to go through each divorce. They are always filed just as anonymously as possible. Nevada doesn't require a place of residence or anything else; Reno is your residence, you know. And so you'd have to check every name in the social register or in *Who's Who* to try to stumble onto those prominent people. And—what a peculiar activity!

I will mention the fledgling start of the expansion of the wire service activity in the state, to have more outlets so that your news emphasis would shift. But this was just the very beginning of it. Some AP salesman came through and sold Hewy Kees of KOH a bill of goods on a radio wire, the AP radio wire, and he said that KOH would get Nevada news off of this wire. Well, he didn't know himself, or he certainly didn't understand, that the only news that appeared on that radio wire was news that was of sufficient national interest to get on the trunk wires all the way back to New York and be refiled by New York on the radio wire, so that all that New York was ever filing on the radio wire were Lucy Malcolmson type stories—you know, Pappy Boyington type divorces, and things like that.

Hewy became very, very disenchanted with the Associated Press, and particularly, when the same salesman came through, oh, several months later and left him a bad check. So the AP went out of KOH not too long after that. It was only just recently I found that they finally are back in there, but throughout my entire tenure Hewy held that against me. I never could get back into KOH.

But going back to the type of news we had, such as Pappy Boyington and things like that, and your own mentioning how little attention you paid to those things—well, the local papers virtually never ran any of these divorce stories. There could be banner headlines all over the country, but the *Gazette* and *Journal* would just look down their noses at them and just pay no attention to them whatsoever.

We had and saw so many divorce capers that I can't begin to remember them all. I remember one night coming home late with a few drinks and explaining to my wife that I'd been interviewing some old bag. And the next day when I got home, a photograph was taken, and it was Pat Dane Dorsey, Tommy

Dorsey's wife—and she was one of the most beautiful brunettes I've ever [laughing] seen in my life. So my “old bag” story didn't go over too well!

Oh, we had Doris Duke and her problems, which were periodic and many; and Mrs. Lehman, the wife of the former governor of New York—he was a former governor or senator, Herbert Lehman—wound up at Cal Neva lodge and received what at that time was the largest divorce settlement in history; I think it was three million dollars.

Oh, then we had many stories over the years, of these wife-swapping, mate-swapping deals. I stumbled onto one of those once. These two gals were living together in a motel while they got their divorces. Then their husbands subsequently came up and they all remarried the other's mate.

Then I had a poignant story about a blind girl who came out for a divorce with her seeing-eye dog and a baby and took care of herself and lived the six weeks here and got to court and tended the baby—and stone blind, with only the help of her dog—and no money; I mean, she wasn't a money person at all.

The hard stories, of course, were crime stories—not the hard ones, but the business of attending executions. I remember in particular one instance in which a seventeen-year-old boy shot two policemen to death in a hotel room. And the subsequent execution of that youngster. With the governor's permission—I think it was Russell at the time—I had written to the youngster the day before the execution, asking him for any comments he might have to help other juveniles who had problems. The lad wrote back a very intelligent letter with advice for youngsters which was very good and received national attention from papers all over the country. But then the next morning at six o'clock he went to his execution, a very gruesome affair. The police department—and

I can see their emotionalism because two officers had been killed, after all—came and stared through the glass window at him and made obscene gestures and cursed and—oh, it's a—it's a thing that's in some people, you know. One other officer fainted, however, so—I don't know.

We didn't run into so much of this problem that the law enforcement people are having now with the Supreme Court decisions on the pretrial publicity and this sort of thing. No, we didn't run into too much of that, although you had to exercise a certain amount of responsibility yourself in that area, because I don't think we had—by that time, I don't think there'd ever been a case reversed because of prejudicial publicity in the lower court trial stage, although there have been several allegations along that line in such cases, particularly in Las Vegas. It seems to me that—what was this—the main story out of there, where they tried to get a change of venue because of the publicity—or even appealed on that ground, I guess—I think it had to do with the shooting in a gambling club of a cocktail waitress who was married to a reporter on the *Review-Journal*. As I recall, there was an appeal taken on that, but the person who was accused was instead judged insane, so he never was tried. But the element of publicity, influencing the trial, did enter it because the *Review-Journal* played the story awfully heavy, virtually convicting the guy.

The wire services were always extremely cautious—sometimes overly cautious, by contrast with the newspapers—cautious of libel. In other words, we had *firm* rules that you could never say that somebody shot somebody. You always had to say, "District Attorney (So-and-So) said," somebody shot somebody. Always qualifications, always attributions. And it was very seldom could you get by with "It was learned today that"

something has happened. The AP, particularly, was adamant about naming attribution. Although it would frequently be ridiculous in political meetings. When President Truman came to town, for instance, we, having judged crowds before for years—I thought we were much better qualified to judge crowds than the local policemen—but a local policeman said there were fifty thousand people there, and the AP insisted on our quoting the local policeman as saying, "There were fifty thousand people." Well, there were nowhere near that number in Powning Park, you know!

My first encounter with governors in the state, I guess, was the acting governor, who was [A. V.] Tallinan. I think this was at the point where Carville had gone to Washington and then there was an acting governor temporarily. Well, maybe the name of Tallman gets into my memory because he was acting governor [President pro tern of the state senate I and happened to be there the first time I went to Carson City. I think maybe that was it. Vail Pittman was the governor, and Tailman was the head man in the senate or something, and everybody was out of state and he was acting governor that day.

Subsequently, I did start—even in this divorce frenzy—I did start going to Carson City once a week. Bennyhoff had several clients in the state, and so naturally he had to pay a lot more attention to Carson City than I did. But I did start going over once a week, which is all that he went over. We had nobody in Carson, and state government was almost totally ignored by Reno papers and everybody else, except what we could get by telephone. We'd call the governor every day, maybe, but—. You know, his number, incidentally, was number one, his telephone number. And sometimes you'd get something out of Pittman and sometimes you wouldn't; he was sort of a southern gentleman type.

Although we did become, early, interested in the—it was in 1945 that they passed the first tax on gambling and put the control of gambling at the state level instead of at the county and local level, and so we did become interested (since gambling was good nationally) in the licensing process, beginning of the state requiring licenses, and things like that.

The old Tax Commission, the early Tax Commission, which was given the gambling job, would always meet secretly. They were always closed sessions. The University of Nevada Regents met in closed sessions; they weren't open. And Bennyhoff and McCulloch, Frank McCulloch of the *Gazette*, who is now chief of Asia for *Life* magazine, and I for years agitated for open meetings.

Oddly enough, we more or less complemented each other. Bob was, as illustrated in the episode with the military at Hobart Mills, rough and bluff and blustery, whereas I was quieter and I worked in a different manner. And between us, we'd usually gain our goal. Bob, for instance, would intercept calls; even in the governor's office he had absolutely no qualms about picking up a phone and listening in on a conversation. And once he claimed to have overheard Senator Pat McCarran calling Governor Charlie Russell and ordering the issuance of a gambling license. I think it was with the Stardust and Tony Cornero. And this is where Russell ultimately bowed his neck and announced publicly that as long as he was governor, Tony Cornero would never get a license, which he never did. But they wound up giving a license to a group of investors in the Stardust, who in turn were going to pay a fabulous monthly rental to Tony Cornero. So Charlie didn't fully succeed in what he was trying to do.

But Charlie did open the Tax commission for us, and, as a matter of fact, later even set

up a press room in what was allegedly the civil defense office adjacent to the governor's suite. It was totally informal. I will never forget this business of—he'd go to lunch and they'd lock up the office and leave us in it. And Bennyhoff would go prowling around his desk and papers, and we would be using the civil defense teletype to teletype our news to Reno. And if ever there were a civil defense alert during the periods we used the wire, the state would just not happen to hear about it until somebody'd get back from lunch and we got off the teletype because all the civil defense people would get would be a busy signal.

We went through the same battle pretty much with the University Regents. John Moseley, I think, was the president, and then he left and there was an acting president for a while, a colonel [Parker] or something. And then finally Malcolm Love came in. I think it was Love that pretty much got the Regents to open up their meetings to the press. But we covered them faithfully, as we did the Tax Commission meetings in Carson.

Did Mr. Ross and some of those ever try to get us out of the Regents' meetings, even though they were allegedly open? Well, yeah, and successfully, too. I mean, there were times when they just *had* to. But we could understand that, also. One thing—we had a little advantage over most of the kids working in the practical field today—we did have a little experience, and Bennyhoff had worked elsewhere, and I had, too; and there were times when obviously, things should be off the record, and we sat through—. The Tax Commission, we reached an agreement with them where we would just not print certain things which could be slanderous, or if it was the type of information that wasn't provable about an individual, which they had to discuss, obviously. So we actually had a rather good, informal working relationship.

But obviously, you can't do this when there's a different reporter each time. You see, we were working in the state for a long time over those years.

McCulloch and I had a good liaison with Bob Cahill, who in those early days was executive secretary of the Tax Commission and the chief officer as far as gaming control was concerned. The Tax Commission was, as are most lay commissions, quite uninformed about what it was trying to do to control gambling and not very knowledgeable about gambling in general. There were guys on the Tax Commission, for instance, who had never pulled a handle on a slot machine; their knowledge of gambling was—they'd ask what the symbols meant, even simple things of that nature. But Cahill, of course, was quite knowledgeable, as was Bill Gallagher. Cahill would detect a group coming into the state which he felt would not be in the best interests of the state. But the political pressures on the Tax Commission would be such that they wouldn't listen to him too much. So we had worked out an arrangement where Cahill would feed information to McCulloch and myself, and we would build stories, question the background, or point out some of the background of these people that were coming in. And the Tax Commission members would read those in the paper, and then—as I say, the printed word is gospel again—they would believe us—believe the paper because it was in print, but not Cahill. So we worked that for years, kept out a lot of unsavory characters, just through that means— But gambling is a story all of its own.

I was going to tell a little bit more about the political climate as I observed it. And still, once again, I haven't gotten too close to the picture because of the emphasis on the frivolous rather than the significant as far as the state's concerned by virtue of the

fact that in those early days we didn't have any outlets in the state except the *Gazette*. But my first reaction, I remember—it was one of amazement when I, as part of a poll of national committee members of each party—I called the Democratic state headquarters, the state committeeman, and then looked up the number for the Republican state committeeman, and they were identical numbers. They were both in George Wingfield, Sr.'s office. Noble Getchell at that time was the Republican committeeman, and I think Bill Woodburn, Sr., was the Democratic committeeman, and it was that, oh, 4242 number, or something, in the First National Bank building.

McCarran, of course, was a total enigma to me. He was either so brilliant that I couldn't understand him or so senile that he couldn't make himself understood. When he'd come to town, naturally we'd undertake to try to interview him, and he would talk such a pattern of gobbledygook that when he got all through, trying to distill something sensible out of it really wasn't—you weren't very successful at it. And I wasn't alone in that failure. I personally became convinced that McCarran was not good for the nation; he might well be good for the state of Nevada, as was argued in those days. But by virtue of his seniority, he was Mr. God, and we just couldn't lose him, and there's something to be said for that, I think. But on the other hand he was a thorn in the side of every constructive program that they were trying to get under way at the federal level, and that immigration bill of his was terribly unfair. So I early became involved with those—at a personal level, never in my writing level—who were opposed to McCarran and dedicated to bringing about a change.

And this, of course, is how the weird episode of young Tom Mechling came about.

Mechling was a reporter for the *Kiplinger Newsletter* in Washington. His wife worked for McCarran's office, on his staff. She's an Italian girl by the name of—John Di Grazia's daughter. They suddenly showed up here in about January or December one year to announce that they were going to run for the U. S. Senate in the Democratic primary. Well, we all looked at him as if he had a hole in his head. And in nine months he succeeded in dumping Alan Bible for the Democratic nomination to oppose Malone. McCulloch and I once again became quite well acquainted with Mechling, although I don't think we ever knew him or understood him; he was a complex youngster.

Some of the little sidelights of that campaign: Of course, Joe McDonald was a dedicated McCarran man and publisher of the *Journal* at that point, and we worked in this same building and we encountered Joe every day, and he was just violently opposed to anybody who didn't think the world of McCarran. There grew up in Reno quite a sizable group of young lawyers, young businessmen of various occupations who were not necessarily for Mechling, but opposed to McCarran and willing to use Mechling as a vehicle to try to at least scare the senator. Nobody really thought, I don't think, of this group, that Mechling could possibly beat Alan, because Alan had been a marked man for the spot from the beginning. And he was certainly a noncontroversial type guy and a nice guy, and had a background of law and the attorney generalship, and successful. So I think the effort was primarily aimed at just scaring old man McCarran and to perhaps force him to reevaluate some of the positions he'd taken. But Mechling caught on with his house-to-house campaign, visiting virtually everybody in the state and being the poor guy and the downtrodden underdog. And

of course, Di Grazia, who was a power in Democratic politics, certainly contributed something to his support, I'm sure.

And I remember election night, we all tried to determine the elections and tried to interpret the early vote and the middle vote and so on, and I had put out a story on my interpretation—that Bible actually had been nominated—and it turns out Clark County as always was way behind and came in with a tremendous block of votes for Mechling, which swayed the thing the other direction. And I'm sure the UP had done the same, and so we both had to go back and change our stories. And by morning—we were up all night with that—and by morning it became evident that Mechling was nominated. And we ran out to his motel in Sparks and photographed him just getting out of bed.

He was, as I said earlier, though, a very complex and peculiar gentleman who seemed to have trouble organizing the truth. When he initiated this business of on-the-street radio broadcasts, answering questions phoned in and so on, one night in Reno, Bob McDonald, Joe's son, and who is a lawyer now, called in and asked him if he had a Nevada driver's license. And Tom blithely answered, "Yes." Well, Bob had already checked the files in Carson City and knew that he didn't, and so the *Journal*, was able to make a big thing out of that the next day. So McCulloch and I went out and badgered Mechling to show us his license that he said he had. So he went through all this—he'd just gotten back from a road trip and he was at this trailer house where he was living, and he went all through this show of tearing the car apart, and looking in the glove compartment, and looking in wallets, and in his wife's purse, and under the floor mats, and so on and so forth, instead of just saying hell, he didn't have a driver's license; he didn't need one to run for the senate, you know.

Oh, then the business came, of course, in the general campaign, in which he was told by most all of his supporters if he'd just go off and go fishing, he'd be the next United States Senator because Malone was having some severe political problems at that point with everybody. But instead of doing that, Mechling got himself mixed up with an approach to Norman Biltz and Johnny Mueller, which they surreptitiously recorded and then undertook to play back to the press. But the press couldn't accept their version either, because there were so many splits in the tape where—it was an early day tape recorder which didn't work very well—and besides, Mechling was smart enough to challenge Biltz to turn the tape over and play it on the radio. Well, of course, he knew very well Biltz couldn't possibly play it on the radio because Biltz talks very earthily, and [laughing] no radio station could possibly reproduce the tape, you know.

Incidentally, the implication in the tape was that Mechling was seeking to make a deal of some kind, but on the other hand, I heard the tape, and that was never very clear. I think it just depended on which side of the fence you were on at the time. Although in the general campaign, McCarran, who despised Malone, was so mad and disturbed with Mechling's success over Bible, that McCarran finally, himself, went on the radio in support of Malone, which was just something that nobody ever anticipated could possibly happen. Malone did win by, as I recall, not a very large margin. In the aftermath of the election, McCulloch, myself, our wives, and I guess just Mechling and his wife, and possibly one other couple—I don't know—but I know we were squeezed into the little car I had at the time. We had gone out to dinner as a loser's celebration or something. And that goddamn Mechling, sitting in the back seat, comes out

of the clear air with something about, "Well, where's the money?"

And I said, "What money?"

And McCulloch said, "What money?"

And at that point he said that we had promised him enough money to buy a radio station if he lost the election! Well, good Lord, here we are, making forty-five and fifty dollars a week between us, and how anybody could ever come up with such a thing! So I've often wondered since then what was in this guy's mind, or what somebody had promised him somewhere in the campaign or some darn thing. But this was something that neither Mac nor I had any knowledge of.

I've never seen Mechling since that night, I don't think. Since then, I've heard that he's with IBM and he's apparently quite a successful executive with them. I saw Johnny Di Grazia last summer; he keeps in touch with him all the time. Mechling, from here he went to California as secretary of the textbook commission or something, and then there was a big scandal down there about kickbacks, or selling books, or some darn thing. Then he subsequently wound up with IBM, and when I was out of the state for a while, I heard that he was running the IBM machinery up at—or not running the machinery, installing it or doing something with it—up at Squaw Valley for the winter Olympics. And also he wound up in charge of the exhibit at the Exposition in Brussels several years ago.

Mr. Biltz and I were talking about this the other night, and Biltz says, "Well, he gets all his juice from Drew Pearson. So what the hell." Mechling gets all his juice from Drew Pearson! [Laughing] Biltz says that Pearson's got some juice! I don't know if this is the way we should talk together, but—.

Through that Mechling campaign, I think that's when I first got acquainted with Biltz, and I knew Mueller a little bit from the

legislature, before. And although we were certainly of opposite views on McCarran, Biltz and I subsequently became very good friends. I subsequently—I guess through Biltz, or less—became acquainted with E. L. Cord, when Russell appointed Cord to the legislature as a senator from Esmeralda County. Cord has apparently, since his very early days in business, had a violent dislike for newspapers and magazines, principally as a result of something that *Time* and *Life*, the news organization, said about him twenty years ago. So he had never given a press interview in twenty years.

But I had interest in old cars, namely the Cord and the Auburn; they were always fascinating vehicles to me, as was the Duesenberg—all of which Cord had produced. So I used that as a means of getting better acquainted with him in the legislature, and finally got him to consent to an “oral history,” or an interview, on the provision that I would let him look at the story and suggest changes. I told him we might have to argue about fact; if it’s not fact, certainly, we’ll change it, you know. So I spent—as much as you do—I spent, oh, half-hour intervals with him over a period of weeks, getting to know some of the history of his life. And naturally, I didn’t know what I could do with all this after I got through with it, except I did make what they call an AP news feature which runs in the Sunday newspapers, and you can go to, oh, two thousand words or so— So I wrote a story about Cord, principally pegged to his automobile background. But for the record, I did submit it to him, as I had promised, for his editing. The old guy went through it and changed nothing but the spelling of his middle name. And there were some uncomplimentary references in the story, too.

I also had the first interview with Bill Harrah. He was— again, was a very, very shy

individual, but very nice. The AP reporter is doing another one right now, and far more in depth and far more timely. But the AP man now (Rick Meyers) tells me that he’s followed Harrah’s travels, made several trips with Harrah. He still says he can’t get much out of him. Harrah is the coldest man I’ve heard of as far as in an interview is concerned. He can talk to you about automobiles for hours on end, but nothing else, hardly.

I wanted to tell of a news story with a story behind the story. And one of those that occurred to me had to do with a shooting at Lake Tahoe—oh, about 1946 or ’47. It was in the very earliest development of South Lake Tahoe as a resort area and was in what was known as the old Tahoe Village, which subsequently became the Casino de Paris and then later Oliver’s Club, and has now been razed. One of the owners of the place was a guy by the name of Harry Sherwood, and apparently another, if not owner, at least an undercover partner in the operation, was a fellow known as “Russian Louie” Strauss.

One day shortly after noon, Sherwood was shot in the lobby of Tahoe Village and severely wounded and subsequently, some several weeks later, died. Consequently, there was a preliminary hearing at Lake Tahoe at the south end of the lake in the justice court up there as to whether Russian Louie should be held for murder, be tried for murder because of the shooting and the subsequent death. Russian Louie had been captured down the highway shortly after the shooting but had never really been charged because Sherwood was still alive, and so nothing was done. They finally did charge him with murder after Sherwood died, and the purpose of the preliminary hearing was to determine whether Russian Louie should be held for trial.

I went up there to cover it, and that was the damndest collection of characters you

ever saw in your life! Well, the prosecutor was old Grover Krick of Douglas County, who was never known to have tried anybody in court in all his many years. I can't remember the name of the justice of the peace, but the defense attorney was Jack Ross, the late federal judge. The witnesses were a variety of owners and hangers-on of this early modern-day gambling joint in Nevada. The witnesses would be called one by one and questioned by the prosecutor as to "had they heard a shot, or had they seen anything," and to a man, they'd say no, they didn't see a thing.

"Well, did you hear the shot?"

"Yes, I heard a shot."

"Well, where were you?"

"I was standing next to Mr. Sherwood."

"Well, how come you didn't see anything?"

"Well, I was tying my shoes"—oh, you know, things of that nature.

And one witness, a particularly gruff-looking individual, was asked what he did when he heard the shot. He acknowledged he heard a shot and he acknowledged he was in the group, and was asked what he did when he heard the shot. And he said, "Well, I immediately thought of my wife and children, and I went to Reno." [Laughing] That was the end of that, you know. He saw nothing.

In the course of this thing—it was in a wooden building with a wooden floor and noisy anyway—there was an awful clatter in the back of the room, and I turned around, and here some guy's .38 revolver had fallen out of his pocket and was clattering across the floor in the middle of the courtroom! But nobody paid any attention to that; he leaned down and retrieved it and put it back in his pocket and the trial went on.

Finally, there was a break for lunch. Well, the defendant, Russian Louie, took everybody to lunch, including the prosecutor, and the justice of the peace, and the defense attorney,

and the newspaper people, and all these hoodlum witnesses. So we all went down to the old airport—remember that old airport that used to sit down there—oh, along about where the Sahara Tahoe is now? Everybody sat at this long table, a very social and convivial luncheon, with drinks and [laughing] food, and Russian Louie picked up the check [laughing]. And then the hearing continued. Finally when it was concluded late that afternoon, Jack Ross and Russian Louie were in a hurry to get a verdict. And the justice of the peace said, well, he couldn't give a verdict right then because he'd have to study the transcript. And you know how long it takes to transcribe an entire day's proceedings. The court reporter said this would probably be three or four days before she could possibly produce the transcript. So Russian Louie pulled out a wad of bills and agreed to pay for its production that night if she'd work all night and get some other typists in on it.

So in the morning, it developed they brought the transcript into court, and the judge said there was no grounds to hold Russian Louie for murder!

The principal theme of Jack Ross's defense argument was that Sherwood was killed by a hunter's bullet, fired down by the lakeshore, that came up to the building and turned a right angle and came through the door into the lobby and killed Harry. [Laughing] That's a fascinating bit of Nevada justice, *circa* 1946 or '47.

Another story that was a lot of fun in a way was—I guess it must have been around 1950 or so, when Frank Sinatra was first in the news with his marital difficulties with Nancy and was allegedly going to marry Ava Gardner, I guess it was, that time. Everybody'd been trying to break that story, get some confirmation of it—oh, all over the country. But Sinatra was forever—and there were four

or five major episodes of his getting into fights with newspaper reporters and photographers, and belting them or having them belted by his bodyguard or anything else.

Finally, we learned that Sinatra was coming to Reno. And Bill Berry, who was a correspondent for the *New York News*, stationed in Reno—who was strictly for divorce coverage and one of the wildest characters known to man—and I dreamed up an idea of meeting Sinatra at the airport with boxing gloves hanging over our shoulders. So we went to my house and fixed—I had bought a set of boxing gloves for my young son for Christmas, and so we had two pair—I draped one over my shoulders and Bill draped one over his—and we went out to the old municipal airport to meet Sinatra.

Sinatra didn't get off the plane immediately, but his manager, Henry Sanicola, came off the plane first and saw us standing there with the boxing gloves, and he just went through the ceiling. He was in a panic! And he figured Sinatra would come out and be so mad and start another big brawl, you know [laughing], which we were prepared for. I don't know what either Bill or I would have done, but we expected something like that could well happen, but we'd better get some kind of a story. So Sanicola finally, almost in tears, prevailed upon us to at least put the boxing gloves off in a corner for a minute or something. So when Sinatra finally did come down, we met him and he spotted the boxing gloves and we told him what we'd done and he just thought it was hilarious. And here, after all his fighting with the press all over the country, he invited us to his room in the Riverside, and there he gave us the whole story, that he was going to divorce Nancy and marry Ava. And it all started out with this silly business of the boxing gloves [laughing]. Otherwise he wouldn't even have talked to us.

So that was my first meeting with Mr. Sinatra. There were some later ones that didn't turn out quite as well [laughing] that we'll get into later on.

Oh, another one of the early divorce stories was—I guess this must have been around '52, somewhere around there, during the Korean War, as I recall—Rita Hayworth came to Nevada to divorce Aly Khan. And Rita, again, was one of the very, very remote people and one that was hard to get to and had enough money to protect herself from the ordinary press. And as a matter of fact, to try to keep it all secret and quiet, she drove from the East to Nevada instead of flying, so you couldn't meet her at a train, or a bus, or a plane, or something like that.

We again got a tip—or I did, that—I was in Sacramento at the time, assigned to the legislature down there, but my wife was running my office here in Reno, and we got a tip that Rita was driving and the kind of car she had—I got that out of New York, as I recall. So we set up a plant for her in Winnemucca, and lo and behold, the car did stop there for lunch, and our girl reporter up there, a stringer, had a photographer, and they got some kind of a picture. But as I recall, it wasn't worth much, and the people that were there working were inexperienced and it didn't turn out very well, so we had to devise some other means of getting her picture.

And we worked that by—we knew that Rita was going to the Lake; she had a house leased up at Glenbrook at Hans Jepsen's house, as a matter of fact, if I recall. So we conceived the idea of trying to send official greetings from the governor to Rita, welcoming her to the state. Well, Charlie Russell, who went along with a lot of our episodes, didn't quite fall for that one [laughing]; but John Koontz did; he was secretary of state. John drew up an official-looking scroll welcoming her to

Nevada, and we had the scroll delivered by his official photographer. And in presentation of this welcoming scroll, she let him in as a representative of the state, you know, and not a newspaper reporter or anything. So she let him through these guarded gates up there. So as part of the presentation of the scroll, the official welcome to the state, well, he was permitted to take her picture. And so this is how we got her picture, Rita here for her divorce from Aly Khan.

One of the most gracious people—and it's not much of a story, I guess, but I just remember her as part of all these celebrities that we did encounter in marital and divorce problems. One of the most gracious of the acting group was Ida Lupino. She was just a charming girl. She also stayed at the Lake and married some stunt man. I don't know whether she stayed married to him or not, but he was a stunt man, and she was very gracious, and there was no problem with getting to her at all.

One of the funniest stories—and in a way, it's significant—was the marriage, the “wedding” (in quotes) of Harry Bridges, the Longshore leader in California. We got a tip that Harry was coming to Reno to marry an Oriental girl, a very attractive young lady. And after much bribery and threatening and everything else, we did finally determine that Harry had a room reserved at the Napes. We had the marriage license bureau staked out all that evening as long as they were open, and we had plants in Carson, and in Virginia City, and everywhere, waiting for them to show up, because they were supposed to show up that night and get married that night. But we never did find them and concluded that they hadn't arrived; and the hotel insisted they hadn't arrived. So it was the next morning that—oh, I stumbled onto a source I had at the Napes that they indeed *had* arrived and were in their

room at that time. So the wedding must have taken place somewhere, you know. So by this time, a whole bevy of photographers and reporters were waiting out in the hall outside of poor Harry's door, his nuptial chamber. Oh, you hate yourself when you do these things, but good Lord, New York is hollering, and California is hollering, and everybody wants pictures of Harry and his bride, you know, because he was a big name and he was always involved in some controversy or another.

So we waited and waited and waited and knocked on the door and could get no response and no response to the phones, and everything else, and still my source insisted they had not left. Finally, I slipped a note under the door, pleading with them to let's make sense out of all this thing and come out and give us an interview, and we'll wait until everybody's dressed and get a picture later. So they finally were hungry and they had room service and got something to eat, but they still didn't come out of the room until, oh, about two o'clock in the afternoon. Harry finally did open the door and conceded, gave in, and said, “All right. Come on in, I'll interview.”

Here was the room, with the disheveled bed and the bride's negligee tossed on the bed and Harry in his shirt sleeves. He gave us an interview and told about the wedding the night before, and so on and so forth, except that I knew something that Harry didn't know, that Nevada had a miscegenation law, which prohibited a white man from marrying—getting married to an Oriental girl. And so before Harry got too far into the details of the wedding, I did get him off to the side and told him about it, that there was a miscegenation law. And you never saw such a horror-struck man in your life! The poor guy was just—oh, it—it was just a crushing blow to be told that, after he was sitting there telling the press that he was married last night [laughing], and here

he wasn't; he couldn't get married. So he could hardly believe me, but he was sufficiently shaken by it that he changed his story and said no, they'd gotten here too late to get a marriage license before the marriage license bureau had closed, because in those days it didn't stay open all night. So they promptly went to the marriage license bureau and applied and were turned down.

so at that point—I thought it was a horrible law, myself—he was going to go back to California and forget it, but I talked him into going ahead and contesting it. And I can't recall—it seems to me he got Sam Francovich. He had Sam in some other capacity, and Sam isn't one that I would have gone to to contest that type of law, but it seems to me he did get Sam. And we, oh, waited another whole day, it seems to me, and Sam went into court, and by God, the end of the hearing, the judge held the law to be unconstitutional. So that was the break in the dam in this state; and then subsequently the legislature repealed the law. But that's the most embarrassing position for a man to get into [laughing]! You know, you never really can write the story very well. It was all—you know, extremely interesting. The girl was a totally charming woman, and very, very intelligent, and very pretty, and—. I think they're still married, as a matter of fact, it seems to me. I haven't seen them since.

Another of the early-day gambling stories which led to a significant court ruling—oh, the period began—I'm jumping around as far as dates are concerned. Well, there's really no order to them because they go from one thing—divorce to gambling to something else—but this was an early-day story that led to a major gambling ruling which is still the law in the state, involving a place called the West Indies. Do you remember it by any chance? It was out on South Virginia; in the daytime it looked like a—just—oh, one of

these horrible grass shacks. But at night it had lights, and so it was a Polynesian atmosphere, or West Indies atmosphere. A young lad from Denver, a wealthy heir-to-be of a prominent department store owner in Denver, was out here for a divorce and started a lot of gambling and girl chasing, and so on and so forth. And simultaneously here for a divorce was John Steinbeck's wife, the author. And this young man (his name was Leonard Wolf, as I recall) was squiring Mrs. Steinbeck. After an evening on the town, they wound up out at the West Indies, where they had just a single "Twenty-One" table and some slot machines, and the kid started to gamble, as did Mrs. Steinbeck; and he, in the course of the entire night, wrote checks, three checks, to the house, totaling \$86,000 on one "Twenty-One" table.

Along about daylight, he took Mrs. Steinbeck to the dude ranch where she was staying, or wherever she was staying, and went up to Mount Rose highway and turned around and started down and opened the throttle of the car wide open and pulled a gun out and shot himself in the head, and naturally, died, through the car wreck and the bullet.

In the meantime the owner of the West Indies was a guy by the name of Benningfield. He was waiting at the First National Bank. It was Saturday morning, and in those days, the banks were open on Saturday mornings. He was waiting at the bank at ten o'clock with these three checks clutched in his hot little hand with "cash" on them. The bank, as a matter of routine, almost accepted them, but they did notice that the boy's signature was somewhat irregular in that he left his middle initial out. And so they held up immediate payment of the checks until they could verify it with him, you know. But it developed, and they subsequently learned, that he was dead.

So Benningfield and the West Indies took the case to court, claiming that it was a

legitimate loss; the checks had been issued in good faith and he was entitled to the \$86,000. And John Belford, it seems to me he was the one who defended the bank—I guess the bank was the defendant in the thing. John argued that a gambling debt is an illegal debt and was just not collectible at law. The case went through the lower court and then was subsequently appealed to the state supreme court, and the state supreme court did indeed rule that a gambling debt is invalid, and they base their ruling on the Queen Anne law of 1510, or something like that, which prohibited gambling except in the courtyard of the queen and among the noble or wealthy people. And that's still the law in Nevada today, and the gambling debt has no valid position.

Oh, one of the funny little newspaper stories—there's a thing behind the news again. It had to do with a—remember the tremendous snowstorm we had and the “City of San Francisco” was stranded on Donner summit? It had been up there for four days, and the highways were closed in all directions, and you couldn't fly and you couldn't do anything—well, you were just totally snowbound in Reno and throughout the whole area. The “City of San Francisco” had gotten stuck in the drift when it was sidelined for a freight or some darn thing on a late Sunday afternoon. By Monday night the thing had never shown up in San Francisco, but we still had no concept or idea where it was. It did indeed appear to be missing; it's sort of hard to lose a train, but the Southern Pacific kept insisting that it was all right and it was on its way, and denied completely that it was snowbound or anything. Finally, just on the off-chance, I telephoned some ski lodge up there on Donner summit. And they were snowbound, too, but there had been someone up there who had been to the train on snowshoes and said indeed it was stuck,

and it was stuck but good. So that's the way we broke the story of the darn thing being stranded in the hills. And it turned out, of course—if you recall, it was stranded there, I think, for four or five days.

In the meantime, New York and all the metropolitan papers all over the country are screaming at me for pictures of it. And we tried every conceivable thing we could do. We tried a “weasel,” we tried Sno-Cats, we tried trucks, we tried—even thought of skiing the distance, various of us, you know, because everybody was in the same boat. We tried to get SP to let us go in on a relief train that they were trying to—a snow plow that they were trying to get into the area to free the thing. But in no way could we get a picture. And after four days—well, this was not explainable to your boss in New York. You can't fly; it was total overcast; you couldn't get a plane more than ten feet off the ground without losing it, and if you did get it up there, you certainly couldn't take an air picture. But finally, the weather forecast for the fifth day was clear. And I had a plane chartered and I had a photographer. But San Francisco said they'd send their own photographer and let him go in my plane and to discharge the photographer I got, which was all right until I got to thinking about the kid that they were sending. I knew he had a great tendency to imbibe, especially when he got into a party atmosphere like Reno. So on just a hunch, I figured I'd better keep my own plane and my own photographer and charter another plane and let him have that. Well, sure enough, the kid did get there, and that night he got drunker than a lord. And come dawn, he was indeed poured onto the airplane, and off the two planes went. Well, as luck would have it, the photographer I hired (Gene Christensen) did get back first and did get his stuff developed first. (All this has to be done in split-second timing; it just

makes an awful lot of difference whether you're thirty seconds ahead or thirty seconds behind the opposition's wire services. It's just a tremendously competitive thing.) My print—and all I could see in this snowy, wet print was a long train on a mountainside, stuck in the snow, you know. I didn't examine it with a magnifying glass or anything; I just slapped it onto the wire photo, wet, and called New York and it moved nationwide, that it was indeed the first picture of the streamliner stuck in the snow. It wound up in, oh, five- or six-column layouts in the front pages of the metropolitan papers back East.

At that point, the AP photographer who had been poured out of the plane came back, and he had his material, too. And damn, it sure looked different than the other boy's. And it was—there were some beautiful pictures. It turns out the first picture that showed up so many places all over the country, the first picture of the stranded streamliner, was an old freight train that had been lost for two weeks! My photographer had gone to the wrong train! I never did bother to explain that one to the AP, why the second picture was [laughing] so much different from the first one. The second picture, you had passengers standing out waving at the plane, and in the first one the train was buried [laughing]. That shows you you can't always trust newspapers.

Of course, there were a lot of sad stories, too, that we covered, but I think we tend to remember the funny ones. But two of the tragic ones that I recall had to do with the—oh, a girl about twelve or so who was swimming at Lake Tahoe and a big motorboat swept in and cut off her feet in the lake. The little girl's name was Emogene Wittsche. That was a hard story to get at because of the distance of the Lake and the fact that nobody really wanted to talk about it. But Fred Anderson was the surgeon on it, as I recall, and I finally

got pretty much of a straight story from Fred as to what had happened to the girl, and the fact that both feet were gone (from the lower knee of both legs, as a matter of fact), and that they had been apparently chopped by a propeller of a boat. And the boat was owned by some wealthy Oakland automobile dealer, or something.

I became very interested in Emogene—oh, probably because of my own problems. I perhaps was more empathetic to a child suddenly facing the world with artificial limbs—or the prospect of artificial limbs—so it made quite a story of pathos which went all over the nation. And there were many—it stimulated many people's kindlier instincts. The family were—well, the family was in poor circumstances. Lord, they couldn't afford doctors, or hospital bills, or anything else, and so we started a little drive here in Reno. Graham Dean gave me permission to do it. Graham Dean was the publisher of the Reno papers at that time. He gave me permission—I couldn't use the wires for that type of thing, but I could use the local papers to start a fund drive, and then I could file a wire story saying that the local papers had started it, see, and so that's how you worked that type of deal. And we raised quite a bit of money from all over the nation. Plus, it caught the eyes of a family back East that had a little girl about the same age, who did walk with two artificial limbs. And they flew her out here to talk to Emogene, and it gave the kid—it gave her a psychological jump over the hurdle, so that she did start recovering after that. I finally—oh, I stayed with that story and talked to her many times and followed her progress, and in about six or eight months she was indeed out of the hospital and on legs. And many years later, when she was married, I got a wedding invitation from somewhere in California.

And another tragic story that I recall, of course—and this was just a horrible, gruesome thing—the case of the woman who went berserk up on—oh, what is that street—Marsh Avenue, up in the southwest Reno, and shot her four children. It was up next to Newt Crumley's house.

We got there before the police did. How, I don't know; but we didn't disturb anything or go anywhere, and there was a member of the family there. And he apparently had gone in and found the four children scattered in various parts of the upper part of the house, with the bullets—or holes all over the walls, and everything else. She apparently just chased them all over the house, shooting them the night before, and finally shot herself. Boy, that was one of the roughest things I ever got into, seeing these little bodies carried out, you know. Sometimes you wish you could be in another kind of business when you have those kinds of stories.

Senator McCarran was always an enigma to me, as I say. I could never get anything but pomposity out of him and gobbledygook most of the time. So consequently we were never the greatest of friends. But after the Mechling episode, well, McCarran just sort of disappeared after the election. He disappeared from Washington; he disappeared from here; nobody knew where he'd been for six or eight weeks. And one night I was in the Riverside with Melvin Belli, the lawyer who subsequently defended Jack Ruby, and, of course; is a story all by himself, that character. I was in the Riverside with Belli at the bar, and he nudges me and he says, "Isn't that your senator over there?" And sure enough, by God, here, off eating dinner at a table was Pat McCarran with dark glasses on. So instead of perhaps being a little more polite and waiting until the man had finished dinner, I decided I'd better take the opportunity, since he was

there right now, to go talk to him and find out what he'd been doing and where he'd been. So I went over—I'd met him, oh, dozens of times, but introduced myself again and my association with the AP.

He very nastily said something to the effect of, "Well, what do you want?"

And I said, "Well, I just wanted a story of what you've been doing the last six or eight weeks. Have you been on vacation or what? Everybody's been speculating about where you've been."

He says, "How do I know that you're who you say you are?"

I said, "Well, I don't know. You know me, but I'll produce some identification if you want." I didn't really have anything except a driver's license and a gasoline credit card or something like that; we never did have press cards. So I took those out and put them on the table in front of him, and he studied them and shoved them back across the table at me and bellowed out, "You're nothing but a goddamn Communist that's been following me across the country, that's what you are!"

And with that, he picked up the table with all its dishes and food and steak and cups and everything and threw it at me! He tipped the whole thing over in the middle of the dining room and got up and stomped out. Well, I just stood there dumbfounded [laughing]! He apparently was in a tremendous emotionally overwrought state. It was certainly a shocking experience.

And ironically, years later—well, not too many years later—1954—after I'd been in a severe auto accident and was in the hospital for five months, I got the first tip on McCarran's death. It was phoned to me at the hospital and I phoned the AP bureau in San Francisco as a bulletin. But they were disinclined to believe me because I'd been under so much dope and hurt so badly that they didn't think

I was really in full possession of my faculties. And I was trying to tell them McCarran just died down in Hawthorne and it's worth a bulletin and *get moving*. So fortunately, while I was still talking to them—well, the kid that took my place while I was ill, he had heard it by that time, too, and he called in. So when they got it from the two of us, they did indeed let it go.

The wire service is—in those days, anyway, it was—a very fine business. From a small state like Nevada, for instance, or Idaho, the news of national interest will be teletyped out of Reno into a central major point such as San Francisco. From there it has to be reteletyped—in other words, torn off of one machine and punched into tape on another machine and sent on trunk wires to the East. And this was always a constant squabble between me and San Francisco as to what was of urgent status to the East. We had three categories. We had a “flash,” which was merely, oh, two or three words at the outside, and it was only used in the, oh, death of a president or the end of a war, or the beginning of an invasion of major [importance]—invasion of Europe was flashed, as I recall. In other words, it would be merely, “President Roosevelt dies,” or something like that, no story to it at all.

Then the second in precedence, as far as taking precedence over everything else on the wire, was a “bulletin.” And this was used frequently for any news of major import, not just in one state or one region; it had to be of major import nationally.

And then there was a third category—the term came from an old telegraph symbol—which was merely a hyphen, figure ninety-five, hyphen [-95-], and this meant “urgent,” I think, in telegraphese.

The bulletin was just a one-paragraph thing followed by a “-95- add” as soon as you

could get more information. The “-95-” would be a more or less complete story which could be put into print immediately.

Of course, all those things have changed these days with the advent of the teletypesetter. It used to be that the news copy would come into the newspaper office on the teletype machine and then (be torn off and edited by an editor there and sent to the composing room to be set by the linotype, set in type by the linotype machine. But nowadays the news copy comes in in the form of a tape, which is fed into a linotype machine, so you have much less individuality in wire copy news appearing in national papers now than you used to have just ten or fifteen years ago.

Before my time in Reno, all news came into the *Gazette*, which was the AP subscriber, through the telegraph key until, oh, relatively late years, I think—oh, 1935, almost—just before the war, I think, when we finally got a teletype. So there'd be a telegraph operator sitting in the newsroom and listening to the “dot-dashes” and transcribing the copy as fast as it came by dot-dash and throwing it over to the editor. And of course, any copy that went out of Reno would go by telegraph that way, too. But later, they developed the teletype, and then in small states—or in the larger bureaus, an editor or a reporter were never allowed to touch a teletype. That was a union activity, the Commercial Telegraphers Union. So a reporter who touched the teletype would create a strike situation. But in the small bureaus, we didn't have telegraphers or, as we called them, “punchers,” teletype punchers, so the editing reporter, or reporter or correspondent—whatever you call them—had to do all his own teletyping as well.

Bennyhoff, for instance—I was fairly adept, too, but Bennyhoff, I think, was about the fastest thing I ever saw. He would compose into the teletype, and teletype—the tape runs

at sixty words a minute. And you cannot stop and stall it, because there's twenty-five other bureaus waiting to get onto that wire. So you can't fool around with that nonsense. It's got to be typed at sixty words a minute. And to see Bennyhoff compose into the thing—not always too well, but at least he was fast. But we all became fairly adept at that type of thing, even though the AP and UPI, too—or the UP it was in those days—did have a [rule].

An AP rule came as a result of the invasion of Europe in World War II. As I told you, the rule that no one is ever allowed to touch a teletype without using copy to punch from was promulgated because this girl in London that was practicing with the invasion of Europe and inadvertently set off an international false alarm some weeks before the actual invasion.

You mentioned the so-called “gambler's day in court” bill that was the infamous SB 92, Senate Bill 92, that must have been in 1957. That bill stemmed—Charlie Russell probably told you a lot about it. Well, SB 92 actually stems from the campaign of '54 when Russell was running for reelection and Pittman was opposing him. And shortly before election, the state Tax Commission, which was then in charge of gambling, undertook to revoke the license of the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas. My memory is on the right track.

The allegation of the Tax Commission was—the Gaming Control Board hadn't even come into being at that point. So the allegation of the Tax Commission was that Meyer Lansky and George Sadlo, a Lansky lieutenant, sort of, had a secret, undisclosed interest in the ownership of the Thunderbird, which was—the front man, or primary owner, was Marion Hicks. That effort of the Tax Commission led to a revamping of the entire Nevada gaming law over a considerable period of time.

The Thunderbird, as I recall—. Of course, a principal figure in this whole thing, also, was Lieutenant Governor Cliff Jones, who was a part owner, I think, of the Thunderbird with Hicks, and, of course, was their attorney.

The fact that the Tax Commission action was taken shortly before the election or during the campaign—I never was convinced that it was a political move at all. I think I knew Bob Cahill too well and Governor Russell too well, and I just was never among those who felt that it was strictly a political move. Bob, who was the executive secretary of the Tax Commission and who had been the primary gambling enforcement man in the state since '45, I guess, had been trying to put the pieces of this Thunderbird and Lansky puzzle together for a long, long time and finally had what he felt was enough evidence. But it did come up, the charges were filed during the campaign, and Pittman always felt that it was done just to create better publicity for Charlie—and so on. But I had disagreed with Pittman on that even though I was a Democrat.

Anyway, the Thunderbird, as I recall, got an injunction which prevented the Tax Commission from proceeding further with its hearing, and then I think the injunction was dismissed through some darn thing; and the ultimate decision of the Tax Commission was that Jones, who was the Democratic lieutenant governor—well, had been, anyway, the Democratic lieutenant governor—had to sell out within a certain specified period. I don't think they put the ruling on Hicks, but they did on Jones for sure.

Well, anyway, in any event, the Thunderbird appealed the whole decision on the grounds that there never had been a proper administrative hearing. The appeal was still pending in the Supreme Court; no decision had come down by the 1957 session of the legislature. And it was during that

session that a certain group of gamblers, among them Hicks—I always felt he was the prime mover—had introduced in the senate SB 92, which was a very brief, two-word amendment to a portion of the Gaming Control Act. All it did was insert into the act the fact that any gambler found in violation of the law by the Tax Commission had the right to appeal to court and the proceedings in court (and this was where the two words of the amendment), “proceedings of the court would be trial *de nova*.” There was Latin terminology.

Well, none of the reporters caught that or paid any attention to it. It looked like a very insignificant bill. On the other hand, I was intrigued by the meaning because I didn’t really know what a “trial *de nova*” was, so I sought out my source over there, who was always the primary one and is still there, Russ McDonald, and I learned that trial *de nova* did indeed have a significant meaning in the context of the law. A trial *de nova* is a full trial before the court, in which new evidence can be entered and everything else. But why we all got into a big brawl here was interpreting what that meant to the administrative law. And my conclusion, supported by—well, I’ll say supported by Russ; it certainly was, but quietly. I don’t want it, you know, to get out, but there again—supported by Russ and by a number—well, and by Bob Cahill, too, and a number of other guys, but none of whom were able to ever come out in front on the thing—that it would actually destroy the administrative control of gambling in the state and would allow the gambler, any time he was in trouble, to virtually ignore the administrative process and then go to court and tie the matter up in court forever. And a trial *de novo* also would imply the use of the injunctive proceeding and other common law writs and open the door to just a hopeless chaos.

Well, I started working this theme into my own stories, but my stories, the legislative stories, appeared only in Las Vegas. I think that my only outlet down there at that time was the *Sun*, the *Las Vegas Sun*, so they weren’t getting much headway up north. But I finally began to get the point across to Bryn Armstrong, who was the chief man for the *Gazette Journal* coverage, that indeed this was a significant bit of legislation. And so we did break the thing into the open between the two of us pretty well, where the controversy then developed in the senate, and the assembly, too; it became the major bill of the session and boiled down to a simple case of whether there was going to be a state control, administrative control of gambling, or not. Now this was the position taken by my side of the fence.

The guys on the other side of the fence, led by the—I think that Bennyhoff was a part of that group; if not Bennyhoff, [it was] Denver Dickerson and Chet Sobsey. Sobsey was up there for the *Review-Journal* and Denver Dickerson was doing political columns for the *Sun* at that time. Yeah, chewing up Reynolds, Don Reynolds that year. But they took the position of the gamblers, and they tagged it very brightly “the gamblers’ day in court” bill, arguing it was merely fair play for the poor gambler that—let him appeal to the court from the abuse of state bureaucracy, and so on and so forth. So we had a definite cleavage in the press. And anybody in the state who had access to all the newspapers must have been totally confused over SB 92, because—well, one side would make it look like a beautiful, fair bit of legislation that guaranteed a man his right, you know. The other side just made it look like an evil doing on the part of the sinister mob trying to destroy the state’s gambling control.

The upshot of the bill—and boy, the arguments got personal and violent, and there

were a lot of friendships destroyed, really, during that session, it became so emotional! The upshot of it was that the bill was passed in the senate and went to the assembly where there were some minor modifications made, but not—didn't really get at the heart of the thing; they just smoke-screened it a bit; it was passed in the assembly and finally sent to Governor Russell.

Well, both sides, I'm sure, spent a lot of time bending poor Charlie's ear, Governor Russell's ear, myself among them, because I felt it was, personally, a very bad thing for the state. Finally, Governor Russell did veto the bill, and I got the first copy of the veto, and that created a lot of furor in the press room, too.

And this sent the legislature into, oh, just a seething anger, after all the work that had gone into putting this thing together, and some of the gamblers that were on that side of the picture. Not all gamblers were, either; some like Harrah, and those people, I'm sure, were opposed to the bill. But as I say, the legislature, just seething, decided it was going to override the veto. It was an act of tremendous courage on Charlie's part to veto that darn thing anyway, because it had some awfully potential major money support behind it. And it was certainly an act of political suicide on the part of the little Senator Ralph Lattin of Churchill County, who changed his mind after the governor vetoed the bill and made it that one vote short of the two-thirds majority that it took to override the governor's veto. So the bill was indeed finally defeated.

In the meantime, the supreme court came out then with its decision on the Thunderbird case. All this bill was an effort was to—somebody had an idea what the supreme court was going to rule, and they were trying to change the law so whatever the court ruled would be invalid anyway; it

wouldn't make any difference. But the court's significant Thunderbird ruling came out then, which was written by Charlie Merrill, who is now a justice of the federal appellate court in San Francisco. The supreme court's opinion in the Thunderbird case is a beautiful job of stating the basic philosophy that Nevada has to maintain to deal with legal gambling. The court held that indeed the Tax Commission—it found, actually, in favor of the Thunderbird. It found that way only on the fact that the law was so vague and that the administrative procedures were indeed so lacking that there hadn't been a fair hearing. But it set forth as a matter of *dictum*, almost, a law of its own, which said that no, the injunctive procedure was not available to a man closed down or a man operating under a privilege who violated that privilege. The common law writs were not available to him. So this did arm the state for the first time, really, with a tremendous weapon—the guy closed down for cheating couldn't go to court or a friendly judge the next day and get an injunctive writ which stayed the state's hands. And the court also set out a whole general philosophy of the necessity for Nevada being stern in its handling of the gambling area.

And that decision subsequently proved to be a guideline, pretty much, for the 1959 legislature in adopting the Gaming Control Act of 1959, which is essentially still in force.

You asked if I recalled the so-called famous "lost weekend" in Las Vegas. That was during that same session, '57. I didn't go on it, not because I didn't want to, but the AP had a pretty moralistic approach to its correspondents or writers taking favors—free airplane trips, and free room and board, and drinks, and things like that. They did not want them to become involved and possibly being influenced. And this was, as I recall, right at the time—or right after—the "payola"

scandal of the disc jockeys, remember? So the AP wouldn't permit me to go on that. The other guys went—guys like Bennyhoff went, and Armstrong, and they came back with quite a story of derring-do of the legislators in Las Vegas, the free train that just brought anything and everything. Incidentally, the AP's attitude on these kind of things still exists. (Not long ago, in my job here with the University, Ver Scheid wanted to take the press around with the governor on a trip up to the gold mine in Elko County, Eureka County, the copper mining, just to show the modern mining going on, and so he asked me to set up the junket. I undertook to organize it. The press was generally interested; it was a good opportunity. But the AP kid had to check with his office in San Francisco before he could get clearance to go, and strictly—they wanted to be darn sure it was the University that was hiring the plane, it wasn't some mining company, and so on and so forth. As a matter of fact, I had to make sure it was not a mining company that was even going to buy lunch; it had to be Vernon Scheid who'd buy lunch.)

Would I like to talk about the University problems of the 1950's? Well, yeah, I got involved in that some considerable extent when Dr. Stout, then the president of the University, decided that he faced an insurrection, or some type of a revolt on campus, because of the distribution by Frank Richardson, a biology professor, of an article was rather critical of the so-called "professional educator," as contrasted with the "academician," the man who was oriented strictly to the classifical background.

I remember it started in '52, and as I recall, it was around Christmas that I did get a trip—it was during the Christmas vacation, as a matter of fact. I got a tip that Dr. Stout has sent letters to five professors, telling them that their services were no longer needed;

among them was Frank Richardson. And, oh, others, I guess, were Bob Gorrell, isn't it? And Bob Hume. I may not be right on these, but it seems to me that maybe Charlton Laird, and who was the other one? Tom Little, I think.

Well, in any event, this was done very quietly; there was no public announcement of it at all, and I finally went to Gorrell, whom I'd never met, and asked him about it, and he produced a copy of the letter. And he wasn't sure who had received them all, so we wrote the story of it—I did—based upon that. And this incensed Dr. Stout with me right off the bat. But he finally did begin to talk to us about it a bit.

But in the meantime, of course, the University just came to more and more of a turmoil, and the press-sitting in the University now, looking at the press—I'm sure the press was not helping the situation any, myself included. I, pretty much—since I'd broken the story, I pretty well carried most of the burden of the story for the local papers, as well as for the national wires. But I became personally involved in the darn thing when Si Ross called (Si was the chairman of the board of Regents). He called John Sanford, the editor of the *Gazette* (they were close personal friends), and Si felt that the newspaper stories weren't being quite fair and that they were perhaps too much leaning toward the side of the professors and against Dr. Stout. This disturbed me, because one thing I did pride myself on was trying to produce balanced stories in controversial situations. So I mad an appointment to go see Si and went to the funeral home which he owned and sat there talking to him for two or three hours, trying to get his picture of the situation. And ironically, Si went through—he had a whole pile of letters on his desk from all over the country, some favoring the position taken by the Regents, and some—many—opposing Dr.

Stout and the Regents. But he came to one letter which he decided to read to me, and as I recall, it went something to the effect that, "It seemed to this writer that reasonable men dealing with problems in a reasonable manner could come to a reasonable conclusion." And ironically, the letter was signed by my father-in-law, who was the director of the college of education at the University of Colorado. So I mentioned that to Si, and this suddenly created a bond from him to me and from me to him. He let down his hair and started to really talk, then, as a friend rather than to a reporter, and he told me how terrible upset he was at what was happening to the University and what was happening to the controversy. It had just gotten all out of hand. And he acknowledged that the Regents weren't totally right, nor was Richardson, nor was Stout.

And so Si asked me if I would undertake to try to mediate it. He suggested that I get with Father John T. Ledger of the Episcopal church, again, a gentleman whom I'd never met. And if the two of us would work together and try to mediate the dispute between the—and it boiled down at that point to strictly a Richardson-stout thing. As I recall, the Regents had already agreed [that] they were going to have a hearing after commencement—that's right; they were going to have a hearing. But it was Si's suggestion that maybe we can mediate it and call off the whole hearing, and it would put a stop to the damage being done to the University all over the nation because the AAUP was into the act at that point, and there was much tension focused on the academic freedom fight by national magazines and by educational magazines and certainly by newspapers all over the country.

So I went to Father Ledger. It was a new role for me, because here I was trying to report the darn thing from the outside

and then suddenly dragged into the inner chambers and asked to try to mediate it. I knew Stout, of course, and I knew Richardson by that time. I went to Ledger, and he agreed to go to work on it with me. So we tried to draft a statement which would let everybody out with clear conscience and without losing face too much. It essentially, as I recall, was merely an acknowledgement by Richardson that Stout and the Regents were the administrative authority, but by the same token, an acknowledgement by Stout that a professor has every right in the world to express his opinions.

Oh, there was blood, sweat, and tears, and many nights on this darn thing. Finally, as I recall, we got it back to Si first, and he agreed to it, and as a matter of fact said that he would guarantee that Stout would agree to it. I never did deal directly with Stout on this; it had to go through Si. Si guaranteed that Stout would go for it, and it was to be read at commencement in 1953. And I went to Richardson, and Richardson didn't agree to it immediately, but he did at least agree to give it deep consideration because he was in a terrific emotional turmoil himself—I mean, his whole family was, and the guy had five children, as I recall. But he was a man of extreme conscience, and very strict for principle.

Bruce Thompson, now the federal judge, was Frank Richardson's attorney. Bruce and Richardson and I got together on the statement. And, oh, they started first to toy with it and send back a counter proposal, and this and that and the other thing. Finally, I think just the day before commencement—well, Richardson broke off negotiations all together. We just couldn't get a statement which side would be totally satisfied that their principles had not been compromised. So subsequently the hearing took place that

summer, and it was sort of a farce. Well, if somebody wanted to go back—could go back to the transcript of that, it's a fascinating bit of work, fascinating hearing.

And then came the classic meeting of the Board of Regents to reach a decision. As I recall, Richardson was the only one still left that they basically were going to—or wanted to—that charges still were against. Somehow or another, the charges were dismissed against the other guys who—everybody made some compromise except Richardson. The meeting of the Board of Regents at which the decision was to be made—I don't know how they bowed to the pressure of the press as much as they did, but they did. It was obviously a personnel matter, and obviously could be legally dealt with in executive session. But Bennyhoff and I both screamed that there'd been so much publicity and it was such a monumental decision that, damn it, it ought to be open to the press. Well, the Regents reached the compromise that Bennyhoff and I could sit in the executive session but we could not report what went on other than the decision. Well, this just got to be—.

Personally, I was aligned with Richardson; I felt he was right in the dispute. Personally, Bennyhoff was aligned with Stout and felt he was right. And this was typical of Bennyhoff and me throughout our working relationship anyway; we seldom agreed on anything. It is not my nature to get involved in public body meetings and express my opinions when I'm not a part of the body, but it was Bob's nature—and Bob would egg some of the Regents on. Let's see, who was on the Board at that time? There was—Si Ross was the chairman, Louis Lombardi was on, Archie Grant, Roy Hardy, and [by then, Bruce Thompson, who replaced] Newt Crumley.

But this weird night of—we went into this executive session, oh, two or three o'clock in

the afternoon. And the Regents, their minds were made up; it was obvious, at least the majority. But they went through all the frou-frou of calling the transcripts in and listening to the tapes for a half hour at a time, you know, and letting Dr. Stout talk to them and telling them Richardson was a no-good guy, and then listening to Bennyhoff periodically saying he was a no-good bastard and that Stout was a good man and so on and so forth. And then as I recall, Stout was dismissed from the meeting, too; but we still stayed. And we ordered in steaks when it was—the meeting was all in the president's office up in Morrill Hall, and they ordered dinner into the office—and we all had our dinner, and they went back into deliberation again..

And the arguments and the thinking were fabulous! I wish I could recall, or had a transcript of that, but it was a nontranscribed meeting, of course, because it was [an] executive session. But one of the comments that I think summed up pretty much the whole controversy in a way was made by Archie Grant, who was known for his pithy comments, and Archie observed that, "A university professor—" (Archie was the owner of a Ford agency in Las Vegas)—and Archie said as far as he was concerned, a university professor was no different than a Ford mechanic; he had to obey his boss. And the concept of the right of the citizen to express his own philosophy just couldn't get through. Si had it to an extent, but on the other hand this thing looked to him like it was an undercutting effort upon Richardson's part, trying to cut up Stout, instead of truly academic expression. They had all become so emotional by that time that nobody could interpret it properly. So it wasn't until about, oh, ten or eleven o'clock that night, the Board finally concluded its discussion and what debate there was.

But before the matter came to a vote, Roy Hardy called for a recess and came over to me and asked me if I would call Richardson and ask him if he would resign. This is the weirdest thing, isn't it, when you stop to think about it?—ask him if he would resign—that I was authorized to tell him that in the opinion of the Board members, they were going to vote to discharge him, and they wanted to offer him the opportunity to resign instead. So I had to go to the phone out in the president's reception room—and Roy wasn't doing this on his own; the rest of the Regents were aware of it, too. This was their effort at trying to be decent about it, you know. And [laughing] so I called up Frank at home—as I remember, I think I got him out of bed—and told him the score that was on the wall and said I was authorized by the Regents to ask him if he would prefer to resign or be discharged. And Frank says, "Hell, no, I won't resign!" [Laughing] Whereupon I relayed that message back to the Board, and the Board went back into meeting and fired him.

Well, of course, the record will show the upshot of it; the case was appealed to the supreme court, and the supreme court overturned the Regents' action and ordered Dr. Richardson reinstated with full pay and everything else. He didn't come back to the University. He had gone to Hawaii for a year and wound up at the University of Washington the last I heard of him. But it was a unique episode in my life [laughing].

How did I become such a trusted member of the press? Well, I think this is not really me so much as it goes back to the times. And I think it illustrates a bit of Nevada, even in these late years, as late as that, the smallness of our state, the smallness of—the intimacy with which we interact to each other. It doesn't matter whether you're newspaper or a Regent of the University or governor or—.

Lord, the episodes I had with the governor, Russell and Sawyer both, were interesting things, you know. But the personal relationships that existed between people! The newspaper was not actually—. In covering state government, there were only Bennyhoff of the UP, me for the AP, Frank McCulloch, and later Bryn Armstrong for the *Gazette*, and really nobody for the *Journal*, except Jimmy Hulse later on. Jimmy did cover this University story pretty well, but as I recall, was not in on that executive meeting. See, writing for a newspaper editor, you can write a lot of interpretive or opinionated things sometimes in editorial form or column form. You could never do this for a wire service. There was absolutely no room for them. And so this is—was—where I would be totally frustrated sometimes. I might have opinions about McCarran and opinions about the action of the Regents, but I could not express those opinions in any of the news stories that I ever wrote. You had to try to write a balanced story of every [event], setting forth: here's a controversy, and there are the facts on one side, and these are the facts on the other. So perhaps the nature of that type of requirement did perhaps let me get closer to some of these people. And if I expressed my personal opinions forthwith—for instance, when Sawyer first decided to run for governor, I had been privately interested in trying to get Sawyer elected to the Board of Regents. And as I recall, we failed.

But I had known Grant for years as a district attorney in Elko, and here again was a guy who understood my problem, and was a young man and was a vigorous prosecutor and a good one. But at the end of the night, after the day's proceedings of a murder trial which I had to report for the outside because it was that type of case, well, Lord, I—the only resource I could—I called Sawyer at night and

he would give me a very objective report of the prosecution and the defense. And he was my “stringer” in Elko for all murder trials and criminal matters. And he never fouled me up by making the prosecution look better than the defense or anything else; he just tried to give me an objective report of it. So I had become quite friendly with Grant, as were the other people.

But by the same token I was very friendly and quite close to Charlie Russell. And when Sawyer decided to run for governor—. Well, with Charlie Russell, for instance— the time when I was in the hospital in ’54 when I got hurt— well, Charlie was one of the first guys to see me and to see if I was all right. And his wife was in the hospital at the time, and she recuperated much quicker than I did, and Marjorie used to come down and visit frequently. So we were not only close professionally, we were also close almost socially. So when Sawyer decided to run against Charlie, personally, yes, I was a Democrat; and personally my philosophy would be far more inclined toward the liberal views expressed by Grant than the more conservative or moderate view of Governor Russell. And Grant came in and asked me if I couldn’t help him in the news stories—you know, give him a little break once in a while, and I had to explain to him that I absolutely could not, not only because of the nature of the job I had (the wire service requirements), but because of my personal affection for Charlie. And Grant to this day doesn’t know who I voted for in that election, which is why it was ironic that I wound up as part of his administration, because he was never quite sure whether I was a Democrat or a Republican.

Russell is a very informal guy. As a matter of fact, he was known among the newspaper people as “JCMC,” “Just call me Charlie.”

Still, he was a sincere person who felt deeply about things but had an awful time expressing himself sometimes. Consequently I often wondered if the press didn’t perhaps have more influence on him than it should have had— not perhaps as an institution, but individual newspaper people— who would take pity on what was obviously going to be a mistake if he said it this way, and so we’d talk him into saying it another way, and things like that [laughing].

The little space that he gave us in the Civil Defense office—it was in the same suite as the governor’s office— gradually evolved into a pressroom in the capitol. During the legislature, we’d always been assigned one room off the senate chamber. And then—oh, as I recall, it was right before Russell left office—he said we could keep it as a permanent room. Of course, Sawyer was coming in at that point, but Sawyer was pretty sharp in his recognizing favors for the press, and so he continued the policy. And Laxalt, when he took office, took the entire old treasurer’s downstairs, right across from his office, and converted it into a pressroom. So now they’ve got massive quarters over there. And there are now two wire people; there’s at least four or five permanent people working out of the pressroom in Carson City. A matter of fifteen years developed from calling number one to a full complement.

Charlie was forever—maybe he could better tell these stories than I could—but he was forever getting collect telephone calls, postcards, letters, from some character that he knew somewhere in his life needing five bucks or a buck, or something like that. And Charlie was always reaching down in his pocket and sending it off to him. And when he and his family moved into that mansion, it was a total wreck. And it wasn’t much better as he left eight years later. I think they

had repaired the roof. I remember when Charlie was first in there the roof leaked all the time. He had to run around with buckets and close off rooms, and things like that. Then when Sawyer was elected, the so-called free-spending Democrat, he requested an appropriation from the legislature, and got it, to entirely refurbish the house with at least some decent furniture and drapes, and things of that nature. Now, when Laxalt takes it, he not only gets a substantial state appropriation but spends more than \$100,000 in private donations, entirely restoring the old place.

How about the machine politicians, so-called, of the Russell administration? Well, during legislature, Johnny Mueller was one who, again, was adroit in exercising his influence. The McCarran machine, there wasn't anything quiet or adroit about that particularly. They were more of a meat-axe type approach. But Mueller and Biltz were, along with the Woodburns and Getchell, considered to be pretty much the controlling factors in both parties from the background. As I recall, Biltz and Russell finally fell out. I'm trying to recall what did happen there. Bill Sanford was another influential guy, as was Bill Cashill, the late attorney. Ed Converse appeared to have Russell's ear, perhaps just from a political standpoint.

But whether McCarran was always in a position to dictate, he certainly left no doubt about his thinking that he was. He certainly was an influential man; there's no question about that. He told the story at the time of the—oh, that famous snowstorm of 1952 in which the cattle were stranded and sheep were stranded all over the state, and somebody proposed the use of airplanes to drop hay to the stranded cattle. The proposal was taken to McCarran, who urged the Army—or rather, the Air Force—to provide planes for this unique undertaking. And the

Air Force secretary or the general in charge or something came back by saying it was a totally inappropriate and ineffective way of planning to accomplish what you're trying to accomplish. And McCarran pointed out that he was chairman of the judiciary committee, and within forty-eight hours there were some fifty huge airplanes on the Fallon airport loaded with hay, which was dropped all over the northern part of the state, occasionally killing a sheepherder or some sheep, or something because of pinpoint bombing!

I have mentioned a number of people here who were influential. How did I see them using this? Well, I'm thinking—there, I'm thinking in terms of the—oh, precinct meetings where there would be a—oh, some of the addresses just were nonexistent. People that might be interested in going to a precinct meeting couldn't even find it. And other situations would be packed with people all of one aim in mind. The early county conventions, and even the state conventions, were pretty raw. I mean, the old "unit rule" concept of, "If a majority voted this way, well, everybody had to vote that way, type theory. And they were totally devoid of parliamentary procedure; I mean, whoever was the chairman, that's how things went. And this is what impelled some of us to subsequently become pretty unhappy with it. It was more meat axe tactics than it was the ideology in many respects.

I'll never forget after we finally had made quite a bit of headway one year that I was involved and had a pretty fair representative delegation going to the county convention and had enough of those that were on the—we were on the majority side at that point. And so we picked our chairman ahead of time; it was going to be Harry Anderson, who subsequently became city attorney and then ran against Raggio last time, you remember, and then he died not too long ago. We had

him all coached as to the proper thing to do and how to do it, and so on and so forth, and when to do it—all the young liberals, I guess you'd call them. But in between the meeting at my house at which all this was worked out and the beginning of the convention the next morning, well, the McCarran people got to Harry, and he changed the whole format on us in the middle of the show. We lost again.

The Democrats don't seem to have the same county problems nowadays as they used to. But they still do the same thing, only at a state level. This last convention was a dilly, I guess [laughing]!

The Republican conventions were always far more sedate. Oh, I do recall an episode on the state Republican in Winnemucca. Slattery, Jim Slattery, the senator, was one of Russell's vicious critics. The Republican convention was (as all political conventions do, you know) harping on the theme of harmony and everybody getting along. So on just a spur of the moment hunch I asked Russell if he'd pose for a picture with Slattery. And he said, yeah, he'd do it [laughing]. And they were just bitter enemies at the time. And so I asked Slattery the same thing, and he was enough of a goon that he'll do anything, you know. And so I got these two together, and it more or less worked out in the long run to ease some of their anger with each other. It illustrated harmony under the Republican party.

I think Russell's finest day was the time he vetoed that SB 92, which we talked about before. Where else on earth do governors face the kind of problems that they face in Nevada? The weird laws and bills that come up!

How did Vail Pittman do as governor as far as the press was concerned? He also was a newspaperman. Vail was pretty remote. And, of course, this goes back again to those days we very seldom covered him. He was accessible if you could find him, but he was—I

could never figure, really, Vail as being a newspaperman. But I know he was. He took to political gobbledygook so beautifully, you know, with his Southern accent and with statements that said nothing. Vail ultimately claimed that he was misquoted by a boy who worked for me and claimed that that cost him the 1954 election. I never was able to get to the bottom of that, as to whether he was misquoted or—. The kid that quoted him was a competent reporter, an extremely competent reporter, and he said that Vail had been tipping a bit when he made the statement by phone.

We spoke of Russell's more or less informality. Sawyer certainly had the same, especially in his earlier days, plus he had a charm and a personality that just wouldn't quit. I recall one night at the mansion at a dinner party—this was while I was still in the newspaper business, I think—and the Sawyers had help from the trusties from the prison to come wait tables and clean up the kitchen, and so on. And it was along about twelve or twelve-thirty when they were through, and several of us, including Sawyer, were still there drinking. And so it's time for the guys to go home. Well, instead of calling a police car or the sheriff's office, or anything like that, Sawyer gets out the No. 1 Lincoln and hauls the prisoners into it and is going to the penitentiary by himself at one o'clock in the morning. And I figured good Lord! If they undertake to abduct the governor or something, we've got a hell of a story. So I figured I'd better go with him, and so I climbed into the car, too. We got to the prison and the front gate was locked, so the prisoners all climbed the fence and went in [laughing]. God, what a— you wonder how government survives, really.

Sawyer had a tremendous sense of humor. I recall a number of just unrelated episodes with him. Once he was at a National

Governors Conference. And he recognized early the publicity advantage of television and certainly took full advantage of it. He gave up wearing his horn-rimmed glasses and had contact lenses. Except when he was back in the state, his image was with these horn-rimmed glasses, and people just knew him that way, so he'd have to wear those with plain glass sometimes, just to keep up the appearance that people were accustomed to.

But he tells this story on himself about how he went to a Governors Conference, and it seems to me it was in the Bahamas or something like that, and—oh, a big swanky resort, and the televisions are all there, and there are two or three governors that are really pushing for some attention. And Sawyer figured, well, he'd just better get in the limelight, himself. And he had his contact lenses on, and they were out at the pool, and the cameras are working, or something, and he gets out on the diving board and dives into the pool. When he dives in the pool, both of his contact lenses pop out. And he can't see for nothing to get out of the pool! And this television all there on him at this point [laughing].

He and Bette are characters, to say the least. For instance, if they drove across the state and they had to stop for gas, they'd never stop at a Republican filling station. And somehow, they knew every little filling station there was and whether the guy was Republican or Democrat. It'd always be a Democratic filling station.

And—oh, petty things; there was so much pettiness. It's the only thing that really disturbed me in Carson. And it wasn't unique to the Sawyers at all, I'm sure. But for instance, one drug store that Sawyer traded at for years while he was governor declined to buy one of the tickets or something to the governor's ball. And so he and Bette promptly got mad

at them and transferred their patronage somewhere else.

He was a sharp guy to deal with, though. When you're with him on business, then there's just no fooling around. He could grasp a problem and propose a solution faster than anybody I've ever encountered, I think. It was just a total waste of his time and everybody else's to go in with a long, detailed account of the problem. Because if you just give the thing to him in essence, then he could see the overall thing in a hurry and either propose a solution or tell you you're on your own; you'd better do right.

Dick Ham was his executive assistant. Dick was equally politically oriented. Every time there'd be a Homecoming parade or an Admission Day parade, or something like that, well, Dick would always run around calling state employees, telling them to assign subordinates to various street corners to cheer [laughing]. I never did do such a thing, but a lot of people did.

Sawyer couldn't tolerate political disloyalty. He was forever on my back because he claimed my office had a lot of Republicans in it. Well, frankly, I never knew whether they were Republicans or Democrats or what they were. I always explained to a new employee that I expected loyalty as his boss, and by the same token my boss expected loyalty on the job. But I never did inquire into their politics. Well, there were people in the Sawyer administration that felt that you could always determine this first and work from there. This was the area of disagreement where I collided with Sawyer, or at least with his immediate assistants.

One of our really disruptive situations developed when Laxalt was running for lieutenant governor. Whether Sawyer engineered the Democratic candidate or not, I never have known, but I didn't have

any sympathy toward it. Who was it that—Berkeley L. Bunker. So there were many Democrats from the north, I know, that just didn't go for Bunker for historic reasons, perhaps. But Sawyer was quite hurt that the people who were working for him could ever possibly wind up voting for Laxalt because he looked upon Laxalt as a threat, and quite properly. There was a bitter enmity between those two men. And whether it was all politics or whether it was something else, I've never known. But Sawyer just detested and distrusted Laxalt, and Laxalt was just the same toward Sawyer. And incidentally, between the two wives. The two wives are both hellcats, and very similar type of people. Both of them had a tendency to get a snootful and tell everybody off [laughing].

Bette Sawyer was forever at major social gatherings and [would] get two or three drinks, and some poor Republican or somebody like that would come wandering over or around, and, God, Bette would light into him. And it never seemed to bother Grant, either. This is the thing that I—I—you know. Lord, your wife—it you're governor, you'd expect her to be a little cautious at who you chew out because you might want him next week, you know. But no, Grant was always proud of her if she'd tell somebody off [laughing]. I'm trying to think of who it was that she really just ripped the hide off one night. I was embarrassed. It was at Charlie Springer's house before he went to work for the state. It was some Republican, I think.

What happened between Sawyer and Charlie Springer, I don't know, either, because I've never been able to get a reasonable explanation out of either one of them. I've talked to both of them. You know, Sawyer appointed Springer as attorney general. And Springer wound up campaigning against Sawyer in the primaries in 1966. And actually,

at the time, many of us looked at that as being just a diversionary move on Springer's part, to take some of the heat off from that—oh, that wild district attorney, Ted Marshall, they had in Las Vegas; I mean, to take some of the type of support that he might have. Actually, we all credited Sawyer with putting Springer in there. But it turned out that wasn't the case at all. So Springer and Sawyer are bitter enemies.

You have to have a certain black and white philosophy, I suspect, to be a successful politician. This guy's right and that guy's wrong, and this thing's black and that one's white. I suspect you'd be totally dead if you were more or less like Charlie Russell was, running around, well, this is partly right or partly wrong, and partly good and partly bad. There's never any of that with Sawyer. Boy, the guy was either good or no good, depending on which side he was on.

I'll speak for a few minutes about the mechanics of the newspaper business, especially of ways of gathering information. Well, there again, my job was peculiar in that I had the entire state to worry about and not a local situation. And still I had to know about a local plane crash in any city in the state, or a local murder, or some significant political development, or something like that. So there's a formal system that you develop to begin with which involves the correspondent, which was my position, the only salaried employee of the AP in the state. But then you go out and you pick usually an editor or a reporter on a small-town newspaper. In Winnemucca I had Doris Cavanaugh who was neither, but she was an interested girl (or woman) in finding bits of news about the community. And in Battle Mountain I had someone else. In Elko I had Gene Evans, who is now with Harrah's. In Ely I had—I can't remember at the moment. But in Carson City, in the early days, I had Pete Kelly, who—well, I'll explain

later. In Tonopah I had the editor of the paper down there. And then in Las Vegas, which was just an absolutely hideous arrangement, to try to cover Las Vegas from Reno, I had Jeff McCall on the *Review-Journal* and Ed Oncken on the *Sun*. And I had to have one guy on each paper because neither paper could ever report the same fact in the same way; the facts were always diametrically opposite down there, particularly in political or philosophical areas such as the story of Senator McCarthy. (Remind me to tell you about that, too. That's another story I broke.) But this was the formal network of acquiring news or information about the state. These various people that you'd have around—I had Tom Dolly in Truckee, for instance, who was a constable. Well, I would pay them—oh, my Lord, when I stop to think about it—it was a pittance for that occasional telephone call, that—well, there's been an accident and we hear this, we hear that, and maybe, "I don't know any more about it." Well, in the case of a reporter, I'd tell him, "Well, go get the information for me, for—." But in the case of somebody like Doris or Tom up there, who was not a newspaper type of person, well, then you'd have to call back to the appropriate source and try to develop the news. But then, of course, you also, in the process, develop a network of friends, a network of informants who are not paid, and why they would pass along something to you, probably the basic motive is, as the University story broke—the basic motive is probably some disgruntled professor on the verge of being fired and told some friend, and some friend would have to tell another friend who knew me and said, "Hell, this should be brought out in public," you know. And so they'll call you if it's worth mentioning, and a lot of times you would spend hours trying to track them down.

We had problems in Carson City in the early days—or I did—because I wasn't going over there myself, and, as I said, I had Pete Kelly, who became one of Russell's closest political people. But Pete Kelly at that time was the editor of the *Appeal*, and he was of such a severe Republican bent that he and Vail Pittman wouldn't talk to each other. And here I was, trying to cover the governor's office with Pete Kelly, who was not allowed in the governor's office and who wouldn't talk to the governor [laughing]. So in those days, you (the governor's number, telephone number, was number one, just like the license plate) just called number one daily and tried to get hold of Vail or Alice Maher, his confidential secretary. Then, of course, you would develop informants among the employees who sometimes wanted to squeal on their boss, or something like that.

The stringers are people that are paid. It was strictly a pittance, but the other people are, as I say, friends or acquaintances or people that'd have some personal motive to tell you about something. And, of course, I mentioned tips earlier, like a tip on Harry Bridges. Well, this was a tip that was picked up in San Francisco.

Your bureaus in other cities are alert to stories that appear in their papers that—say, the San Francisco paper runs a speculative piece on Harry Bridges going to Nevada to get married. Well, San Francisco as a matter of course would relay a message to me on the wire saying, "Understand Bridges coming there to get married." They don't know where; that's usually the case. And, of course, we always had those things out of New York in connection with divorces. They just drove you nuts! "I understand Mrs. Gotrocks is going to Nevada for a divorce. Please get a picture." I spent years struggling with New York, and I never got them to understand that Nevada

was a large state, that anybody coming for a divorce didn't necessarily walk into my office and announce it to me. As a matter of fact, they usually tried to keep it quiet.

And, of course, you made constant routine checks of routine news sources like police departments, fire departments. The wires don't have to do so much of that themselves; they can depend to a great extent on the newspapers who have leg men out. The wires, in the early days here, had just one man for each wire for the entire state. Then finally Bennyhoff got another man; so they had two for a long time while I only had one—myself. Bob Laxalt worked with Bennyhoff before he came up to the University. Of course, the situation invariably changed, too, as the wires began to serve more radio and television stations and the newspapers began to resent this. So they would not be quite so free to give you news in the morning that they weren't going to be able to print until the afternoon, and they didn't want to hear it on the afternoon radio stations or the noon broadcast. And that's still the case.

In state agencies or something, sometimes there'd be some disgruntled employee. If I can remember the episode in the Sawyer administration with the highway department beef—. Well, that stemmed from a disgruntled employee going in to Ed Allison who was then the editor of the *Appeal* in Carson City and is now Laxalt's press secretary. And that type of thing is not uncommon. Oh, I don't know. Somehow people have a false—the movies have sort of glamorized newspaper people, and so consequently sometimes I'm—. An ordinary character on the street or working somewhere, he's going to feel he can get a touch of glamor himself if he tells a newspaperman something. And, of course, the TV has supplanted that glamor a bit. For the ordinary reporter, TV has it all over him at this point.

The development of television in Nevada—our first station came in I guess it was '52 or '53. We got the contract to serve them with news, and that's when I had to start expanding my operation considerably, expanding from twelve hours a day to sixteen hours a day. But I did finally get some additional help started about that period, too.

So the wire services reprocessed news in two forms that we prepared. One is a written form for reading from the printed newspaper, and the other is in spoken form for reading over the air. So we had what we would call our "radio wire" as well as our regular news wire. When you'd get through with the writing of the stories for the news wire, then you'd have to turn around and rewrite it in oral style for the radio wire and television. Gradually, television has developed its own news staffs; radio never did very well at that, in this state, anyway. Although, oh, a station like KOB did have some progress in that area. In the early days of Reno television they had no news staff at all, and used strictly what came on the wire plus an occasional thing that they'd get on their own. But now the television stations, even in a small town like Reno, all have two or three news and camera men on their staffs.

The first [TV station] manager was a guy by the name of Harry Huey. Harry was a great guy, but Harry had a tendency to hear—he was new to Reno, and Reno is a town full of rumors, anyway—and Harry could hear rumors before they were even spread. And I think he was responsible for most of them. But he would call with the goddamnedest things. He hears of a plane crash in the middle of Virginia Street that knocked over the First National Bank building and that type of thing. You'd just run yourself ragged trying to run these things down, and it would turn out that a plane had blown over at the airport, a Piper Cub, you know. This would be the source of

his rumor, but by the time he'd get it relayed to you, it was some monumental bit of work to find the fact.

They also wanted more local coverage than the wire was ever accustomed to handling. In other words a local fire, unless it was a hotel fire or somebody killed or something like that, was of no interest outside of Reno. But the television demanded local police cases and local fire cases, local court cases. And this has in a sense brought about a change in the state's newspapers because the wires now concentrate so heavily on local news that you will read stories in the Las Vegas papers, five hundred miles away, with a Reno dateline on it, that were just totally insignificant; it has no significance to the Las Vegas person at all. But because it appears on the wire, because it was a demand of the television, it winds up in print down there. The newspapers are sloppier in a sense as a result of the invasion of television, I think.

Well, [Don] Reynolds hit Nevada, I guess with the acquisition of the *Review-Journal* in Las Vegas, and he subsequently started Channel Eight, KOLO, in Reno, and still owns that. He later acquired the *Ely Daily Times*, the Fallon paper for a while, the weekly up there, and even for a while the Winnemucca daily, and then later the *Appeal* in Carson City, and he had another television station in Las Vegas. so it certainly did become—certainly did have an impact on the state in the sense of [politics]. I mean all of his property has pretty well followed a similar political line, editorially. On the other hand, Don's political line has always been very difficult to forecast or predict because he's been on both sides of the political fence and you just don't know where he's going to be next time, you know. In all honesty, both the TV and the newspapers have operated at an absolute minimum overhead, which

resulted in an absolute minimum of service to the public. (If I get quoted on that, I'm going to get booted somewhere.) It has not been a vital contribution to the state, in my opinion. But on the other hand, newspapering is less and less economic and profitable, especially in the smaller towns. Reynolds' TV stations did gradually develop a little news staff, but then again, that was totally minimal, merely enough to get by. And it wasn't until E. L. Cord came along and started Channel Four in Reno that Reynolds' operation was forced to improve itself to some extent. Now, of course, with the KTVN, Channel Two, we have a fairly good competitive situation in Reno among television stations. But who can watch three television news programs is the problem. So the newspapers haven't really been damaged by the thing at all. And the average person still has to go back to read something—if he missed it yesterday or missed it today, he can go back and look at yesterday's paper or something.

Don has never really succeeded in his potential power, I don't think. Don wanted to get a person on the Tax Commission in connection with gambling, I know, and he later wanted one on the Gaming Commission, and was unsuccessful with both Russell and Sawyer. There was violent competition that developed between him and—oh, not Don, because Don himself has never taken a personal part in it except for counting money in Nevada's communication property. He sets overall policy, no doubt, but his primary interest has been the money. For instance, on the wire services he'll alternate. Usually the wire service that's with a newspaper or a television station is a contractual affair for one or two or five years, however long they can get them, but now it's usually down to one year. Reynolds will change; if one outfit will underbid the other by twenty dollars, he'll

switch. And his power over the wires, in a sense—he never came down to my place in it nor did he ever have any influence over news, but his influence over the administrative—the sales force of the wires was fantastic. He could call up New York and say he wanted to talk to the sales representative. Our sales representatives were usually at the executive level. The AP, I know, assigned this one guy to deal with Reynolds, and if Reynolds decided he wanted to have a party in the middle of the night with four girls at Lake Tahoe and he wanted this man at the party while in the course of making it, he'd have to get on a plane and fly out here and go to the party. He's that kind of a guy.

And this had better not be repeated, now: he is generally disliked by people that have to deal with him on a business level or work for him. Now, personally, I've always gotten along with him fine. But I've never been too close in dealing with him. I had one episode with him last year in connection with my job with the gaming board in which Don did not want the Lake Tahoe hotel, it used to be—what'd they call it? Well, the one in the Incline Village area. He did not want that one to have a gambling license. It had had a gambling license and then had changed hands and the new group was applying for a license, and Don did not want them to have a license because it was close to his summer residence up there and he didn't want gambling close to him. So he did personally come to see me and made his request. And I explained to him that I felt, really, that—what in the hell could the state do because the precedent had already been set. But he disagreed with that, and then he threatened to start a statewide news campaign to say that we were despoiling the beauties of Lake Tahoe by letting this little hotel have its slot machine. Then he said he felt that he could sway sufficient public opinion and it

would be detrimental to Sawyer and to my efforts in the gaming area, and asked me to sleep on it and call him the next day in Honolulu as to what my decision was, as to whether I'd block it myself or let it go to the general hearing. I called him in Honolulu and told him that I was going to have to go with it because they were good people. He never did launch his campaign, though, but he did send his representatives to argue before the Gaming Commission, and a number of other natural resource people from the Tahoe area, and like that did come. And it got to be quite an argument.

Our feeling was that it wasn't the state's prerogative to start zoning, that that was a local prerogative and could certainly be carried out by Washoe County. And Washoe County kept passing the buck to us and we kept passing it back, I guess.

Well, that's the first time I've said anything derogatory about anybody, and I probably shouldn't have. I don't mean that. As I say, I've always liked Don and gotten along with him well, and despite our own disagreements. But I don't think that multiple ownership of newspapers and television and radio in a state is good, whether the owner is me or Howard Hughes or anybody else, and unless newspapers reflect a variety of opinions, the people are sort of left out. The same thing is true of television, which has become a major—I think probably more people get their news from the TV now than they do from newspapers. But they still have to go back to the printed word when they miss the TV program.

Would I like to comment about some of the other newspapermen around the state? Well, [Hank] Greenspun certainly had an impact on the state, probably more so than any other single newspaperman. I have no great admiration for Greenspun personally,

but I have to acknowledge that in the early days of his crusade in Las Vegas, he certainly produced an interesting newspaper and one that contributed considerably to ending the control of the community by certain local interests that were open to favors for money. Hank has also expressed— he's another one that you never knew where he is from one day to the next. He calls himself a Republican but expresses some extremely liberal social views which I think has been good for Nevada because Nevada seldom has had people of that bent. Still, Hank is a total egomaniac; witness his campaign for governor. He is now in a position, of course, in Las Vegas where most people fear him, and fear him quite validly. He's a very sharp writer and has a very acid pen. And somehow, all the people that he attacked so vehemently always seemed to survive some way, and he hasn't won a deep love and affection from the state; I'm sure of it. Just witness the vote he got when he ran for governor.

Greenspun carried pretty much the national campaign against McCarthy. I mean, the thing got instigated by him, and he spoke up when others were damn fearful of speaking up. Many of his columns were picked up and used around the country and served to give moral support to those who felt that McCarthy was indeed an evil influence.

My relationship with [Senator Joseph] McCarthy was a funny one. He had made this speech in Washington—when was this? This was—began about 1951 or so, I guess—saying he knew of twenty-seven card carrying Communists in the State Department. And the reporters apparently hadn't really been covering the speech or anything, and McCarthy ducked out before anyone was able to pursue him and to find out, get him to amplify that statement. He flew to Chicago or somewhere and made another speech

in which the number of communists in the State Department had increased from—my figures may not be accurate here—but had increased from about twenty-seven to sixty. And once again, he eluded the press. And his next speech was here [in Reno]. And by that time, Washington and New York, of course, were vitally interested in pinning the guy down and, "Let's get a little more of what you're talking about. These are pretty serious charges."

So he arrived in Reno on a Saturday morning to make a speech that night. I forget; was it a Republican gathering? Yeh, I guess it was a Republican gathering, and Frank McCulloch—McCulloch is now senior correspondent for *Time* and *Life* in Asia and will take over the *Life* bureau at Washington I think next January. But anyway, Mac and I found McCarthy after some elementary deducing in [Senator George] Malone's office above the old Sierra Pacific Power Company building, which was where the new First National Bank building is now. We walked in on him unannounced. We were just looking, actually, when we went to Malone's office, and there was no secretary there or anything. So we opened the door—and it was unlocked—and walked in and encountered McCarthy talking on the phone, obviously to his Washington headquarters or his Washington staff or something. The whole gist of his questioning and comments were, "Well, how is it going? Are we making an impact? Are we getting some publicity out of it?" And all the time he was talking he was doing this, though [hitting his teeth]. I mean, he had a pen in his hand and he was pounding it against his front teeth, which basically hurts, to me! But he kept doing that, and then once more he hit the phone with his pen. So we just stood there; he didn't stop and order us out of there or anything, and so we just stood there while he

continued his conversation with Washington. And it was obvious that he was getting a publicity machine going, you know, and was wondering whether he should increase the gear or do what next, you know.

So when he got off the phone, we started to talk to him and asked him about this business of pounding the pen against his teeth. And he said, "Well, that was in case the line was bugged. That would interfere with somebody listening in on the line."

And so Mac and I, we took—tried to interview him in a bit of depth about his allegation of Communists in the State Department and asked him if he could name some names for us.

Well, he did. He named names. Oh, one of them—well, I probably shouldn't try to remember names unless I—. He named three or four eminent people, professors and some eminent people in the State Department, higher echelon people—three or four—four of them as I recall. And I asked him would he name these names in his speech that night because I didn't want to run them as a matter of interviewing unless he was really on the record on it. And his reply to that was, "Young man, I know more about libel than you do. I'm a lawyer." And so [laughing] I didn't run his interview at all, I mean as far as saying, "Joe McCarthy called these people a Communist," because that was a pretty touchy situation. And New York agreed. Under circumstances of that type of interview in which there were only two of us there, well, we'd better not run the risk, but to make sure that we watched the speech, and if he said it in the speech, then we could be on a little safer ground perhaps.

So we got—oh, it was Sadie Jackson, wife of Joe Jackson of the *Gazette*—it seems to me she could take shorthand—and we got Sadie to go to the speech with us and take the damn thing down in shorthand. And I

never had a harder time trying to write a story out of a speech in my life as I did out of that one. The man just talked circles; everything was by inference, allusion, never a concrete statement of fact. It was just a horrible thing! I finally had to end up telegraphing the entire text for *New York* because I couldn't—the story I did write they weren't satisfied with because it was so vague, and so I telegraphed the entire text to them, and they weren't able to do any better with it themselves! But he did increase the number of Communists once again in his speech here to, oh, around two hundred or something, Communists in the State Department. And he didn't name the people that he'd given us the names of in the earlier interview. So I was, frankly, totally disillusioned with Senator McCarthy at that point as being a phony.

Whereupon Senator McCarthy, myself, and McCulloch—who the hell else? There was some other Republican figure, I'm sure—we all repaired to the Mapes bar. And by three or four o'clock in the morning we were stony drunk, all of us, McCarthy the worst of all. And he and McCulloch and I got into a brawl of hollering back and forth at each other about what a phony he was, and what a phony we were, and so on and so forth. McCarthy, being an Irishman, was hot-tempered, and we were a little on the hot-tempered side ourselves by that time. We were totally frustrated trying to cover a major national story, and we couldn't make sense out of the man. I recall McCarthy, literally screaming at us that one of us had stolen his list of Communists so he couldn't produce them. Well, [laughing] we had been passing notes back and forth during the evening—I mean, documents in support of this and that and the other thing—and he claimed he gave us his list of Communists, which at that point had gone to some two hundred or more. The last personal memory

I have of Senator McCarthy is we all staggered out and Senator McCarthy was screaming at me that I'd stolen his list of two hundred and twenty-seven Communists [laughing].

A later episode, the next time McCarthy came to the state, I didn't have anything personally to do with it, but I was very interested. By that time I was convinced the man was a total fraud. He came to Las Vegas to make a speech—and this goes back to Greenspun. Greenspun had been his principal detractor, and, of course, he'd gained a lot of headway nationally, even by then. This, I guess, was during the Mechling campaign. It was that McCarthy came to Las Vegas to make a speech on behalf of Malone; that was it. And Greenspun and his wife, Barbara, showed up at the hall—and this was a story that really never got—I mentioned earlier the divergence in the reporting of fact by the Las Vegas newspapers. Well, by that time we had shifted the control of Las Vegas pretty much to our Los Angeles bureau, particularly at night, you know, on national stuff, so that the stringers wouldn't be calling me, they would call Los Angeles. Well, Los Angeles detested Greenspun with a passion. They thought he was a red Commie themselves. This was the boss's idea down there; it was a personal thing—detested Greenspun, and so they would never accept anything from the his paper as being accurate; they'd accept it from the other paper, which, of course, was a totally wrong approach, because the other—neither one of them were accurate.

I listened to the thing on radio, and as a matter of fact, recorded it and had the wire—it was a wire recorder. McCarthy had made his speech and then started to needle Greenspun in the speech to get back at him for all the writing he'd done. He got to a point where he said—it was just a dire attack on Mr. Greenspun—he got to a point where he said,

“And this ex-Communist....” Well, he meant “ex-convict,” but he said “ex-Communist.” He was so hung up on that word. It was a Freudian slip. At this, Greenspun took offense and Barbara took offense. And they both got up and Greenspun rushed to the stage and literally ran McCarthy out of the auditorium, took the microphone away from him. And you never saw that story in the national newspapers because it was not reported by the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, which would not give credit to Greenspun for anything. And so the wires—neither one of the wires ever carried a story on that. It was a [laughing] weird episode and a weird example of Nevada journalism.

In connection with Greenspun, I don't have any great personal admiration for him, but I do have great respect for him. There's not many other editors around the state that I can say the same. Many of them I like, but most of them are pretty namby-pamby.

Joe McDonald, who was the editor of the *Journal* for so many years, was oriented totally to McCarran. So anything that McCarran did or said was right, and anything anybody else said or did that was not in agreement with McCarran was wrong.

John Sanford, who's a fine character and a good personal friend, is totally Neanderthal in his approach to political and social life. It's just got to be black Republican or else, as far as John's concerned [laughing].

Chris Sheerin—well, I know, but I—he's the Elko editor, one of the old-timers still around. Chris is—oh, I don't think ever made too much of an impact, although I'm sure he had in his own community. He's tried to be pretty much of a fair-minded type of guy.

Al Cahlan I never really knew too well. He was the editor of the *Review-Journal*. His brother, John, was—[laughing] was city editor or managing editor or something. And that

was sort of a mish-mash. When Reynolds came in, it got to be worse.

One of the classic newspaper feuds which would almost bring you back to the *Territorial Enterprise* days, or Hearst and Pulitzer, or people like that, occurred in Las Vegas in modern history between the Reynolds organization, the *Review-Journal*, and Greenspun. Reynolds finally imported Denver Dickerson—when was it Denver came? I remember this story because it's an interesting—. Reynolds imported Denver Dickerson to start a daily column in competition with Greenspun's. And Dickerson, who is no mean writer himself with satiric pens—less acid than Greenspun's, but a very good satirical man—and the columns, the competing columns by Greenspun and Dickerson, went to an absolute low of personal journalism. And they're well worth going back through the files to find.

That was the period of—oh, was that—let's see, Charlie was elected in '50 and '54. Well, then it would either be '50 or '54. Dickerson, incidentally, was the son of an exgovernor and brother of our present attorney general and brother of the present chairman of the Gaming Commission. It was interesting when Denver was for years the editor of the *Nevada Appeal* for a while and then took over the *Labor News* in Reno. And he wrote this very good political column named "Salmagundi." But he was one of the severest detractors of Pat McCarran for years and years and years. This went back to an old family feud, I think, between the Dickersons and McCarrans, a political feud. Denver carried on and he rode the old man's back week after week after week, and every chance he'd get he'd just ride him to death. (This story you should get from Norman Biltz.) Finally, old man McCarran decided that—(this is a story you should get

from Dickerson, too)—that he'd had enough and something ought to be done to pacify Denver. And he was starving to death on the damn *Labor News* anyway, so he was in a position to be pacified. And apparently they got together, and—this is the result—Dickerson wound up in Rangoon in a federal job, and subsequently he wound up as the secretary of Guam. But it was only through peace that he made with McCarran that—ask Biltz about this some time. I'm sure he had a major hand in it [laughing].

I'm trying to think of one other story I know about Dickerson. The phrase used in the Senate when the president makes an appointment of some individual that the senator feels is personally obnoxious to him came into play when Dickerson at one point along the line—. I can't recall the detail; but it was before they reached their final compromise. Apparently the senator had suggested that Dickerson be appointed to some minor thing or something or other, and Dickerson sent a telegram to the appointing agency saying he refused to accept it because McCarran was personally obnoxious to *him*! [laughing] God, what characters!

Frank McCulloch was one of the state's good newspapermen. Frank came back from the Marine Corps in 1945, just about the same time I was transferred down here from Boise. So we were both pretty well starting out together. Frank had had a little bit of experience before he went into the service, and I'd had some, a little, more perhaps. But Mac first became sports editor, then subsequently police reporter. And he was a great police reporter.

One of our best crime stories we've ever had around here was the so-called Redfield burglary in which a three million dollar safe was stolen from a closet in Laverne Redfield's bedroom.

And I got onto that story—and this is another example of wire service in competition. I talked about Bennyhoff and UP. We had another guy here by the name of Ed Reinhart, who worked for the International News Service, which subsequently has merged into UPI. Ed was not on a full-time salary then, but he was a stringer for INS, and he was certainly a—he was a better newspaperman, much older than either Bob or I, and he was certainly a good one. So Ed would frequently beat both Bennyhoff and myself on a good story. And hell, he had to do everything by telegraph. He didn't have a teletype at all. So if he was going to beat us, he'd have to beat us by two or three hours to even get into the San Francisco office.

The Redfield burglary story broke at a time when Bennyhoff and I were both in Carson City on some other deal. And apparently Reinhart got the first tip on the Redfield story and filed it by telegraph about four o'clock in the afternoon. And with a three million-dollar burglary figure in it, which is a hell of a story! Well, apparently the INS didn't believe him. I guess they didn't; they didn't file it onto their wires.

I got back from Carson just about, oh, ten minutes or so before Bennyhoff did and walked into the office—and I don't recall where I got the tip on this thing but I didn't, and I couldn't pin it down. Nobody would confirm it; nobody would talk—nothing. And I went roaring over to the police station, and here Peggy Trego, who was a girl reporter type for the *Journal*, is in the goddamn place typing up the investigators' reports for them. This is why she was a heck of a police reporter, too. She'd offer her typing abilities to type up the reports. We knew that she must be working on this thing, but we couldn't get in there; the cops wouldn't let us in and the police chief wouldn't let us in, and the whole thing was

a mess! I couldn't pin anything down; I was frantically trying to pin this thing down. It was certainly a bulletin story.

Jack Streeter, who was then the district attorney, came wandering in the front door of the police department. I spied him and got away from the other group of reporters who were hanging around, and I hit Jack, asked him what he knew about this thing and Jack said, "I don't know even where it is." But he's got this sheet of paper in his hand, and I literally ripped it away from him, and there were enough fundamental details to get going on the story. So as I ran from the police station heading back to my office, well, in comes Bennyhoff a-panting and a-puffing, because he had just discovered the tip, too. And [laughing] so I got back there a good twenty minutes before Bob had been able to get his story out, and I filed mine as a bulletin on the wire, and my goddamn San Francisco office wouldn't believe it either!

And here INS's is sitting in their office in San Francisco and mine's sitting in *my* office in San Francisco, and Bennyhoff finally gets back—the last of the three of us—and filed his, and UP didn't think twice about it. They shot it East, and New York starts—I don't know what ever happens in the New York office. I swear that each concern must have one of the opposition teletypes in it. Because the minute one of us got a hot story, the other outfit knows about it right away in New York. So New York promptly was rocketing San Francisco and Reno for this big burglary story. And San Francisco's had it at that point for half an hour and hasn't filed the damn thing.

McCulloch, as I mentioned, was quite a police reporter, and he had developed some very good sources over the period. We never could get to Redfield the next day at all. And by this time, of course, *Life* magazine has flown people in here, and San Francisco, and

the eastern papers have flown people out, and were all converged out in the cold yard behind Redfield's old house up on Mount Rose [Street] there. And the old man won't let us in; he won't talk to us; he won't have any part of it. So everything was done in pretty hazy fashion for a few days. But finally, after the out-of-town press had pretty much given up and disappeared, well, McCulloch and I made a project to go to work on the old man, and we finally won his confidence a little bit and went in to see him. We became pretty well acquainted with him. Oh, he'd tell us the details of the dog taking the ham bone offered to him by the burglars, and so on and so forth. So we developed a pretty good story. But we were also playing detective a bit. Of course, the FBI had flown in one of their top people and an entire staff of guys to go to work on the robbery. It looked like military headquarters down at the post office. The FBI got in a man by the name of D. K. Brown, who came in to take charge, a real sharp guy and a real sharp guy with the press, too, which not too many of the FBI guys are. But Brown wasn't about to give us anything or tell us anything, but he was just—you know, a pat you on the head type of thing.

But Mac McCulloch came up with a source out of Fernley to the effect that in the background of this damn crime somewhere was a woman. And so we went out to Redfield's house, decided to talk it over with him. The FBI at this point was still combing around for robbers and criminals and things like that. They had Redfield in the front room of his house. Mac and I get into the kitchen—Redfield answers our knock and we entered the kitchen, and we told the old man, "Look. We've got a good sneaking suspicion there's a woman in this case somewhere, and maybe you'd better level with us." Well, the old boy got white! His wife was there. We didn't say

this in front of the wife, but his wife was there, and he was with the FBI, and everything else. He didn't tell us anything, and he wouldn't confirm it, of course; he denied it. But by virtue of the fact that we held him away from the FBI that long, the FBI knew that we knew something. So they got Mac and I that night, and we met on neutral territory at the bar at the Mapes—D. K. Brown, McCulloch, and myself. And we established a pretty good working liaison at that point. And we gave our suspicions of a woman and a few other little concrete facts to the FBI which they didn't know, and—for what I'd say to them—and D. K. Brown gave us not anything too concrete but at least would help us avoid inaccurate speculation.

And that turned out to be the weirdest damn case. We had one other meeting like that, in which McCulloch had come up with a possible hiding place of some money underneath an old guest house out at the end of Dickerson Road off of Second Street. And gee, the FBI—within an hour after we passed that information along to Brown—went out there and raided this place, and he came up with \$57,000 out of an overstuffed chair.

The denouement, of course, was the ultimate arrest of this French divorcee with whom Mr. Redfield had been having a quiet little affair while his wife was out of town. And there again, there should be a book written on this case, or at least a Confidential magazine article, because the testimony in the public trial was absolutely fascinating. The woman here for a divorce—she apparently got her divorce from a prominent physician in Canada. She'd get into these bedroom interludes with old man Redfield, and what had happened was that he'd get panting and he finally offered her the safe if she could get it. And this he admitted himself, that he did tell her that she could have what's in it if she

could get it. And then he would open it and show her all this money—hundred-dollar bills and thousand-dollar bills, all this junk in there; and he had jewels and everything else, and it just preyed on the girl.

So finally she decided she'd try to get it. And her story was that she didn't know how to do it or anything like that, so she'd better go contact a hoodlum. And in her apartment, one day, where she was staying, a screen or a window or something had been broken, and the landlord sent around a guy to fix it. Well, she looked at him and she said, "By God, he looks like a hoodlum." So she confided in him and set forth her plan—she never met the man before in her life!—and tells him what her plan is and of this money in this place, and so on and so forth. And hell, this intrigued him! So he gets his brother, who is an ex-boxer, involved in it. And then they decide that by golly, they'd better—this was too big a deal for them—they'd better go and get some professional hoodlums. So they drive back to Detroit. It runs like a book, you know [laughing]. And they made contact with the professional convicts that were free, out of jail at the moment.

By the time the whole damn thing was over, there were seven or eight people involved in this thing. And the funniest part, they apparently went into the house, in broad daylight, with a pickup truck, and this huge, heavy safe. Jean Michaud, the girl, had staked the place out; she knew that Redfield was gambling downtown somewhere, and Mrs. Redfield showed up at a fashion luncheon at the Riverside. And so she gave the signal and the two local boys went in and—three of them, I guess there were—and dragged the safe. The dog was there, and so they reached in the icebox and get this ham bone and give it to the dog. And this hurt Redfield's feelings more than anything because it was a waste

of food, and he hates to waste things—to pacify the dog with the ham bone. And they dragged the safe out of the bedroom closet and dragged it across—you could see the marks on the kitchen floor where it's been dragged. Somehow or other, they cart it around to the driveway and load it in the back of the pickup truck and drive blithely away. In broad daylight! [Laughing] And, oh, Jesus, what Katzenjanuner stories, you know!

They end up that night out at a ranch on Mount Rose Road. And here, all the big safecracking experts that they brought in, imported from the East, aren't able to open the goddamn safe, not with their explosives, with their tools and everything else, all that stuff. (This story I'm piecing together from things that came to me years later.) So the ex-boxer, a guy by the name of Firpo, he was called—Firpo. Firpo; that's his nickname out of his boxing background. Firpo wound up having to beat the safe open with a sledge. And years later he kept beefing because the easterners got a cut when they were supposed to be opening the safe. And he, and nobody else did it. "I hadda beat it." [Laughing] Firpo beat it open, and they all sat out there at the ranch and split up their money right then and there.

One of the eastern boys promptly came to town, gathered himself up a girl, and gee, they went out and had a wing-ding that night—big party, and so on and so forth.

The next morning he decides he needs some new clothes. So he goes into Hatton's, I think it was, and buys himself all new socks and underwear, shirts, and picked out a couple of suits. And while he was in—he carried this money in his coat, in a wallet in his coat. So he doesn't want it to hang in the change room while he's trying on a suit. So he picks up the coat and hands it to the girl to hold this for him. Well, Christ, all night long she'd seen this

man with reams of hundred-dollar bills, and so on and so forth. Well, it was too much for her. She took off while he was in there trying on these pants [laughing]!

And that's how the solution to the thing finally developed. The girl took the money home, and when she discovered the amount—it was some fabulous amount—she was just absolutely horrified and didn't know what in the world to do with it. She was expecting, oh, three or four hundred bucks, or a thousand bucks. It was—oh, I think each share was well over a hundred thousand, and so she rolled it all up and put it in the bottom of the dish soap box underneath her sink and left it there for a week. Then, of course, she read about the burglary and all that. So it was about ten days or so before, the money just began to burn a hole in her, too. So she took out, oh, a little bit of it, including a one hundred-dollar bill. (The old man had the serial numbers of every hundred dollar bill in that safe, and the police had them by this time.) And she went down to the Riverside and she started gambling—winning and losing—and just modest amounts. Finally, she threw the hundred-dollar bill on the table, playing craps. And by this time all casinos had been alerted on the hundred dollar bills, and they were supposed to have them cashed at the cashier instead of on the tables. And this was just a general rule in Reno because of the theft. So they made her go to the cashier, which she did, not suspecting anything. At that point, the cashier read the serial number on the bill, and by God, here it was, on the list. Well, what do you do now! You know. You can't call the cops, you know that, not in that kind of a joint anyway! In those days, it was owned by the Wertheimers. And so the cashier calls Mert Wertheimer, and the girl is ushered into Mert's office. (And Mert, himself, told me later on.) He asked her, well, where did she

get the hundred-dollar bill? Well, gambling. And then he asked her a lot of questions, not getting very satisfactory answers. Finally, he says, "Well, are you one of us?"

And the girl says, "One of you?"

"Are you one of us, are you in the rackets?"

The girl says, "No."

Well, Mert says, "Well, God damn it, I've got to call the cops!" [laughing] Which he did, very reluctantly [laughing]. And as he recounted the thing to me that night, he was still reluctant. He knew he hated to turn the girl over to the cops, but what else could he do?! She wasn't one of his! [laughing]

That led to the final breaking of the case, all because this guy was changing his pants and the girl ran out with the money and—. Oh, and was he a hot character! He ruined the whole thing.

So really, somebody should compile this thing. There's this guy that writes for *True* magazine, old crime stories. But this one is just too precious.

GAMING CONTROL IN NEVADA

THE LAW, THE BOARD, AND THE COMMISSION

Well, I actually started covering gambling—the control agency—in 1945 or '46. We might just review a bit of the history of the control of gambling in the state. Actually until 1945, there was no state tax on gambling and no state interest in its regulation or control. It was in '45 that the legislature enacted a one percent tax on the gross win of the casinos. This was strictly a revenue measure. As a means of collecting revenue, or organizing it, they required a state license for the first time. Prior to that time, licensing and control had always been in the hands of the counties and the cities.

By 1947, it became evident that not only was gambling a revenue producer for the state, but it would also require a state control, and this was the first effort started in that direction. Robbins Cahill was at that time the secretary of the state Tax Commission. And since the first gambling licensing law was basically a revenue measure, it was put under the

jurisdiction of the Tax Commission. And so it fell to Bob Cahill in 1947 to start organizing a—oh, an investigative effort to see who was coming into gambling in Nevada, and at the same time to try in the most rudimentary manner to control or inspect gambling to eliminate cheating and other fraud activities with which it was so frequently associated.

Bob, at the outset, I think, had only one helper, a guy by the name of Bill Gallagher. Gradually they acquired a very, very few people to try to investigate applicants and try to inspect the various casinos around the state. And obviously it was an impossible task, but they did the best they could with it.

It must be remembered that these were the days right after World War II, when the nation's population as a whole began to swing from the austerity of the war to recreation, to money spending, fun-seeking. This started a major boom in Reno, promoted to a great extent, of course, by Harolds Club with their nationwide advertising. But at the same time it pointed a finger at Nevada for those who were in gambling activities in the East but at that

time were suffering from the law enforcement crackdown in Detroit and Chicago and Miami and New York and other cities. So they suddenly discovered the potential of Reno and Las Vegas, which began your westward movement of a number of characters of questionable background.

The Flamingo was probably the first of these, with Bugsy Siegel getting that one organized and built and subsequently being assassinated himself, but not in Nevada. And more and more groups from the East who were people frankly illegal back there—not necessarily racketeers or hoodlums or anything else, but who were certainly in an anti-social activity—began to seize the thing that Nevada offered them— one, freedom from law enforcement harrassment because it was legal; and two, a chance to, for the first time, become a part of the community and become respectable. And this, to many of them, was more important than the potential financial profit that was available from gambling. For the first time, their children could go to schools and they could attend churches and they weren't looked down upon in Las Vegas as being hoodlums. They became pillars of the community, leaders of the community; and unquestionably, many of them were responsible for much of the success of Las Vegas today, guys like Moe Dalitz and Sam Tucker of the DI [Desert Inn]. I mention those just as guys who are still around—oh, a guy like Carl Cohen, who came to the Sands, or helped organize the Sands, and has one of the strongest and levellest heads in the business down there yet today, although both the Sands and the Desert Inn have been acquired now by Howard Hughes.

But going back to the control of gambling during this period from '45 to '50, more and more people from other parts of the country were coming in and theoretically representing

different groups or organizations in the East, and the state realized that it had a bear by the tail all of a sudden.

So the legislature began strengthening the gambling law, and has successively done so almost every session since. The tax has progressively gone up, until finally in 1955—it's odd that it took ten years, but it did take ten years for the legislature to recognize that indeed, it was going to take some money to enforce this law and to regulate the industry. So it was at that point, in 1955, that it created the Gaming Control Board, which was a board of three full-time people whose salaries were set at what was then the astronomical sum of \$15,000 a year. I think it was only a thousand dollars less than the governor got. It was more money than the superintendent of the mental hospital got, the doctor; and it was more money than the president of the University got; it was really a substantial sum and was set very, very high deliberately by the legislature as a means of putting these people beyond temptation from bribery and corruption and things which had been associated with gambling in the East.

The law was unique from its inception in 1955 on, and it basically hasn't changed tremendously since then. There was a lot of sound thinking that went into it. The three man Gaming Control Board, although a very powerful group, was never placed in a position by law where it had the ultimate authority to either issue a license or take away a license. That ultimate authority went to, in those days, the Tax Commission still, which was a body of laymen made up of people'—oh, one from the mining industry, another from the real estate or representing land, another one representing banking, another representing the public utilities, another one representing the livestock industry, plus the governor, himself, who was the chairman of

the Tax Commission. In the very early days, I think initially, there was also a representative on the Tax Commission from the gambling industry, a man by the name of William Moore of Las Vegas. However, if my memory serves me right, he served only one brief term. And the law subsequently evolved in such a way that a representative of the gambling industry is prohibited from serving either on the Commission or the Board.

It was the Tax Commission which made the ultimate ruling as to whether or not a license was to be issued or to be taken away. But it acted upon the recommendation of the professional board, the full-time board. In that year (1955) the tax finally was raised to a maximum—well, on a sliding scale, depending upon the amount of the gross, it was raised so it ranged from three percent to five and a half percent of the gross, which provided considerably more money for staff and the concept of hiring undercover agents to examine the possible cheating operations and to make more extensive investigations into the background of people, and so on and so forth. That was, in a way, almost like closing the barn door after the horse had finally slipped into the corral because the people who had come in that immediate postwar period, there wasn't really much you could do with them at that point; you couldn't throw them out, by virtue of you created a new law or a new policy. So we just sort of lived with them. And to this day we're still living with some of them. But as I say, the concept of respectability plus the realization that this was indeed a profitable enterprise led many of them to take the leadership themselves in trying to protect gambling against inroads from undesirables.

I think the first year, '55-'56, around there, I think their budget for the control of gambling in the state was probably around \$150,000. And they did keep it at pretty much

of a minimum on through up to '59. I think by '59 it was probably not more than \$250,000. When the Gaming Control Act was passed, initially the Board was composed of three members. Initially, they were rather definite qualifications set forth in the law that one member had to be versed in governmental administration, another one versed in investigative work, and another versed in the financial or auditing work.

By 1959, after this law had been in operation for about four years—the Gaming Control Act of 1955 did not envision a gaming commission as we know it today. The Board worked in conjunction with the Tax Commission; it recommended licenses and denial of licenses and withdrawal of licenses to the Tax Commission, which functioned as a judicial and final deciding body. However, the chairman of the Gaming Control Board also by law served as the secretary of the Commission. And this led to much misunderstanding and criticism. The criticism was that the chairman of the Board was serving essentially as prosecutor, judge, and jury, because of his dual relationship with the Board and with the Tax Commission. And it was this reform, so-called reform, which was the basis of Sawyer's proposal to revamp the Gaming Control Act in 1959.

Sawyer's people at that time made a lot of noise about strengthening the act and vastly changing it. And this wasn't surely accurate, though. Basically the act followed the original pattern, except it substituted a Gaming Commission for the Tax Commission on the premise that gaming had grown to the point where the Tax Commission, with all its other duties of trying to solve intergovernmental budget problems and then collecting mines taxes, and things of that nature, no one really had time to devote the proper amount of study to the gaming problem.

The '59 act also had a major provision which did not exist—it existed only implicitly, or impliedly—in the '55 act. And that was the concept of the common law or writs (such as injunction). In the earlier days when the Board and the Tax Commission would undertake to halt gambling in an establishment because of cheating or something of that nature, the first thing the attorneys for the respondents or defendants would do would be go to a court and seek an injunction which would prevent the state administrative body from enforcing its closure order. These were generally set aside by the Supreme Court, so that precedent developed by the court, but it wasn't until 1959 that that actually came into the law itself, and was a significant element in strengthening the powers of the state agencies.

Membership on the Gaming Commission had very few qualifications. A man had to be a citizen of the United States and a resident of the state of Nevada. He could not be a member of the legislature or a person holding any elective office in the state government, nor any office or official of any political party. The legislature expressed its intention that the Commission be composed of the most qualified persons available, preferably no two of whom should come from the same profession or major field of industry. Then it went on to specifically hold that no person actively engaged or having a direct pecuniary interest in gaming activities should be a member of the Commission. And it also provided that no more than three members of the Commission—there were five members, and no more than three could be of the same political affiliation as the governor. So consequently, Sawyer, who appointed the first Gaming Commission, of necessity had to appoint two Republicans. He undertook to replace the three members of the Control Board, also. The original three members of

the Board, incidentally, were Robbins Cahill as chairman, who simultaneously still served as secretary of the Tax Commission; Newell Hancock, a CPA in Reno; and William V. Sinnott, a former FBI man and newspaper publisher in Pennsylvania and Washington. Hancock stayed, I think, only a year or two and was succeeded by Bill Gallagher, whom we mentioned before.

Then we go on to '59, when Sawyer was elected. There had been a general criticism in the industry, and even out, of the structure of the Board at that point, because with Cahill as chairman of the Board and secretary of the Commission, the chief executive officer of the so-called judicial body, it appeared he was wearing two or three hats at the same time. And the industry objected to that. There were several classic disciplinary actions instituted in those four years with that board, among them being the New Star cheating case in Winnemucca, and the one that had been initiated back before, of course, was the one involving Marion Hicks and Cliff Jones and the Thunderbird Hotel and their alleged permission to allow Jake Lansky to have secret interests.

Anyway, with the election of Sawyer, he felt that there should be some changes, although he did not fire Cahill as was popularly believed. He gave him his choice of remaining either as chairman of the Gaming Control Board or as secretary of the Tax Commission, and told him he was going to undertake to change the law so that one man couldn't hold both jobs simultaneously. And Bob, who at that point had actually been in the control of gambling for some ten years, was practically exhausted. I mean—he told me this himself—he chose the lesser paying job as secretary of the Tax Commission.

Cahill, incidentally, as of this time, is the executive secretary of the Nevada Resort

Hotel Association, a trade group comprised of the major Las Vegas hotels.

Sawyer's first Gaming Commission, if I recall correctly, was composed of Miles Pike, an attorney in Reno; Bert Goldwater, also an attorney in Reno; Pete Walters, a former Elko resident who at that time, I think, was in the real estate business in Reno; James Hotchkiss, a Las Vegas Republican (Walters also was a Republican; Hotchkiss, a Las Vegas Republican who owned an armored car service); and Norman Brown, the only holdover from the old Tax Commission that was on the original Gaming Commission. I think that's the five original ones. Pike subsequently resigned for an appointment to the supreme court. He was replaced by Milton Keefer, a Las Vegas attorney.

Keefer and Hotchkiss were both former agents of the FBI and approached gambling with almost the philosophy of a policeman. Brown had had many years of experience on the Tax Commission and approached the function of the Gaming Commission with perhaps more of a tempered attitude. Goldwater was in many ways almost antigambling. Walters had some experience or at least business relationships with the industry, and I suspect was less—well, he'd be more on the ground. And when I used the word "ground," perhaps it's close to a little more tempered attitude. This isn't implying criticism of Keefer or Hotchkiss at all. Walters would be more inclined to overlook some of the pecadillos that naturally developed in the business. Pete Petersen, a former Reno postmaster who subsequently succeeded Goldwater and came onto the Commission at the same time I went onto the Board, is a total politically oriented individual, and I'm sure that many of his decisions certainly reflected a political knowledge and background. He is quite a man.

Now, as I've said, the Board that went into the Sawyer administration from the old regime was composed of Bob Cahill as chairman. Bob had been associated with gaming control since its inception in 1946, although chairman of the Gaming Control Board since its formation in 1955. William Sinnott was a member of the Board and now is an executive assistant to Governor Laxalt. And the third member of the Board was William Gallagher, who now is office manager for the Gaming Control Board in the Las Vegas office.

And Sawyer—he had many, many virtues and some faults— and one of his faults was his way of dealing with personnel indirectly. Sinnott and Gallagher remained on the Board along through the first six months of the new administration. Sawyer in the meantime hired a guy by the name of Ray Abbaticchio, who was a very widely-known FBI man who had just retired. He had been the Special Agent in charge of a number of major FBI bureaus in various metropolitan cities. So he was really quite a prestige addition to the Board. Sawyer named Abbaticchio as chairman I think along about—oh, July first of his first year in office—it was '59—and apparently sent Abbaticchio up to ask Sinnott to remain. But Sinnott got his nose out of joint because Sawyer sent Abbaticchio up to ask him instead of asking him himself, and so he quit. And Gallagher was offered a post of chief investigator with the Board, and he ultimately quit, so Sawyer wound up adding to the Board—he at that point had a whole board to fill. This was, oh, six or eight months after he took office. So Abbaticchio was chairman and Sawyer appointed George Ullom, who had been active in Sawyer's campaign; and Ned Turner, who had been the supreme court clerk for many years, and who was, likewise, an active Democrat. And so consequently, we can't

really criticize Laxalt too much for picking active campaign Republicans for *his* people.

Ullom was an odd duck, and he, by—oh, by '60, it became obvious to Sawyer that he'd made a mistake there. In any event, fortuitously, Ullom resigned from the Board to become city manager, I think it was, of Las Vegas, which created another opening to which Sawyer appointed W. E. Leypoldt, "Butch" Leypoldt of Las Vegas, who had been—who was at that time and had been for some time the sheriff of Clark County.

I will never forget Abbaticchio's reaction, not to the appointment of Leypoldt, but to the quotation that appeared in the newspapers from Butch upon his resignation as sheriff and acceptance of the state appointment. Well, the newspapers, as they always do, are wont to ask a new appointee what his reaction is, and he always comes up with a trite statement about the challenge and what a responsibility and new duties assuming, and so on and so forth, very formal and trite. Well, Butch was quoted in the paper merely as saying he resigned as sheriff to join the Board because of the shorter hours and higher pay [laughing]. And Mr. Abbaticchio, who was quite a pompous individual, was wounded by such a candid statement. Well, Butch, from there ever after, brought to the Board exactly that type of candidness. Whenever there was something on his mind, he expressed it, plainly and concisely. Mr. Abbaticchio was an extremely competent, albeit pompous, ex-FBI man. He was a little Mr. Hoover.

In those first two years, it was a pretty hectic operation. Abbaticchio was a guy who was "total cop," total police oriented, and he issued orders and barked orders and expected the world to follow him, just as they did when he was in the FBI. And it didn't quite work that way in Nevada, and there grew up more and more resentment against not what Ray was

trying to do so much, but the way in which he did it and the way in which he approached the full—. He was totally lacking in finesse, although he thought he was the greatest finesse artist on earth; he just wasn't.

The legislature finally put the heat on Sawyer in 1961 to get rid of Abbaticchio. Now, in all fairness, it must be said, too, that Ray was enjoying a late youth in Las Vegas, and these stories got back, got circulating around the state. And it was becoming more and more embarrassing to Sawyer. On the other hand, when individual legislators did try to force Sawyer to fire Abbaticchio, Sawyer stuck by him, which I really respected him for.

I had come into the picture myself only about three or four months before the legislative session came up. I quit the AP in Sacramento and moved up here to work in a created position as the assistant secretary of the Gaming Commission. But the primary function that was assigned to me was to try to bring some order into the thing and some communication between the Commission and the Board because they had fallen apart. [Milton W.] Keefer, who was chairman of the Commission, and another member of the Commission, Jimmy Hotchkiss, both were former FBI men themselves; and at one time along the line in their earlier lives, Abbaticchio had worked for them in the FBI. And so they didn't think much of Abbaticchio, and he didn't think much of them, and the division between the Commission and the Board, which had to work closely together, just became greater and greater to the point where there was just virtually no communication. They were competing with each other instead of trying to accomplish what they were created for. And so it was assigned to me, privately by Sawyer, to try to bring these people together and to try to end the controversy that was flaring in the newspapers all the time.

I gradually did make some progress with Abbaticchio so he would at least go out to coffee with some of the Commission people and sit down and discuss problems and things of that nature. But by the same token, he kept getting more and more interested in some of the chorus girls, and they caught that in Las Vegas, and to the point where it finally—as I say, some of the legislators suggested to Sawyer that he make a change. But Sawyer stuck by Ray until spring, when he finally had a showdown with him and said he had to straighten up and fly right or else. And then there was some other episode that came about and so Sawyer finally advised Ray in, oh, the early part of May, that he was not going to be reappointed in the early part of June, I think it was. He was not going to reappoint him, and he didn't, come July first.

Now, at that point, I was—had been working very close to the administration and almost just actually working with Sawyer directly and with the people that I was employed by. So he asked for suggestions to fill the post, and I scurried around trying to think of someone who would be suitable, and I suggested L. J. McGee, who was a long-time highly-respected FBI man in Reno. And, oh, a number of other people were suggested, like Lee Frankovich; and Sawyer had a list of some twenty or thirty names at that point. And still he didn't do anything about it, and the thing looked like it was going to go on into the new fiscal year with no chairman at all, which is an awkward situation.

So finally, one day (it was a week before my birthday because that was on June thirtieth) Sawyer wanted to know if I could have lunch with him on Friday. So I went to lunch with him and after a discussion of a number of problems, he finally asked if I'd ever thought of serving on the Board. And I told him that I'd certainly thought of it, but I

felt I was somewhat young and inexperienced in that area, and so he went on to say he had twenty or twenty-three people, I think, that he was considering. My name was suggested and so he wanted to see if I was interested, but it was certainly no offer of a job or anything else because he wanted to weigh all the factors. And I, frankly, forgot about it. Now, this was on Friday afternoon.

The following Monday, Sawyer left the state to go out on one of these National Guard encampments or something, and Bruce Barnum, who was then his executive assistant, called me and said that Sawyer had left the state and he'd made about, oh, thirty or forty appointments to various boards—the veterinary board, the dental board, the social welfare board, and the thousands of boards that we have in the state—all to be effective the first of July. Bruce asked me if I could come over that night and help him organize them and put them into a story. So I did. And I was going through—and this was a great mass of material, and we were sitting there trying to sift it out and organize it and see which was important and which wasn't. So all of a sudden I find my own self appointed to the Gaming Control Board! Nobody's told me this at all! I find it going through this mass of material trying to write a story! So I asked Barnum if he was sure it was correct. He says, "Well, my God, don't you know? If you don't know, I don't know anything about it. The man just gave me this when he left." But the appointment didn't say anything about the chairmanship.

And so I write the story—Sawyer's incommunicado; you can't find him or anything—the damn story has to be prepared for release in the next day or two. So I went ahead and put it together that night naming myself to the Board. Sawyer didn't designate a chairman, and I knew Turner—it would be

impossible to make him chairman—so I said that Leypoldt would be acting chairman. And seeing as how—I mean, his being a policeman and had more background in this thing than I ever had, it would be a logical thing. So that's the way the story came out, that Butch was the acting chairman. And so Sawyer got back from town; he's furious at me for making Butch the acting chairman; I was supposed to be chairman. But he never *tells* anybody these things! So whereupon he calls a press conference and makes me chairman [laughing].

But these kind of little slips just sort of make his dealings with people—you know, just not telling them what he was doing. He was a tremendous executive and a guy who just could grasp a problem. You never wanted to go up to him with a long story. You went to him with just the “nut” of the problem and it wouldn't take more than five or ten minutes. If you did it that way, you had his answer immediately, in which direction you wanted to go or policy you wanted to follow. And I found him to be just a tremendous guy to work with, until the final political campaign. Then he and his whole staff started sitting on panic buttons and he just—he got out of hand. But I admired him greatly and I still do. He is probably one of the best governors this state's ever had.

Well, I went on the new Board as of July 1, 1961, myself as chairman, Butch Leypoldt as the Las Vegas member, and Ned Turner continuing, which more or less takes care of the history of the personnel of the thing for a while.

So as of July of 1961, the Commission was composed of Milton Reefer as chairman; Jimmy Hotchkiss, a Las Vegas Republican (Reefer was a Democrat); F. E. “Pete” Walters, a Reno real estate man and a Republican; Pete Petersen, an avid and old-time Democratic politician; and Norman Brown, the Smith

Valley rancher, a Democrat by title but more inclined toward conservative philosophy. The Board was composed of myself as chairman, Butch Leypoldt, and Ned Turner.

Well, this put together a rather peculiar group of people in a sense. You had—in Hotchkiss and in Reefer and in Butch, you had people, three people, who all had law enforcement experience. I mean, they'd all made their living at some time or another in law enforcement and were far more inclined to evaluate people out of their past experience, and many times were accurate in their evaluations because of their dealings with people with criminal nature.

By the same token, you had Ned Turner and Pete Peterson, who were totally politically oriented to the whole Democratic party and its history in Nevada and certainly looked upon the appointment as a political appointment. I mean, they made no bones about that.

We had Pete Walters, who had been a close friend of the governor's in Elko when the governor lived in Elko, and having a great loyalty and admiration for him, and who was, of course, considered something of a maverick in the Republican party because he was with Sawyer during the campaign. We had Norman Brown, whom I have mentioned as being quite conservative.

In my, own case, my basic background, the newspaper business and in that end of the business which kept you from being too closely identified with any political organization, [was] the wire service. Although I was Democrat, Sawyer never really asked, and I was never able to publicly or privately assist Sawyer in the gubernatorial campaign because I had a certain affection and consideration for the incumbent Republican governor, Charlie Russell.

My appointment set off some underground mumbling in the Democratic ranks because

many political leaders felt that the post of chairman of the board (which was probably the highest political appointment that Sawyer had to make outside of, say, perhaps the supreme court) should have gone to an active and recognized Democratic leader. But Sawyer withstood those early attacks and they promptly died out. We never did really have any problems with it.

As a matter of philosophies, we promptly had many problems. In our own group, we—Hotchkiss, for instance, was extremely conservative; Keefer, although a Democrat, was apt to put on the more or less conservative side; Norman Brown and Pete Walters were certainly there; Pete Petersen was *practical*; Ned was practical; and Butch, being more of a cop than any of the rest of them, was inclined to be conservative, too, in my view. I was more inclined toward the left of center approach than probably anybody else in the two groups.

There had developed in those first two years quite a personal feud, and it was growing to the point of almost danger between the Board and the Commission. And I undertook to try to solve that, but at the same time I had to—the Commission was, after all, a lay body, as I read the law, and was not a group to be actively engaged in the administration of the law. It was to be a policy group. I mean, this was the concept of the law. It would be as if the Board of Regents came to the University each day and started to run the day-to-day affairs of the University. Well, the Commission was inclined to—particularly some members were inclined to get actively into the administration of gaming. And we had a couple of clashes over that. I finally had to more or less bring the thing to a head or showdown. Sawyer supported my concept of it and from then on was strictly in my corner, and so I had the power. It continued on into the end, even though plenty of times things had to be done

that were not approved of by the majority of the Commission. But there had to be a leader of the thing or it would fall on its own weight. And Sawyer recognized that and we worked it out.

Now, let's look at the law a little bit further. I mentioned the qualifications of the Commission, and I mentioned the earlier qualifications of the Board. But by the time the law, the '59 law, came in, the qualifications of the Board members were a little less defined than they were originally in 1955. You had to be a citizen of the United States, had to become—or within six months after the appointment become and remain a resident of the state of Nevada, and the same provision about no member of the legislature or no person holding any elective office in the state government or any office of any political party could be eligible for appointment to the Board. Once again, the legislature put in a general statement that it was the intention of the legislature that the Board should be composed of the most qualified persons available, preferably having training or practical experience in any of the following fields of endeavor: accountancy, administration, investigation, law enforcement, law, or gaming. Now, you know that you could have drawn somebody from the gaming industry to serve on the Board, but he could, of course, no longer have any interest—pecuniary or any other type of interest—in the industry. And the industry has always resented the fact that none of the executive positions were ever filled with people directly or with an intimate working knowledge of the gaming industry. For instance, I had none; mine had always been as an outsider, as an observer. Ned certainly had none; Butch had none. And the industry frequently would express its resentment of that. We did, of course, in our

enforcement division, which is the division which maintained the integrity, the honesty of the games, use only people from the gaming industry because that required a technical and a specialized knowledge.

Now, going back to the Commission, the Commission members, the chairman of that group also was designated by the governor. The Commissioners are appointed for four-year terms. Initially, in '59, there would be three members for four years and two members for two years, and those will have to become four year terms, so the concept of continuity was very definitely a part of the legislative thought in this thing. The same thing was true of the Board. On the Board originally were two members for four years and one member for two years. Well, Abbaticchio was the one who drew the two-year term and was not reappointed. That's why he was there only two years.

Once again, the legislature wanted continuity in the gaming control activity. This is an unfortunate thing, that because of our political divisions, that this could not continue. Under Laxalt—and it cannot be said that it's Laxalt's fault because I resigned, Butch resigned, and Turner subsequently resigned; although I'm sure if we hadn't resigned that Laxalt would have requested the resignations. Whether he could have obtained them or not is not quite clear because the legislature, which also had become unhappy with Abbaticchio, passed a law in 1961 specifically so that Sawyer could fire him. The law had provided for strictly term appointments, but the legislature, in its pique at Ray, threw into the law also the fact that the Board members served at the pleasure of the governor. And so that, in a sense, would supercede the "term" concept that was originally put into the law.

Oh, going back to the politics for a minute—no member of the Commission

could be a member of any political convention or a member of any committee of any political party. And he had to give an oath that he was not actively engaged in nor did he hold any direct pecuniary interest in gaming activities. Well, this led to a little problem early in Sawyer's administration in the case of Jimmy Hotchkiss, who was the owner of an armored car service. And the greatest customers for armored cars in Las Vegas, of course, are the gambling houses. They transfer their coins and money from the clubs to the banks and back each day. So there a question arose, and Sawyer sought an attorney general's opinion which set forth quite definitely that Hotchkiss indeed was not in violation of the law, nor was he in any kind of a conflict of interest.

Well, unfortunately, Laxalt's people, during the gubernatorial campaign of eight years later, undertook to try to make an issue out of that, alleging that Hotchkiss did indeed have a conflict of interest. It was an unfortunate allegation because it hurt Jimmy personally, very deeply, as a matter of fact. And of all the people on the Commission that voted a conscience, I would have to give Jimmy the award. I never at any time ever detected any indication of him voting for or against someone on the premise that they might or might not be a customer. So I felt that it was an unfortunate political move of the Laxalt people to make that accusation against Jimmy, and certainly an undeserved one.

Now, going to the Board, the Board's political activities were even more restricted than the Commission's. Part of the stipulation on the Board was that "each member shall devote his entire time and attention to the business of the Board and shall not pursue any other business or occupation or hold any other office of profit, and no member shall be a member of any political convention, a

member of any committee, of any political party, or engage in any party activities.”

Now, this law was the greatest factor I had going for me to keep myself disentangled from political activities. I tried to live up to it, even though it was damn hard at times [laughing]. But every time you get hit by somebody to do a little something on the side, well, you could always point to that law. And it worked out pretty well.

Now, as to whether Mr. Turner ever really—if they ever wanted to challenge it—could fit the first prerequisite of pursuing any other business, I don’t know. Mr. Turner had an insurance business on the side, he had a motel business on the side; he had a number of pecuniary interests on the side of one kind or another, but none of them were involved in gambling or anything like that. The law was never really—he was never challenged for his little activities.

The Commission, incidentally, received only twenty-five dollars for each day that they were actually employed on the work of the Commission. This would be roughly twenty-five to fifty dollars a month at the most. They were also entitled to reimbursement of their necessary travel and per diem expenses.

As I’ve said, the Board members were paid \$15,000 a year, which ironically was the salary established in 1955 at a time when, oh, the state treasurer, the state controller, the supreme court judges were all making anywhere from \$6,500 to \$10,000 a year. The salary of the Gaming Control Board members was set by the standards that the legislature thought at that time would be so high that they were financially beyond temptation. And I think the governor himself was paid only \$1,000 more a year at that time. But by the time I went on the Board in ’61, the salary was still the same—all other state salaries had gone up spectacularly by that time—and by

the time I left the Board in 1966, the salary had been increased by only eight hundred dollars in ten years, eleven years. Even today, 1968, although I had proposed a substantial increase in the budget that I prepared for the Laxalt administration and Laxalt had supported it, the legislature, because of Laxalt’s original appointment of my successor, whom they objected to rather strenuously, declined the salary increase for the Board members. So they’re still at only \$15,800. But I suspect the next legislature will probably adjust that somewhat.

Well, I should make mention, too, of what is known as the Gaming Policy Board. You see a lot about that in the papers today because Laxalt has once again involved the governor’s office in this, as a matter of fact. Between ’46 and ’55—well, actually between ’46 and ’59—the governor, as chairman of the Tax Commission, was directly involved in the issuance of licenses and disciplinary action, and so on and so forth. Well, that was another of the reforms supported both by the ex-governor and—yeah, by the incoming governor, Sawyer, that was felt to be essential, and that was to get the governor out of direct control, or direct hand in the control of gambling, because the pressures were too intense upon him. So the ’59 act did remove the governor from the picture completely. He still had the appointing power—term appointments—over the Commission and the Board, including the designation of the chairman of each body. But he no longer had an official voice or a vote or anything of that nature. And if he made bad appointments, he was just damn well stuck with them unless there was malfeasance or something of that nature. He was stuck with them until the term ended.

Well, ironically, in ’59 and ’60, when, as I say, this division was growing between the

Board and the Commission over little petty personality problems, and this and that and the other thing, Sawyer, himself, in an effort to try to save it, had had to get into the act once in a while and try to bounce some heads together to make these people work. And this resulted in criticism in the press about the governor dictating gaming policy. Well, this is ridiculous. He's the executive head of the state and he ought to be able to express his ideas on policy to his appointees. But the press turned the thing around and held that he was trying to violate the law. So the legislature, in '61, to get around that criticism at that point, created what is known as the Gaming Policy Board.

The Gaming Policy Board is composed of the members of the Commission, the members of the Gaming Control Board, and the governor. But it's the stupidest law you ever saw—I mean, as far as an official agency is concerned. The Gaming Policy Board, consisting of the governor as chairman and the members of the Commission and of the Board, may—I'm not going to quote directly here, but just to concise it—may meet from time to time for the exclusive purpose of discussing matters of gaming policy. There's really no provision for the Policy Board to decide anything or to vote on anything; they can discuss it. And that's what the legislature had in mind.

Well, now you'll see more and more Governor Laxalt is making much greater use of the Gaming Policy Board than Sawyer ever did so that he can have, as he announced—that it's outside of his administration—he wanted a more direct hand in it. Well, I suspect that if he spends eight years in office he's going to wish to hell he'd never had a direct hand in it because he'll feel just like Russell did.

The overriding state policy on gambling is expressed in the law in this fashion: "It is hereby declared to be the policy of this state

that all establishments where gambling games are conducted or operated, or where gambling devices are operated in the state of Nevada, shall be licensed and controlled so as to better protect the public health, safety, morals, good order, and general welfare of the inhabitants of the State of Nevada." Well, this is an extremely broad policy from which stems the implementation. "Any license issued pursuant to this chapter (the Gaming Control Act) shall be deemed to be a revocable privilege, and no holder thereof shall be deemed to have acquired any vested rights therein or thereunder."

Now, that expression of policy perhaps would not hold up as law, but then the balance of the law undertakes to implement that policy, and you wind up with what is probably one of the broadest and strongest administrative laws in the United States. And thereupon hangs the crux of the whole thing, the problem of not abusing vast powers, and at the same time making these powers work in such a way for the ultimate benefit of the entire community, the entire state.

Now, next are set forth the powers and duties of the Gaming Control Board and the Gaming Commission.

In essence, the function of the Gaming Board was to administer the law, to conduct the necessary investigations, to initiate the proper disciplinary efforts if such were required, to make the whole damn thing work.

The Board, on the other hand, never had unto itself the ultimate authority to give a license or take one away. This again dates back to '45—'55, when some of the wise old legislators could foresee one or two people becoming all-powerful in the issuance and the nonissuance of gambling licenses. So in addition to setting the salary at what it thought would be a point beyond temptation,

the legislature also attempted to surround the Board and the commission—whether it was the Tax Commission or the Gaming Commission didn't make any difference—with enough checks and balances that no clique or little minority could ever be in a position to be successfully bribed or successfully deliver on a bribe. And this is basically what some of the old senators—one of the key men in that was the old gentleman from Elko, Robbins.

Now, as I say, the Board never had the ultimate authority to issue or to take away. It would conduct an investigation of an applicant for a license, and after a study of the findings of the investigation, would recommend whether that license be issued or denied by the Commission. The Commission would meet monthly and receive the Board's recommendations and would receive a written summary of its investigation (this was the way we did it, anyway). Under the old group, frequently there was an oral summary, but we went to the written summary concept so that there'd be a record, and also so that not so many things would end up in the newspapers.

If the Board recommended that the license be approved, and if a majority of the Commission disagreed with that, it could reverse the Board. It could deny the license, or it could order the matter back for further investigation and another recommendation. But if the Board recommended that a license be denied, then the Commission could not reverse the Board except by a unanimous vote of all five members. Now, this put a check and balance on the Commission, too, because it would be very difficult to get a unanimous Commission reversal of the Board. It wouldn't be a unanimous vote of those present; it had to be a unanimous vote of the entire Commission.

Now, this happened only once in history to my knowledge, and I happened to have been the dissenting vote on the Board. The Board wanted to deny an application for a location adjacent to the Southern Pacific tracks in Reno. And the reasons expressed by Mr. Turner and Mr. Leypoldt were that people who perhaps had been imbibing too freely would come out the front door and wander around by the tracks and get run down by a train. Well, I couldn't go along with that concept myself, so I voted for the license, but the recommendation of Board, the majority vote, was two to one against, and it did go to the Commission and the Commission did unanimously reject that particular location problem as a reason for denying the license and did ultimately grant the license. But as I say, that's the only time to my memory that the Commission ever reversed the Board's recommendation of a denial.

The Commission on several occasions would request additional information from the Board. They seldom would reverse the Board's recommendation of approval, but they on several occasions did send it back for further information. It wasn't clear to some of the members of the Commission—things that would automatically be clear to the Board working with it day in and day out, it wouldn't be clear to a body of laymen meeting once a month, so they would frequently require further investigation or something of that nature. Not frequently, but on several occasions they did.

Now, the law empowers the Commission to adopt, upon recommendation of the Board, regulations to implement the policy of the state toward gambling. And then the statute itself sets forth the fact that a license be required, and then there's a section that says "Qualifications for a state license," but it is not very helpful and never was very helpful. The

only provision it has there is, “Any person who the Commission shall determine is a suitable person to receive a license under the provision of this chapter, having due consideration for the proper protection of the public health, safety, morals, good order, and general welfare of the inhabitants of the State of Nevada, may be issued a state gaming license. The burden of proving his qualifications to receive or hold any license hereunder shall be at all times on the applicant or licensee.

Well, I read that merely to point out that there were no qualifications set into the law. The concept of suitability became a matter of—and is to this day—a matter of subjective judgment. Well, we had to, each of us—and as we could in a group—set up certain unwritten standards. Obviously, a man with a criminal [record] or a background involving moral turpitude, something of that nature, would not be the best type of guy to turn loose in gambling, which by its very nature had a tendency to attract people with questionable backgrounds. You couldn’t find suitable an individual who had insufficient funds to bankroll a gambling game or bankroll a gambling house. If the public came in and won and he couldn’t pay them off, well, obviously, this would be to the ultimate detriment of the industry and the state.

Some of the factors that you take into consideration which lead to a determination of suitability: Now, for instance, notoriety, in a sense, which could be of detriment to the state, was another factor that had to be taken in. For instance, in my final year, two young men from an Eastern state whose fathers were in the top echelon of the Mafia [applied]. The two sons were businessmen who never even had a traffic ticket. They had absolutely no blemish on their record as far as a police blotter or anything of that nature was concerned. Finally, after years

of making minor runs at it, [they] finally sent their attorney with an application for a license. Now, this proved no problem for Butch at all. He, automatically [snaps his fingers to illustrate Mr. Leypoldt’s on-the-spot decision], “Heck no, I don’t want those characters.

Ned, I’m sure, balanced out the opposite extreme, “Oh, what the hell. They haven’t done anything.”

In my own situation, I had to wrestle with my conscience as to the argument of why should the son be held accountable for the sins of his father? I mean, this goes to civil rights; it goes to the whole damn thing. And still, these gentlemen’s names are so notorious that it would only prove an the public eye the allegation that the federal government made, that we are indeed—gambling is—controlled by the hoodlums. The names would not only be recognizable to law enforcement agencies and the federal government, they would be recognizable to the public at large because of the Mafia names of the two of them; the fathers were members of the so-called Supreme Council of Twelve of the Mafia or Cosa Nostra, whatever they want to designate it.

So I finally had to tell the attorney that I would suggest he take the application back to his clients and not file because it would merely lead to embarrassment of them, and it—I just didn’t hold any hope for it. On the other hand, I couldn’t prevent them from filing an application. Well, he did take it back and they argued and yowled and howled. But they didn’t file it and they haven’t to this day. I anticipated they would with the new administration, but they haven’t.

Another factor that I didn’t always give too much weight to, but which one Board member, Mr. Turner, gave great weight to, was the fact if a man had at one point in life

declared bankruptcy. To Mr. Turner, this was the ultimate sin. If you ultimately came out of it and paid off your creditors, then you were forgiven in his eyes. But a guy who declared bankruptcy (which is a provision in the federal law for the guy who just can't pay for one reason or another, and the law discharges him of any responsibility or of any onus or anything else), Turner almost invariably voted no on those kind of applications.

One of the unusual ones that we had toward the last, and one which I disagreed with my Board and my Commission, involved a gentleman, a very well-to-do gentleman in New York, who is the publisher of a book publishing concern which handles to a great extent the so-called erotic books said by some, or labeled by some, to be pornography, although generally speaking, they're more or less the old classics, *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, and those kind of things, you know. (Oh, that particular one was not one that he had published.) He applied for a very minor interest—I think it was two percent or something—in one of the Las Vegas hotels. The investigation of the guy showed him to be quite outspoken, perhaps liberal in his earlier days. There was some indication of his having gotten mixed up with groups that subsequently became Communist. But on the other hand, the investigation showed clearly that he had always pulled out of them when he saw the trend that they were taking.

There was never any federal or state or municipal charge against these types of books he published, but there was in the intelligence files of the Post Office (which is a subject all to itself someday we should discuss. It's a horrible thing!)—in the intelligence files of the Post Office their resentment and suspicion that this is dirty. All in all, the investigation showed him to be an extremely intelligent man, and certainly well-to-do and able to

afford the investment. But I think—yeah, Turner went along with me, but I'm sure Butch voted no because of the dirty book business. And the Commission voted no. They denied the guy's license on the basis of the fact that the company he owns had published books which the Post Office thought were dirty!

These are subjective facts. And still, I can't fault the Commission. I say, I disagreed with them, but they're conservative—. I wonder what's going to happen ten years from now. I mean, the way things are changing, our whole concept of what's dirty and what's clean, and so on and so forth. I wonder what somebody'll look at, think about, when they look back at the record of that one!

Let's see, some of the others. This also went into the determination of suitability. You had to take into consideration what type of an investment or enterprise the guy was going into. If he was going into a little club out in Fallon or at Lovelock or a little one-man table in Reno or something like that, then you took a look at his technical experience and knowledge. On the other hand, if you were going into an investment in a corporation or a big business such as running a hotel, then his particular knowledge of gambling is immaterial. But for the little guy that's going to open a table in a supper club in Reno, he's going to be hit by some of the most enterprising and brilliant cheaters in the world. And he's going to be out of business within a week if he doesn't know what he's doing.

So you had to take into consideration his ability to protect himself as well as protect the state. Because you have to keep in mind that the state at all times has a five and a half percent interest in this business, even though we express it through the grandiose term of taxes—we've got five and a half points, anywhere from three to five and

a half points; that's our percentage in the ownership and the operation of the business. So consequently, the state is interested in a competent operation which will make a profit. We're not interested in seeing a guy go out and dump his money to all the crossroaders, because the law of averages, part of the five and a half percent of that income is ours, in the form of taxes, whereas if somebody steals it from him, they're stealing our five and a half percent, too. So those factors were taken into consideration.

Every once in a while you'd run into these awful situations of a widow lady or some such thing as that, who had been conned by some sharp operator to invest the life savings left to her by her husband into some little joint. Well, in those situations, generally, you would try to gather the widow lady up and put her on your lap and tell her the facts of life. But if she insisted on not caring to listen to the facts of life, well, you could hardly be your brother's keeper forever. So frequently, we've had little old ladies dump their savings down the tables in Fallon and places like that. But in each time, they've been warned.

Naturally, anyone who had a background within the gaming industry itself of misusing the privilege—by cheating, or this, that, or the other thing—he was subjected to tremendous scrutiny. But the problem you had, that unless it were a person who were caught and convicted by the state, you had no formal record, for instance, in a cheating case or a stealing case. The clubs so frequently have declined to prosecute their employees who have been dishonest. They merely discharge them and frequently won't even tell their next-door neighbor why they were discharged. Well, they would wind up telling us why they were discharged, or some other employee or supervisor would. But then you would then have to get in to try to—well, what proof

did they have? Not that they'd really seen anything, but just suspicious. Well, geez, you wound up in a whole body of soul searching—is this right, or isn't it? I mean, is the guy getting an unfair deal, and as a consequence, should it be carried forward to the point where he can't go into business for himself? Or is the guy actually a crook? And—well, you can only make up your mind individually on those kind of things. I found those kind of cases almost the hardest of all, where there would be nothing against a guy except gossip, so-called "intelligence," never anybody who would get up and say, "Yes, we canned him for this," or "Yes, I saw him do that." It would be just a case of "Well, we suspicioned that he was working with somebody and dumping the table off." "No, we never saw it." But it's just easier to get rid of somebody when you have a suspicion, you know. Well, Jesus, those are real tough problems.

I'm just trying to think of some other reasons for denying somebody the privilege of going into gambling. I had one classic case of a character wanting to get a license in a small town south of Reno. It developed that he had a whole phony religious cult in California, and he turned out to be an absolute con man and had conned all kinds of people out of their savings, and so on and so forth. And there was no sincerity in this religious thing; it was a cover-up. He was denied.

There were the so-called unsuitable background. Now, here again, the law says that when you deny a man a license, you have to express a reason to him. Well, the reasons are so broad; they're just about as broad as the state's policy. And the problem there is much investigative work and much investigative information is, once again, intangible. It would come from a file here and a file there and a file in Washington, this and that and the other thing, and by the time you

gathered all these things up, it might form a pretty clear picture, which—. And so in good conscience you can say the man has an unsuitable background.

I always found it difficult—perhaps out of my newspaper experience, I found it difficult to accept a police file as gospel. The policemen members of the Commission and the Board were far more inclined to give credence to a police file than I was. Because in my newspaper experience I saw too many prejudices, too many opinions, too many inaccuracies set down in police files and intelligence files, and so on and so forth. And even though the FBI is a highly-trained organization, I likewise felt that much of their information was predicated upon opinion rather than fact in many instances. So I had the problem of trying to balance that type of—I was sort of the balance on the Board, and in a sense with the Commission.

Ned, as I say, was clear out on the other side. Ned, his only police experience was, he was a shore patrolman in the Navy for two years, and in those two years he never made a single arrest. He tells me of the day that he once dragged a sailor to the station because the guy couldn't walk. But he—finally, by the time he got him to the station, he got him sobered up enough that he could let him go [laughing].

So we had the absolute extremes! Ned, who had never made a single arrest and couldn't hurt anybody, and Butch, who would reach conclusions out of his police experience, that, "This son of a gun is just no good, period," you know.

Occasionally, about the only thing that you could find some substance to in the law was the location of a joint. You didn't want a gambling casino and its attendant bar and what have you immediately adjacent to a school or a church, or something of that nature. The city

of Reno had an ordinance and its "red line," and so we didn't have too much of a problem there because that was controlled locally. Most of your location problems are controlled locally. But on the Las Vegas Strip, we ran into the problem of the county commissioners would not adopt an ordinance, but they would tell you informally that they didn't want any gambling off the Strip; they didn't want it out on Paradise Road; they didn't want it on the arterials leading between the Strip and Paradise; they didn't want it out in the valley, on Maryland Parkway, near the University, that type of thing. But they wouldn't adopt an ordinance, and they would put the onus on the state to deny the license on the grounds of location so that they wouldn't be caught in the politically embarrassing situation—the county commissioners wouldn't be caught in the politically embarrassing situation of having to deny the license or not deny it at the local level. So we ordinarily did go along with them on that because we had a pretty much of a majority opinion, and it made sense.

We also followed the fairly fast rule of denying the license in a totally inaccessible point. Now, the regulations do provide that when it's going to be a difficult place to police, that in itself is grounds for denial. Of course, one of the old battles was the business of border gambling, gambling on the state borders. It got started at Tahoe, the north end of Tahoe, in the very, very early days and long before the state ever had any interest or control over gambling. And when it shifted to South Tahoe, that was just almost automatic, too. But [we] finally came face to face with the problem of bordering Idaho, gambling at Jackpot. The Russell administration had determined that that was too far out of the way and it would antagonize Idaho, and for a variety of reasons had declined to permit gambling to go beyond Wells although it did

exist in Wendover; here again was another inconsistency—it existed on the Utah border.

It was said by critics of that policy that the real reason they didn't permit the development of Jackpot was because of the established gambling interests in Elko and Wells. Prior to my going on the Board, but under Abbaticchio, he did undertake to have a public opinion poll taken in Idaho, southern Idaho, as to the attitude of the people and the merchants up there if gambling were established at Jackpot, and found that really, there was no adverse reaction at all. And so for the first time, gambling was permitted—other than slot machines—it was permitted at Jackpot, and Jackpot promptly grew into a flourishing little camp. It reminds you—as you come over the hill and you look down at this little cluster of casinos and trailers, it reminds you of the old pioneers and their circling their covered wagons around them to protect them from the Indians.

Oh, the bookie licenses. In the late '40's, the bookie situation—these were the people who accept bets on sports and horse races—the bookies used to be in the casinos themselves in Reno and Las Vegas, and there was a great competition among certain nut-of-state underworld firms which supplied the necessary information to a successful book. In other words, a bookie has to know who won the race and who's going to run and who won the game, and this and that and the other thing. And there grew up—this is probably in the Kefauver reports—rather a substantial and a severe problem of competition, which some believe led to the assassination of Bugsy Siegel in Beverly Hills. In any event, the state of Nevada became so concerned—and this is memory—it became so concerned that it declared a moratorium and stopped the issuance of bookie licenses for a period of several months.

And then it worked out a series of special regulations, and I'll read just the preface, which in itself almost indicates the concern. "The Commission and the Board deem that race horse betting in sports pools are forms of gaming materially different from other types of gaming, and that the public health, safety, morals, good order, and general welfare of the inhabitants of the state of Nevada require especially stringent control in regulation of such activities.

Then it sets forth a series of special regulations which resulted in the removal of books from the casinos, because the state was concerned if there were a blowup with the books, that the casinos would go down the drain as the books did. So it forced them out of the clubs and set forth stringent regulation that a book had to be in a separate building. There could be no liquor served; there would be no food served; there could be no coffee served—very, very stringent rules.

And indeed, it is a materially different thing because it is an interstate activity, whereas playing blackjack or craps or a slot machine, someone has to travel into Nevada and remain in Nevada to engage in that type of gambling. But you could always phone across state lines and place a bet, mail them across state lines and place a bet, so the bookie did become entangled nationwide.

The problem of the so-called wire services which supplied the books with their operating information after Siegel's death, it pretty much boiled down to one or two basic services. But the state also undertook to license the information service in the state of Nevada. And they licensed one in Las Vegas and one in Reno, and they continued for years. The one in Reno, the old guy finally died during my tenure, and his interest, or his estate, was purchased from his widow by the guy in Las Vegas. So we wound up with only one bookie wire.

But an interesting thing that I undertook to do was to break down the barrier in the legitimate news wires, the AP and the UP, against the service of a gambling house. The AP and the UP declined steadfastly to do it. Now, the UP would serve a radio station in Las Vegas, who would supply their sports wire under the table to the wire service operator, the bookie wire service operator, down there for a rather substantial fee, and that struck me as being absolutely foolish, and shady to begin with. So I did finally—I was never able to convince the Associated Press, with whom I'd been associated all those years, that they could indeed legitimately serve a legitimately licensed wire service in the state of Nevada. They wouldn't go for it, but United Press finally did, upon my representations that the people were clean and the state was clean and everything else. And so they finally undertook to do it. And they—oh, God, they raped him! I think they charged him \$1,300 a week or something. But it did bring to the bookies a legitimate sports wire service. And their news and results were much faster than they had been getting through all these little deals that the federal government had been closing up all over the country.

But going back to the bookies, we had to be a little more careful in licensing those characters because they—whereas the crap table, the “Twenty-One” table, and slot machines, even, exist in other parts of the country, no longer do those people show up out here trying to be licensed; very few of them in years. But the bookies were forever—as the federal government's heat grew in the other parts of the country, well, the bookies were forever drifting into Nevada and wanting to open another book. And Las Vegas as a community finally put a limitation on the number of books that they could have down there. And we were pretty careful in licensing

book operators who had a wide operation elsewhere in the country.

I'll never forget one time we denied one little character in Las Vegas on the grounds of unsuitable background. Within a few days I got a letter from him. It said, “I received your notice that you denied me for being unsuitable. Six to five you're right, but...!” [laughing] He wanted to know if he couldn't go on working somewhere.

The irony of the bookies—I forget when the ten percent federal tax was passed; I think it was around 1952. It was done strictly as a punitive effort by the federal government. They require a tax of ten percent of each wager accepted by a bookie and they require him to go off and get a stamp. Well, our bookies are legitimate bookies, and many of them who have been in business now in the state for a long, long time have cried and hollered, and hollered, fought, and everything else for years that this is an illegitimate or an immoral tax upon them because they're legitimate. They'd come to us and want us to take it to Washington and try to do anything we could. Well, there wasn't anything we really could do with it, and the climate was never really quite right.

Well, the irony is that the Supreme Court of the United States just this year declared indeed that the requirement that the bookie obtain a stamp and pay a tax on his wagers is unconstitutional because he incriminates himself. But this applies only elsewhere; it can't apply in Nevada because he doesn't incriminate himself in Nevada. So our books still go on the ten percent tax and have to get their stamp, whereas the illegal bookies elsewhere in the country don't.

I did tell you, didn't I, about the—the time the senators tried to get the tax removed, and Bobby Kennedy—? Well, our books, through a concerted campaign, finally interested both

Senator Bible and Senator Cannon—we got that one already.

Now, I've tried to set forth some of the reasons that went into the denial of a license. But basically the law is so broad that you probably could deny a license, if you expressed the reason, because a guy had blue eyes. It's a total privilege and with no right attached. At least our state courts have strengthened this almost every time that they've had a case to rule on.

Now, after a guy gets a license, then the regulations do set forth some general definitions of his operation that is expected. For instance, Regulation Five holds that,

The Commission and the Board deem that any activity on the part of a licensee, his agent, or employees, which is inimical to the public health, safety, morals, good order, and general welfare (that phrase goes through all parts of Nevada law, gaming law) of the people of the state of Nevada, or which would reflect, or tend to reflect, discredit upon the state of Nevada, or the gaming industry, is an unsuitable manner of operation. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, the following acts or omissions may be deemed unsuitable manners of operation.: (a) Failure to exercise discretion and sound judgment to prevent incidents which might reflect on the repute of the state and act as a detriment to the development of the industry.

An example of that, reflected on the repute of the state, particularly at a time when the United States is impelled by the federal government to be aware of some of these people, is Mr. Sinatra's relationship with Mr. Giancana at Cal Neva lodge.

“(b) Permitting persons who are visibly intoxicated to participate in gaming activity.”

Now, the responsibility for this falls upon the casino operator. And this is perhaps the most widely violated thing there is because the interpretation of the term “visibly intoxicated” is totally subjective [laughing].

“(c) Complimentary service of intoxicating beverages in the casino area to persons who are visibly intoxicated.”

Well, it's common practice to give away free drinks throughout the casino. And we frequently did have to have some pretty heart-to-heart talks about a lack of discretion on the part of the cocktail waitresses and people of that nature in plying, serving drinks a little too fast and not paying any attention to the guy who was falling all over the table. These were hard things to—.

(d) Failure to conduct advertising and public relations activities in accordance with decency, dignity, good taste, honesty, and inoffensiveness [laughing]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, the following will be deemed to violate required standards (now, this is under (d)):

1. Carnival-type advertising displays, whether on the premises where gaming is conducted or elsewhere.

This is another one. This is—it's awfully hard. What is carnival-type advertising? They all look like carney joints. It's the nature of them downtown in Las Vegas and downtown

in Reno. If we were to come in and tell the guy to tear down all these banners and the signs that he decorates his place with to—well, where's the limit? Boy, these are awfully broad.

“2. Throwaways, tricks, printed matter, or other advertising of an offensive, false, or misleading nature entered by any medium whatever.”

An example of this was the use of children at Lake Tahoe at the state border in the days before they had a four-lane highway through South Tahoe there. Some of the clubs—not the big ones, but some of the little ones—would use *children*—eleven-, twelve-, thirteen-year-old boys and girls—as the cars would stop for the stoplight, to run up and give them a pamphlet and a handful of nickels to stop at a little joint. Well, we did determine that to be offensive and put a stop to it.

“3. Publicizing of gaming excesses of individual members of the industry.”

Now, the history of that, I'm not really—oh, it goes back to the Harolds people, who were great gamblers. Also, the clubs in the earlier days, particularly Las Vegas, had a great tendency to ballyhoo the fact that somebody won \$5,000 and just ballyhoo, ballyhoo, and ballyhoo. The old Tax Commission felt that this was inappropriate, and so they put this, added on to the regulation.

(e) (Now, this is the one that is most often drawn upon in the situations with the notorious characters.) Catering to, assisting, employing, or associating with, either socially or in business affairs, persons with notorious or unsavory reputation or who have extensive police records or

persons who have defied congressional investigative committees or other officially constituted bodies acting on behalf of the United States, or any state or person who are associated with or support subversive movements.

Can you find anything broader than that?! Now, this—I mentioned some gratuitous attorney general's opinions. I was always belabored by gratuitous attorney generals' opinions, I guess, because I would never ask for any. At the time one of our Las Vegas licensees took the Fifth Amendment before a grand jury, I think it was in Los Angeles, Harvey Dickerson, once again—giving a copy to the press at the same time he puts it in the mail to you—gave me a blast because I hadn't moved immediately to take this guy's license away.

Well, it sounds, under that regulation, like you could. This could be considered defiance of a duly constituted federal body. But what Harvey neglected to take into consideration was that in the statute itself (these are regulations I'm reading from)—in the statute itself it says that “The Commission shall not adopt any regulation which would abridge the rights guaranteed to a person by the United States or the state constitution.” Well, the Fifth Amendment is a right to protect yourself against self-incrimination. So I never did undertake to take a license away on that grounds, despite the attorney general.

(f) Employing in any capacity in or about any licensed establishment including hotel, restaurant, or bar facilities, as well as the gaming casino, any person who has been denied a state gaming license on the grounds of unsuitability, or whose past activities and reputation would tend to bring discredit on the industry of the state of Nevada.

We probably had more headache with *that* one than any one else. The Commission, Keefer and Hotchkiss particularly, were forever after me to get rid of people who had been denied a license on the grounds of unsuitability but were still working somewhere. Well, many of these characters that they would name had never really been denied a license. They would have withdrawn before they—they'd get the writing on the wall or something, and they'd withdraw before they were actually denied. We had an *awful* time!

We had a case in Las Vegas, and I don't think he ever was denied. But the Commission kept trying to get rid of him, and he's still there. He's a big wheel. The guy is a one-star general and he's been trying to get a license in this state for years, and he just ain't no good, his connections.

[Walter "Bill"] Pechart was another example. Now, I don't think Pechart was ever denied himself. Again, he withdrew in the early days. This was the problem. The records were inadequate from the very early days, and things of that nature, and we just had a hell of a time. Pechart—that Big Bill, God, what a character! He walked into the middle of that thing. Pechart and a guy by the name of Dave Kessel, I think it was, came to Reno back in the early '50's and wanted to, if I recall correctly, go in with Bill Graham in the old Golden-Bank [club] setup. The state disagreed with this effort on their part and either denied their license, or—my memory's weak here—certainly made it clear that they weren't going to get one to the point where they withdrew. Subsequently, Charlie Napes gathers up Pechart and installs him more or less as his casino manager, a function he holds for many years thereafter.

Pechart's primary background was that he was a gambler in the Bay area. How he differed from other gamblers that had come

in and been licensed, I never have known. He did have on his record he killed a man in Block Sixteen in Las Vegas once, but it was held to be a justifiable homicide and there were never any charges brought, if my memory is correct there.

But Abbaticchio, once again the policeman coming out in him, found in the minutes of the old Tax Commission a provision that Pechart was not—they licensed Napes, that was what it was. They licensed Napes on the condition that Pechart was not to go into the pit, which is the center of the casino area, or into the counting rooms. And what the Tax Commission's thinking was, I don't know. If they didn't want him in the hotel, I think they should have said so. But they allowed it. So Pechart had set up his managerial operation from a cocktail table right outside the pit, and with a phone on it, and would phone in his orders and count the money before it ever went to the counting rooms, and so on and so forth.

So Abbaticchio decided that, by God, he ought to run him out. So he did. He ran him out of the hotel for a period of about two weeks, whereupon Pechart would sit in his car outside. He had to issue orders from his car. He was still running the casino [laughing]. Well, this thing just really got ridiculous, I felt. And so then Abbaticchio let him back in at his cocktail table again because obviously, the condition of the license didn't run him out of the hotel. So he had no legal leg to stand on. And so Pechart got back in and was sitting at his cocktail table.

Subsequently, he came to me and wanted to know if this condition couldn't be removed. Well, frankly, it was so old at that time, and the guy had kept his nose clean for the years that he'd been working for Mapes—we had no evidence of any misdeeds on his part—and so I couldn't see why not. But oddly enough,

then two of our most influential state senators began to put pressure on to clean up the old man and let him die—you know, that type of thing. So I finally did take it up with the Commission with the proposal that they either kick him out of the place altogether or remove the condition on the license so that Pechart was free to roam the casino again.

He actually was, basically, a charming old man. My wife always called him her favorite hoodlum. He wore long underwear in the wintertime, never got out of that damn hotel. I think the time that Abbaticchio forced him out into his car was the first time he'd been out in years! [laughing] Characters!

“(g) Employing in any gaming operation” (I’m reading these because they do set forth the standards more or less, and how broad they are, though, and how difficult to work with.)

(g) Employing in any gaming operation any person whom the Commission or any court has found guilty of cheating or using any improper device in connection with any game, whether as a licensee, dealer, or player of a licensed game or device, as well as any person whose conduct of a licensed game as a dealer or other employee of a licensee resulted in revocation or suspension of the license of such licensee.

Well, this is good. I mean, it’s easy to say you can take the license away from a guy who’s been found guilty of cheating. But we haven’t got, in the history of the state, probably ten people who’ve ever been found guilty cheating by a court because nobody’s ever prosecuted them. By the same token, the law and the regulations don’t provide for my

prosecution—from the Board standpoint—prosecution of an individual for cheating. The only recourse we have is to go after the license. Maybe Joe Blow over there did the cheating, caused the revocation of the license, but he’s never been convicted of anything. He’s not even on trial! There’s no recourse against him at all. They were idiot performances! The whole thing was. And we struggled with this. Finally, it wasn’t until the 1965 legislature that I finally got passed a law governing the people, the employees, giving you some control over them when they do something, ruin a businessman, the owner. The owner’d go down the drain, but the employee’d go scot free, go to work somewhere else, you know. And it wasn’t until 1965 that we for the first time got into the law some control over the employee.

(h) Failure to comply with, or make provision for compliance with all federal, state, and local laws and regulations pertaining to the operation of a licensed establishment, including without limiting the generality of the foregoing, payment of all license fees, withholding any payroll taxes, and liquor and entertainment taxes.

Well, this was obviously designed to give you some provision to take a license away from a guy who didn’t pay his taxes to either state, city, or federal.

(i) Possessing or permitting to remain in or upon any licensed premises any cards, dice, mechanical device, or any other cheating device wherever the use of which is prohibited by statute or ordinance.

Well, this was designed to keep a club from having a set of loaded dice somewhere

on the premises because its use is prohibited by statute. And the same way with marked cards and things like that. of course, dice—if there were crooked dice in the place, it'd be in somebody's pocket which could be construed to be on the premises if the pocket was on the premises at the time. You had the power and the authority to go in and search a house, but you didn't have the authority to search a person.

Despite all this broad, broad law, it was still lacking in many, many things that have to be done. For instance, until just '67—and I had tried for years—we didn't have a law against the manufacturer of crooked gambling equipment in the state. We still don't have a law against the possession of it except on a licensed premise. But I think, now, we do finally have a law against the manufacturer and the sale of it. No, we don't even have a law against the sale of it; it was the manufacturer. That's all we got, though. Because the sale of it, you ran head on with the magicians who use marked cards—you know, things of that nature.

There used to be a store right in downtown Las Vegas that sold crooked dice. And one of the old line firms in Las Vegas made crooked dice and marked cards, things like that, primarily for distribution out of state. But you can see the public image that develops from that type of activity within the state. The joint's now out of business, but—.

There is, incidentally—and this develops out of a historical problem, too. There is now a—well, there has been, since the adoption of these regulations, about '55, a prohibition against the owner of an establishment gambling against his own games in the casino. And the reason for that is that in the early days of Las Vegas, some of the owners would—after all, he's the boss of the dealer—would carry the partner's bankroll out by winning. So now,

even a one percent owner in a major house can't gamble against his own banking games.

There was a significant change, finally, in '67, again, something that I tried to get on for years. It just takes you about four or five legislatures to make a substantive change in the gaming act, which is probably just as well. But the only penalty that we really had—for instance, say that somebody is serving a drunk free liquor in Harolds Club, as an example. The only real penalty that could be placed against Harolds Club would be to close it. And here's a thousand people on the street without jobs. You had no intermediate remedy. It was like using execution as the only penalty for any type of criminal act. So you could close them for a day, or you could suspend them for a period, or you could take the license away altogether. But you had no intermediate thing. And I had proposed for years the use of a fine to hit them in the pocketbook for minor violations. Governor Laxalt finally got that through.

The law still does not, I don't believe—maybe it does. I think he broadened it more than we wanted it, to provide that they could fine in a cheating case. I still think that's a little weak. I think a cheating case would just have to be shut down, although there were many times when we had knowledge of cheating but perhaps insufficient evidence to prosecute a case, in which we had clubs in for what were known as investigative hearings. The law provides that these can be private rather than public, and we'd sit there and chew a guy out. We had many of those, of chewing—there're many of them still going on today. It's a problem that I suspect will be forever with us, particularly in the game of "Twenty-One."

What would I do to change the laws and regulations under which we worked? Well, I don't know, I don't know. That's a problem. When you make things specific—the more

specific you make them, I feel—the more specific you make things, the broader the loopholes you open. By the same token, from the standpoint of administrative law, unless you've got some fairly specific standards, you're liable to get overturned someday in court. If, for instance, we ever got overturned on the denial of a license, it could mean an end to the whole thing.

There was never time to think, nor was there ever time to philosophize and undertake a revamp of the law. When gambling gets into the legislature, the legislature goes wild, politically. And then the gamblers get into the act and all kinds of people get into the act and you just don't know what in the hell is going to happen to you. So a guiding rule we used, almost, was to keep as little from going to the legislature as possible, because once you opened the door to get gambling bills in there, there were just a hundred and ten different people that had different ideas and different beefs and different influence peddling and what have you. There should be, I feel, a segment of the office perhaps, or a segment of the Board, or a segment of the Commission—somebody that has *nothing* to do with the day-to-day activity but can sit off and think and plan. This thing has grown too much like Topsy, despite the fact that there's been a lot of effort and a lot of human thought gone into it. And essentially it's not bad; it's still not going to be adequate for a greatly expanded gambling economy.

I don't think, for instance, it's adequate at all at this point to handle the development of the Hughes situation. Here, for the first time in history, you have a man who's licensed, who has never been interviewed by the state. He's never been seen by the state. The state doesn't really have tangible evidence that he's there. This has never happened before; I don't care who the guy was. If the President of the

United States came out and wanted a license for a gambling joint, at some point along he would have been interviewed by some agent or member of the Board to arrive at a visual judgment of the man, the way he answered questions, the way he handled himself.

I think we're in a situation now of the whole problem of monopoly. And it plagued us. I'm not being critical of the present administration at all. I'm sure if Hughes had come in and wanted to take over the DI, the Sands, and the New Frontier, I'd be in the forefront helping him do it. But we also are at a point where there is now one man who controls about sixteen percent of the gambling in the state, and a far greater percentage of that in the vital Las Vegas community. If for some reason or another he decided to go into unfair competition—in other words, pay double odds on every bet, or something like that—would the state be able to stop him? Would the state be able to say, "Look, you either shape up here, or we're going to take your licenses away." Would the state be able to close four hotels? It is a *real* problem.

If you wanted to have a heart-to-heart talk, you had to try to impress the licensee with the essential nature of things being changed; when you can't even go see him, you can't work. I found that it was impossible to work through front men. When I had to have something done, you had to go to the boss. And boy, the boss had to go! The boss from the state, and you had to meet with the casino owner himself. And if he didn't get the point then—. Harrah is a remote individual, but I many a time met with him over lunch and things like that. He's a guy who delegates authority. And many times in a specific area, naturally, you could deal with his delegate. The delegate had a more intimate knowledge. But when it came to overall, major problems, you had to sit down with the boss man and hash it out.

There are many *little* things I would change in the law, particularly in the enforcement area. Ironically, I see just now that the Board has decreed that certain of its agents will become identifiable through the dressing in blue blazers. Well, at first blush, this is in a sense ridiculous, to my way of thinking. But on the other hand, it may well have some advantages, too. But historically it stems from an attitude that Governor Laxalt had when he first came in. Despite our political differences during the campaign and the fact that he was in and I was out, we still were able to converse every once in a while. Paul had the thought—and asked my thinking on it—he was all for abandoning, completely, the concept of the undercover program. He was for putting a cop on the beat—rather than having people roam around unidentified—and watch the action of the games. I think that Paul is naive in that respect. I think that he gives greater credence to the essential honesty of the businessman than I do and than my experience would dictate. I was inclined to be a little naive myself when I first came in there. But after watching them do everything they could for years, I perhaps came the other way [laughing].

I would, as a matter of fact, strengthen our law to make the undercover program even stronger. See, there is no provision now for a true undercover program. Anybody that goes on the payroll, the state payroll, goes on the state payroll in the records in the controller's office. And any gambler—we have a number of them—could immediately pick up the name of a new employee and undertake to identify him. And for a while, they were out selling pictures in the northern part of the state, selling pictures of my agents to other houses. So I took to using phony names. Well, this is a little dangerous, too, in case a guy gets killed on the road, and tax problems and—

you know. But I would provide for a total undercover front from which people could be paid and perhaps bring the state treasurer or the state controller or somebody like that into the operation as far as the disbursing of these monies so that there wouldn't be any lack of control over the monies.

But the saddest thing I see about the whole business is that now—and I can't say it's all Laxalt, because certainly Sawyer brought about some changes pretty quick in personnel—but now there's absolutely no continuity to the personnel or the people at the executive level, so there's no continuity in philosophy, no continuity in practice. And what this amounts to is that it strengthens the industry's control of the government. Because if they don't like the way Laxalt's doing it, well, then they'll get together and get another guy. And there'll be a whole new Board and a whole new Commission. Continuity is a hard enough thing to achieve, anyway, when you have no written policies or written standards and you can't afford to make them too specific. The only thing you can do is have—say a new governor comes in, let him have a majority in each case, which is exactly what the law originally foresaw. But two of the Gaming Commissioners would have remained, and one of the Board members would have remained. The new governor would be able to appoint three Commissioners and two Board members so that his philosophy would be injected into the thing. (which it should be), but the philosophy of experience would also be into the picture.

I don't think, for instance, if there had been continuity, that the Hughes expansion would have moved quite as rapidly. I don't know that it would have stopped it altogether, but it wouldn't've moved quite so rapidly, and I think there would have been a greater recognition of the need to be able to put

your finger on one person in control. That doesn't exist now. Say they had a complaint against the Desert Inn. Who the hell would they serve? How would you serve the legal complaint on the licensee if it's Hughes Tool Company, solely owned by Howard Hughes? If you catch a dealer cheating in there, you know, it's bad. This isn't criticism, but it's just a problem.

I don't believe in government by commission; I think that's pointless in so many cases. But I almost think there should be a citizens' group to sit down and evaluate, a total evaluation of gaming control in Nevada. I think we've come to that point where we're going to have to. The industry itself is maturing and I think the control has got to be modernized, and the regulation has to be modernized and matured, too. Unfortunately, it's likely to go ahead on a political basis, and it's just going to get worse instead of better.

LICENSING PROCEDURES

Now, an applicant for a license must supply a vast file of information about himself, a personal history form, which is akin to a form that you fill out for a security investigation. It goes back all of your adult life. And, of course, you supply your fingerprints. You supply your entire current financial statement, all of your assets, all of your liabilities. You supply upon request your income tax returns which are completely confidential under federal law; the federal government can't supply them unless there is some other provision. (There is a provision which I found there, too.) But if you want a gambling license and you are asked for these, then you have to get them; I mean, you have to provide them. If the applicant doesn't provide the information needed, then he is denied a license. This is also grounds for denial that I neglected to mention earlier. If

the applicant doesn't provide the information requested, or you find that he has deliberately attempted to lie to you or to mislead you, that is grounds for denial automatically.

Upon the receipt of this invested capital statement, the personal history form, the fingerprints and what have you, then the investigation of that individual is assigned to a number of people perhaps. Say the man is from Chicago, he used to live in Miami, he spent some years in Los Angeles, he's lived in Nevada for the last three years. Well, you've got a Nevada man that will attempt to verify and find out as much about his life in Nevada as possible. You have a Los Angeles contract investigator who will do the same in Los Angeles, another one in Chicago, and another one in Miami. By the time all of these reports are in—which includes a verification of safety deposit box holdings, verification of bank statements over the years, earning reports, income tax payments—a whole, wide variety of things. What you're trying to get at is, what kind of character is he and where did he get his money? Amazingly, people will come in and say, "Well, look. I want to invest \$100,000 in this thing."

And, "Where did you get it?"

"Well, I've been saving it."

"Well, what do you do?"

"Well, I've been a newspaperman, and I've got—you know, just lived frugally and saved my money."

Well, hell, in ten years as a newspaperman, if he saved every dime of it, he wouldn't have \$100,000. The source of the money is forever an important element to tie down. Say he says he borrowed it from his mother. Well, you've got to go to his mother. Well, it turns out she got it from an uncle. You've got to go to the uncle. And he got it from a bank theoretically. And oh, Lord, they lead you around all kinds of wild efforts to hide the original source of money. If

it's a deliberate effort to conceal or deceive, it certainly would be grounds for denial.

Abbotichio, for a while, had a hard rule—again, the policeman—that if there was one misstatement or omission from the records, the guy would automatically be held up for ninety days. Well, he got so he was doing that with guys who had forgotten about traffic tickets, speeding tickets that would show up on a police file somewhere, you know. It got to be pretty ridiculous, and they were getting a lot of criticism, simply because the guy had forgotten to put down a speeding ticket that he got twenty-five years ago [laughing]. So that element we changed and modified it to some extent. But if there was a material omission, it would result in a denial, or at least the guy would have to come up with a pretty damn good explanation.

Of course, you'd be amazed at the characters who would forget that they'd spent five years in prison. "Why, it just slipped my mind," he'd say [laughing], you know. And the guy spends five years in the penitentiary and have it slip your mind?

The problem of income tax violation was always a source of argument and contention. There were different views on this. Some people held that that automatically established a pattern. If a guy was going to cheat on his federal taxes, he sure as hell would cheat on the state gaming taxes, which were much easier to cheat on. On the other hand, there were others who felt that the federal government has so many technicalities—and so many income tax violations are of a technical nature rather than an absolute defrauding nature—that you shouldn't put too much weight on them.

So it would wind up that actually, each case would be evaluated individually as to what extent they really defrauded and to see if there was a pattern of deceit or something of that nature.

The concept of the felony, generally speaking—I think probably the majority of the Commission and certainly some members of the Board were pretty adamant about a felony conviction. Personally, I often took the view that if a man had a felony conviction early in life and had discharged the sentence and parole period satisfactorily and had never had trouble with the law since then, I couldn't see that that automatically would forestall him from owning a couple of slot machines or owning a gambling house or investing in a gambling house. These again were individual cases with different subjective decisions at different times.

As to the formalities, let's take an example of a potential investor in a hotel. Say the present hotel owners have interested him in making this investment. He is informed, usually by the present licensees, that he's got to get a license, and there's certain things you have to do. Sometimes the guy will just come to the office himself and pick up the forms and listen to the explanation, go back and fill them out, and it's that simple.

Frequently they feel that they have to have legal or accounting representation. We didn't encourage or discourage a man's being represented by an attorney, although I often felt personally that the attorneys on the Commission were more inclined to listen to a lawyer than they were to the little guy. But I tried to allow a guy to present his own case any time he wanted. I didn't feel that an attorney was necessary. But if they were coming from the industry or from an association with the industry, they always had the concept that you had to have pull, and go out and, during a Democratic administration, get yourself a good Democratic lawyer; during a Republican administration, get yourself a good Republican lawyer. And this is just a hangover from the way these people used to operate. They had

to have influence. And they figured that maybe if they got themselves a lawyer that they were buying influence, rather than—and particularly if they were shady; I mean, if there was some question. They would forever end up with an attorney or an accountant or somebody like that representing them. Or if it were an extremely complicated deal, now, in which the guy is going to purchase a hotel, well, there, obviously, you had to have help if you're going to transfer land and real estate and buildings and leases, and this and that and the other thing. Obviously, anybody getting into that had better get himself an attorney and an accountant. But for the little guy who was just going to invest in a joint, he really didn't need representation. And the majority of them did not have it. But in the complex cases or in those situations in which a guy felt that political influence or personal influence or some kind of influence would help—and you'd see the same people.

And I've watched them for years. During the Republican administration, there was a group of the so-called "influence salesmen." And during the Democratic administration there was the same kind of characters; now during the new Republican administration, the same kind of characters. And frankly, I don't think that they ever worked in any of the administrations. It didn't really make a heck of a lot of difference.

One Republican who frequently appeared before our group now howls with disgust, and he was a great supporter of the Laxalt administration. And then Laxalt's elected. He'll bend my ear for twenty minutes about how ill-treated he is by the Republican administration. And here this was a Republican! He'd rather have the Democrats back. [laughing] On the other hand some of the Democratic lawyers who were old active political characters say they're having a ball in Carson. So I don't

think, really, that the political influence really paid off in much of any way.

Every once in a while, there would be someone who would go directly to the governor or have someone who was, they figured, close to the governor make a pitch in his behalf. But I can't think of more than two or three cases in which the governor or even any one on his staff ever phoned me with what could be implied pressure. I got into a squabble with Dick Ham, Sawyer's administrative aide, one day because he did call me and asked about a licensee, and I told him I didn't think he was going to make it, and Dick—it was in the what I'd almost call the panic stages of the last campaign— and Dick, unthinkingly, said, "Don't you know this is an election year?" And *wow!* We just went around and around from that point! And Sawyer, if he ever did that, it was a little more subtle.

ENFORCEMENT PROBLEMS: OVERVIEW

I will speak for a few minutes about routine operation of gambling control in Nevada. The Gaming Board, as I said, was made up of three people, and it still is today. Theoretically, although no longer legally, it was originally more or less of a legal qualification. Theoretically, the members have had background in three fields: one investigations, another auditing, and a third in administration.

The Board works with a lay body, an unpaid group of citizens, five of them, who comprise the Nevada Gaming Commission. The Board is not subject to the authority of the Commission, but by the same token, the Board cannot, on its own, either issue a gambling license or take one away. The Board acts as the day-to-day administrative and investigative agency, while the commission

acts in a judicial capacity. For instance, a complaint for the revocation of a license is filed by the Board with the Commission, and then the hearing is subsequently conducted by the Commission to determine whether the Board's allegations are in fact correct.

The Commission does not issue licenses without a recommendation from the Board. When an application is filed for a license, it goes through a long process of investigation of the backgrounds of the people who seek the license, of the source of their funds for investment in the enterprise, and of all the other factors that surround the particular application.

Then the Board, in a formal meeting, makes a recommendation, the majority vote recommendation being carried forward to the Commission, which they accept the Board's recommendation, or if it's a—. Say the Board makes an affirmative recommendation, recommends that the license be granted, the Commission may accept the Board's recommendation, or it may disregard it and deny the license. On the other hand, if the Board recommends that a license be denied, then the Commission can reverse the Board's recommendation only by a unanimous vote of all five members. But if the Board recommends that a license be granted, the Commission can reverse the Board by a mere majority vote.

The law was originally sort of a cumbersome law, but on the other hand, it was deliberately designed this way to keep any one person or any one clique of persons from gaining too much power in what is obviously a very delicate area, that of legal gambling. In other words, if someone wanted to bribe me, as chairman of the board, and I were willing to accept the bribe, it really wouldn't do them any good because I couldn't deliver. I'd have two other members of the Board to have

to try to convince, along with at least three members of the Commission. By the same token, if somebody would try to get to the Commission, or a majority of them, say, they couldn't deliver, either, because if the Board recommended no, it would take an absolute unanimous vote to overcome the vote. So it's actually a pretty good law as far as checks and balances are concerned.

The Commission has a very limited staff, principally a secretary and certain staff members involved in the collection of taxes on gambling. The Board, on the other hand, has an extensive staff, pretty well split into three categories. One was what we called the auditing division, which are the people responsible for the auditing of the various clubs' books to determine that the proper tax is paid. The second division was the investigative division. This is the group which investigates applicants for licenses and investigates those actions which may require some disciplinary activity on the part of the Board or the Commission. The third group we had—and this outline is pretty much similar to what's being used today—the third group we had was known as the enforcement division. This was a more cops and robbers type activity than either of the other two. The enforcement division was charged with keeping games and slot machines honest. The employees in that group, for the most part, operated under cover. They were not identified with state employment, except ironically, their names were on the state payroll. So any enterprising cheater who really wanted to take the trouble could go and learn the names of the undercover people, and I was never able to get that law changed. The legislature could never see the problem involved in it.

We used unmarked automobiles; they didn't bear the state seal or state license

number. We used a variety of makes—trucks, station wagons, sedans; frequently we would use foreign license plates from wrecks and things of that nature—California plates, Florida plates. I never got caught doing that, but I always foresaw the possibility of somebody ending up in a mess. These little maneuvers were essential to being able to move men around the state to observe games. But our major problem in cheating was in the smaller establishments. It exists today, and I suspect it'll exist forever.

We had problems in some larger ones, or medium-sized ones, but the bulk of the problem was in the game of "Twenty-One" and in marginal profit organizations, little houses that had to win everything that came in or they couldn't pay the dealer. There just wasn't enough volume of play to permit the odds to produce a larger profit. That's the unfortunate part about that type of thing.

We did have, oh, some larger. One of our major big organizations we had to close, of course, was the Silver Slipper in Las Vegas. And we had the Riverside in on occasion for some rather frank discussions but never were able to pin down the real problem in there to the point of evidence. You couldn't go file an administrative action; it had to be supported by evidence in the hearing before the Commission and subsequently review by court law. So you couldn't move on suspicion or on somebody's hearsay or something like that.

You had to—the way we operated in the area of "Twenty-One," I would never take one man's word. You had an agent come back and report that he saw a woman with a green blouse and horn-rimmed glasses and blue eyes and blonde hair and five feet three, and—full description of her—dealing seconds in a "Twenty-One" game at such-and-such a place at such-and-such a time. Well, you would

never act on that one agent's word, because you don't know—even though you've run the agent through an extensive background investigation—you don't know that possibly that agent worked for that club at one point in his life and was fired and has an anger at the owner, or possibly he used to live with this girl and she threw him out, or something like that, you know. So you always had to get at least two, and we most always wanted three. And the "Twenty-One" cases are the hardest of all to win.

No problem in a dice case, because there, the evidence is obvious. If you have altered dice or altered cards, they speak for themselves. You don't have to depend upon the testimony of an agent as to what he saw. All you have to do is have somebody knowledgeable say what's wrong with the cards or the dice, and you've got your case made.

We probably had, in the time I was there—I think we probably revoked about twenty or twenty-five different licenses at different times. We had, oh, probably as many as fifty or sixty private investigative hearings in which we would undertake to try to put a stop to something we knew was going on without waiting six or eight months to get solid evidence. Plenty of times, it would be actually an improper activity on the part of the dealer working with a friend on the outside of the table. The clubs use a little guide to themselves, what is known as the "per." This is the ratio of the soft, the folding money that goes into the box, to the win. Theoretically, a table establishes a per and then more or less keeps that going over a long period of time. If the per drops substantially, the owner will frequently change dealers or become suspicious of the dealer, or something like that.

Well, the state used the same thing, but you could never do anything other than use

it as a tool. We were more concerned, actually, with situations in which the per would be remarkably high. That would indicate that the house was keeping a far greater percentage of the money that came on the table than most gambling games do. This was a characteristic, incidentally, of Cal Neva lodge. They seemed to keep quite a lot.

The dice situation—let's see; I think we had one, two—I think only two or three incidents in which we found crooked dice. These were discovered in each instance through a mere routine pickup of dice and cards. This went on a continuing basis throughout the state. Nobody ever knew when we would come. There would be an unknown agent sent into a house to begin with to select at random, pretty much, a table, and station himself there to observe, keep his eye on that deck of cards or keep his eye on the dice in play. And then two of the regular known agents would arrive and go into the pit and announce their presence and say they wanted the cards and the dice off that table. Well, there were occasions when this announcement would be made to an owner, all of a sudden there would be a shift of the deck. There would be a different deck of cards in play or a different pair of dice on the table. But I soon learned that I had to have my first agent on the outside in an unknown position to keep track of those things or we'd have trouble.

One night, up in the northern part of the state—I knew that they were acting up up there, but I could never pin it down. We had sent a guy and his wife up and armed with a substantial—what looked like a substantial sum of money. It was what we called a "Michigan bankroll." It was a hundred [dollar bill], wrapped around a great wad of wampum. And he spent the entire evening, he and his wife, having a couple of drinks at the bar and eating dinner and dancing, and

finally started to gamble and began to lose a number of these ones pretty quickly, at which point we arrived with our crew. And I just remained outside the building and observed from the outside. The boys came in—they came in at the wrong end of the building; they announced themselves up at the end, and the dealer that was dealing to our agent and his wife down at the end of the "Twenty-One" table was a relief dealer, oddly enough. And as soon as the presence of the agents at the dice table—at the pit, a brief distance—became known, the regular dealer bolted in from the bar and grabbed the deck of cards out of this relief dealer's hand, shoved him another deck of cards, and went roaring down the basement steps.

Well, from that day to this one—we never did find those cards, incidentally. We went—I finally went in, and we tore the place apart and never could find the damn cards. And we could never pin anything on the owner. But from that day 'til this one, that joint has always operated out of a "shoe."

Of course, this is what we did mostly, was try to bring about the use of a shoe in "Twenty-One." It's done in almost all foreign countries. This is about the only place where people will gamble with a man holding the deck of cards in his hand. Because someone holding a deck of cards in his hand can do absolutely anything, just literally anything. It was just amazing. They know the sequence of the cards, where they are, what they are, and how to get one that they don't want, give it to you, and the one that they want lands with them.

It was a real hard fight trying to get the big houses to go with the shoe because most of them felt it was a reflection upon their integrity. And it was hard to put in a rule or a law which said the little guy had to use it and the big one didn't. But we gradually

began to get cooperation from the Las Vegas Strip. Many of them began to experiment with the shoe, and they suddenly discovered that, actually, they were holding a greater percentage through the use of the shoe than they were with the dealer with the deck in his hands. So most all of them are using them now; not too much in Reno, although some of the Reno places did go over. I think the new Board has been carrying this practice out to get the shoe in here.

The use of crooked equipment is manifestly stupid, because just at any time anybody can walk off with your equipment, or the state agents could pick it up, or anything like that. Only the most desperate and least intelligent operator would ever fool around with that. But the manipulation of cards by a dealer, either by instructions or by his own volition, is a rough problem. And seldom have there ever been these manipulation problems in the major houses up here, and seldom on the Strip, for that matter. But there's not many places in the world—and there's much legal gambling in many, many casino operations throughout the world—where people deal from a deck of cards held in their hand. They deal from boxes, which were designed to overcome the peek and the second deal. On the other hand, there are inherent problems for the operator there, too, if he's not careful, because employees and even outsiders working in conjunction with the dealer will substitute shoes with marked cards or stacked decks. And if the player is aware of that, then he very rapidly diminishes the house's bankroll by knowing the cards that have been played.

I had one episode in Fallon once, a small house—this guy called me frantically on a Sunday morning. I went out there and determined that his entire supply of cards had been marked—all of his new decks stashed

in his safe had been marked, and he had gotten—he was using the shoe, and his dealer the night before had started losing heavily, and the owner himself finally came down and took over the game. And he changed cards, brought out brand new decks and tore the cellophane and stripping off and opened them and shuffled them and everything else and filled his shoe and continued to lose. And so he brought out some more new decks and changed them and shuffled them and everything else, and he continued to lose.

Well, they had gotten into his safe and had substituted his entire supply of cards, had marked his entire supply of cards so they were readable from the back, see, as they would show in the shoe. Hell, the players just couldn't lose, the knowledgeable player.

Well, see, there's equipment available. You know how on a deck of cards there's a little cellophane strip around it like on a cigarette package? There's equipment available whereby you can take these off and you put new ones on; and also you can buy these federal stamps which always show on a card pack; you can buy them by the rolls and just put new ones on. The guy in Fallon, I think he lost about \$8,000, and that was just about all he had.

Occasionally we ran into problems of the—the outside cheater, of course, is a fabulous individual who lives by his wits. And if he devoted one-half the time and skill to a legitimate occupation that he does to cheating at the clubs, he'd probably solve many of our social and economic and political problems, because they're usually very sharp individuals. And the technical instruments they have are great—battery-operated drills, for instance. They drill in the slot machine while they're standing there—high-speed drills—and they're just drilling the slot machine while they stand there pulling the handle. You know, leaning up against it and

pulling the handle and putting the nickel in and pulling the handle, and wham! He's got a little hole through the slot machine, and they use a little wire to push the lever, and he's got a jackpot. And another episode of a guy using the drill on a roulette wheel so that when the ball would come around, he could trip it [laughing]. And we had other episodes of where they put in magnetized roulette balls and then use electric magnets on the outside to try to get them into a certain area of the wheel.

In the dice and card situation, it's ironic that the state that makes such a production of trying to keep its gambling honest had no law whatsoever which prohibited the sale of crooked gambling equipment or the manufacture of crooked gambling equipment. It was illegal to have it in the possession of a gambling house, a licensed gambling house, but it wasn't illegal for anyone else to have it. Virtually every legitimate dice manufacturer and card manufacturer in the country had an illegitimate sideline, usually under another name, in which they would manufacture dice, altered dice, or crooked dice. Any maker, you could order by mail. Say you wanted a set of Desert Inn altered dice, misspots, or loaded, or anything else. It would come back with a precise Desert Inn emblem on it, or the Tropicana, or the Riverside, or Harolds Club, or Harrah's Club—it didn't make any difference; they could reproduce them in a matter of minutes, and have dies with all the little stamps, you know, that go on the dice identifying them. Cards, you could get any kind of cards. The Chicago sheriff's—yeah, the Chicago sheriff's office, Cook County sheriff's office in Chicago, one time decided to raid the manufacturer of equipment back there. They went in and picked up van loads of crooked stuff. In the process, they found some with the names of Nevada clubs on them. And

so they put out a big story, they had broken this great, crooked ring, leading the crooked gambling in Nevada, and so on and so forth. It was a horrifying story. So I had to go back there and see what the score was.

It turned out it was just—as I said, this guy had this die and was selling these things. We went through thousands and thousands of invoices. The people that were buying them were people in California and Utah and Arizona and nearby that were coming in to Nevada. I mean, they'd pay fifteen or twenty bucks for a pair of flat dice and think that they could throw it in on a table for a while and make a killing. Well, then they had these cards, where if you wore glasses, red glasses, well, you could read the backs of cards. They were marked with an infrared thing. You could read them as plain as day. Well, of course, the red glasses would become a little obvious, so this guy in Chicago had developed a more sophisticated setup of contact lenses. And you know how hard it is to be fitted with contact lenses by a legitimate optometrist. Well, this guy would guarantee that if you arrived on a seven o'clock plane in the morning, you could leave at five o'clock that night with contact lenses, with this reddish business in them. And you wore dark glasses in front of that so that it wouldn't be too obvious that you had red eyes. They were sold at all these service clubs, the veterans' clubs, and joints that have illegal gambling condoned, you know, in other states. And boy, I'd hate to ever get in one of those games!

Anyway, the upshot of the trip into Chicago was that there was absolutely none of this material had been sold in Nevada from the illegitimate side. It was a major dice manufacturing firm. And some of the outfits here still contend they have the best dice, as far as legitimate dice are concerned. None of this crooked stuff was sold into the state at all.

Although just in the final months of my term, I did find an outfit down in Las Vegas. One of our own dice manufacturing organizations was making crooked dice like crazy and did sell some to some people up north. But I was never able to find it in use.

Some of our investigations of applicants led into wild and woolly chases. We got involved once with a guy who came into Carson City and made contact with a prominent accountant and outlined a deal; he was obviously a wealthy man. They outlined a deal whereby they would buy the Carson Nugget. They began negotiating with the Nugget people, and I forget— I guess they did file an application for a license, even, and we got interested in it, and we investigated it. And for some reason or another we got a little suspicious of this guy that had come in from the outside, and we were never able to really pin it down. In the meantime, the prominent accountant went to the governor and wondered what was delaying the matter, and so on, and just raised hell. And like I say, the governor was usually pretty good. He stayed out of our hair. But he would relay these beefs that he got, too.

We continued investigation of this character, who at that point had taken in not only the accountant, but the owners of the Nugget and a number of prominent people of Reno, and they're all a hundred percent with him. And Lord, come to find out, he was a hundred percent con man and had bankrupt a big steel firm in Indiana through a maneuver of buying it with no money and was in the process—at the same time he was working on this Nugget thing—of doing the same thing to a big lumber firm up in Oregon. And finally—Lord, it took months. Finally, we pinned the guy down. The money he was using to finance all this was Catholic church money, out of a little South American—some

Catholic order in South America. This was the money to be used in all this, these big business episodes. And we finally got through to this Catholic order despite the language barrier. They came up with the saddest, most pathetic story you ever heard of. This son of a gun had been down there and he'd conned them out of their entire fortune. And they were desperately trying to get their hands on him. The last I heard, he had been taken by the lumber people that he was negotiating with in Portland. They beat the hell out of him and he wound up in jail [laughing]. He's still in prison.

Another wild license bit we got mixed up with had to do with buying one of the major—well, it was Harolds Club—in which a gambler with many phony things in the background that you could never quite put your finger on kept getting deeper and more involved and more involved. Harolds Club was all ready to go and wanted to sell, and it sounded like a big, good deal for them. We finally determined—not positively were we able to do so as far as proving it with concrete evidence—but it finally worked out that it appeared to be the Communist party that was buying Harolds Club. So I had enough information that I felt I'd better have a talk with them, so I called Guy Lent, and we met halfway—it was on a night when nobody—we met halfway out at the Jubilee Club. God, when I told poor old Guy who was really behind all these front men, the money was actually coming from the Communist party, he had a fit [laughing]. And you can imagine! Old Pappy Smith and his—. That negotiation was broken off immediately the next morning.

Oh, there were just literally hundreds of interesting applicant investigations. We were forever criticized sometimes for going too far. And oh, we were making neighborhood checks on people of substantial wealth, and

so on. But so many of those characters would file an application and say they were going to invest \$150,000 in a club and they made their \$150,000 by working at this and by saving and living modestly, and so on and so forth. Then you dig back into their income tax returns, and for crying out loud, you find that they never made more than \$10,000 a year, and how the hell they saved \$150,000 in five years out of \$10,000 a year—you know.

Then the Swiss bank business was a new one to come up in the latter years. Money in Switzerland banks is kept in what is known as numbered accounts; there are no names attached to them and they're totally secret. But there's just too many so-called legitimate finance organizations in this country that are willing to pose as the lender, and actually they're getting the money from the Swiss account, see. They had one bank in Florida that just drove me fruit. I never could really get the whole—we let one of them slip through because the president of the bank signs all these documents, indicating that he's putting up the money, and this is the security, and he's getting this interest, and so on and so forth. And it wasn't until the bank changed ownership that I subsequently was able to get the whole story, and that the bank hadn't put up a dime; it had all come from a Swiss account. And those people are subsequently out of business, fortunately. They went broke.

In all of these investigations of prospective licensees, is it my observation that most of them are honest, or most of them are dishonest? Oh, I'd say by far the great percentage of them are basically honest people. Many of them are the fast buck artists, and they look upon the gambling table—or look upon Nevada—as being the golden goose with the ever laying eggs, the quick way to make money. Now, it just isn't that way, and many of them subsequently find out that it

isn't. But they're *forever* trying to put together weird deals with no money, or none of their own money—always somebody else's money. But there are many very legitimate investors, too, who were able to make a considerable breakthrough in—oh, the Sinatra thing helped in a way; the Silver Slipper thing even helped in a way, in bringing investments by insurance companies. The insurance companies and other legitimate finance houses grew to be more and more interested in Nevada and began to make preliminary investments.

Of course, one of the major calculated risks we had to take in a sense was the Teamsters union. The Teamsters' pension fund is essentially money that comes from hundreds of thousands of truck drivers all over the country. It's a huge—becoming a huge, huge source of money. And it has to be invested somewhere.

Well, the Teamsters' trustees, which are made up half Teamster union representatives, half ownership representatives, and I think one or two public, so-called independent members—it's a group of about seventeen people. And they began to cast about the country for hotel investments, various other business investments—real estate investments, essentially—in which to invest the pension fund. And when they started looking at Nevada—well, one of their first loans in Nevada, actually, was to Hank Greenspun and the *Las Vegas Sun*. But when they started looking at gambling properties, well, we had the problem of Jimmy Hoffa and Bobby Kennedy's (then U. S. Attorney General) sworn vendetta to put him away, and the possibility of this feud between the federal government and Jimmy Hoffa, in charge of the Teamsters union, of ultimately reflecting upon Nevada and Nevada gambling. But on the other hand, the other side of the coin was that here was a source of legitimate money

which is going to be invested somewhere, and it might just as well supplant some of the early-day investments that had come to Nevada. So we went along with the concept of a Teamsters investment in the state, and we now probably have, oh, in excess of \$60,000,000 or \$70,000,000 invested in resort real estate. One that they wished they didn't have is the Riverside Hotel, I'm sure.

And in all that time, we've never had any direct dealings with the Teamsters union, never had any problems with them. We subsequently ran into all kinds of situations in which people were trying to get Teamster money and were being taken in by fringe characters who would tell the potential borrower that, well, for a fee delivered under the table, I can get you to the right guy of the Teamsters trustees, and this kind of thing. And many of our legitimate people did sucker into that type of thing. But actually, the Teamsters loan did not carry any "points," unlike the loans for refinancing a house or anything else. They carried a straight interest, and the examination of the property and the analysis of the business potential were tremendous. They had a very high class staff of experts to work at those things, and very definitely this worked out to the state's benefit. And in all the trouble Jimmy Hoffa subsequently got into, there was never a single instance which had to do with a loan into Nevada. But as I say, that was a calculated risk.

Aside from the fast buck artists who want to invest in Nevada gambling or get Nevada gambling licenses, is it my observation that most of the people already licensed are interested in conducting a good, clean business? Or are there a lot of the fast buck artists there, too? Well, I think gambling by its nature is a cash business, and the people that work in it are much more—well, they have a somewhat different approach to life with it

than the ordinary teacher or newspaperman or somebody like that. They live in a different world. This isn't to say that they're dishonest, any more dishonest or immoral or anything else than the average guy, but they live in a world where money doesn't have the same meaning. There's always the possibility of a "golden tomorrow." I mean, some high roller may come in and tip everybody a hundred dollars so that you're not—I'm talking about a dealer or a shill, or somebody like that at this point, or even a pit man, to some extent. You're not confined to the salary, as a hundred-dollar-a-week clerk is. The dealer's—the potential is always there for a killing, you know. A guy might win a bundle from the house and distribute it around to the employees, a rich habit. But as I say, generally, we've pretty much gotten away from the old professional gamblers. It's now pretty much a crew which has been developed within the state. I mean, there are, here, mostly women on "Twenty-One." And the clubs, in their effort to create an artificial labor pool, have, particularly up north, developed a policy ultimately working to their disadvantage, I'm sure, of forever training people, putting them to work, and then when they get three, four years' experience where they're going to have to pay a little more money, they get rid of them. And in the meantime, they've trained a whole bunch of new. So you actually have dealers all over the place who aren't working but are capable of dealing.

One of the classic old stories—this didn't happen during my time—Bill Gallagher, who is now the office manager for the Board in Las Vegas, in the earlier days of gambling control, he was about the only enforcement man the state had. And at one point Bill picked up a dice cup and some dice in a little bar out in the northern part of the state, and it was one of these phony dice cups in which you could

manipulate the dice and they would come out whatever you wanted. And so Bill had just put it away in his desk and put that guy out of business.

Many months or even years later, this individual came back to the Board to apply for a license. And Bill was still one of the few employees, so he was taking license applications, too. The guy came in and saw Bill and set forth his business and said he'd like to apply for the license. And finally when he was all through, well—whether he recognized or remembered Bill or not, he never did know. Bill reached into his desk drawer and pulled out this dice cup, and he says, "I'll shake you for the license." The guy stood up and walked out [laughing]. Some of these old funny stories. The industry has people that are from one extreme to another—I mean, the highest type people that you could ever find and some of the lowest. There's just forever some devious darn thing going on somewhere.

There's an episode now I see in the paper, there's a guy charged with murder in connection with two Wyoming men. Well, we knew—were convinced—that this same individual murdered the casino manager of the Riverside Hotel here six or seven years ago. He just mysteriously disappeared and has never been found again. This same guy was involved in it, but we were never able to prove anything in the sheriff's office.

There's a great loyalty among gambling people. They have a loyalty that perhaps is sometimes misguided. They don't want to squeal on each other. On the other hand, I did have a crew which was totally secret, and there were only two or three people a year that you could afford on that capacity that were hired. Mostly, or frequently, they were people who were actually an employee of the house and who worked and were for a very long time associated in the business and so picked up all

the gossip and all the rumors and everything else. And the grapevine in the gambling business—if the state could ever develop a grapevine like they have, like the industry has, it'd be no problem to enforcement or control because the information just moves at a fantastic speed.

But these people that I had, generally speaking, were people who were far-seeing enough to realize that their own livelihoods depended upon this thing keeping straight. Because if it got out of hand, it would end up with no gambling at all and no jobs for some thirty or thirty-five thousand people. So I frequently had pretty good cooperation from employees who were in a position to pick up information. But by the same token, they could never really be identified in any fashion, or could they ever be seen with me, or even talk to me by phone except in code or something. So you could never call on them to testify or anything like that. But they were a great source of information.

That damned Riverside problem we worked on for—oh, what was it, a year. And rumors, rumors, rumors—you had them all over the place. And a young lad out of San Francisco put in a bundle of money. They'd had problems before then—I mean, as far as cheating problems. We tried to tell him frankly then that there were some problems in the joint, and if he was going to become the major investor he'd better cast around for some different people to represent him in the gambling act, because he knew nothing about gambling. He did make some changes but nothing substantive, and didn't get at the real problems. And still we couldn't prove the problems; they were just knowledge that—. Oh, at one point, I set up a twenty-four-hour watch on the joint for a week with out-of-state people hired from California, trying to catch what we had been tipped would be an

incident with dice. We never did nail it down. We must have picked up—I bet I must have picked up \$1,000 worth of Riverside dice over the period of this year and never found a thing wrong with it. Laxalt's new Board lucked out finally; took them nine months—they were at it for another nine months. And how the characters— gee, you just wonder how they get by with it, but on the other hand, you have to realize that when you're working with very few people and the hundreds of crap tables and hundreds of "Twenty-One" tables that there are in the state, you can't always catch everything. Mostly, it's a bluffing game. And you have to pretend that you know more than you do a lot of times, too, to get a guy to straighten it up.

Slot machines used to be a source, of problems, but they pretty much have—are no longer that way. We started a campaign of, again, just a physical examination of the machines on an unannounced schedule, just a continuing thing. We'd go through and take the backs off of them and examine for plugs to see if they could deliver everything that they advertised they could deliver.

Toward the end, though, we ran into a horrible problem of the modern electronic machine. It's an electronic "Twenty-One" game. The darn thing proved to be—after it was put into operation, it proved to be uneconomic. It was paying out more than it was taking in! So some of the engineers got together and decided they'd make some subtle changes in it which would assure that the dealer—whenever the dealer's position had a breaking hand, or anything over eleven, it would never get a high card. So it did shift the odds in the favor of the dealer, and this must've gone on for six or eight months before I found out about it. I found out about it from a disgruntled employee—former employee' who had been fired. And he finally copped

out on them, whereupon I went out and hired an electronics man and called them all in and discovered what I thought it was. And they whined and wheedled and cried that there was just no way they could work. Well, what we did at that point was to close them all. Then we made them come back and approach it from the slot machine standpoint. It's not a "Twenty-One" game; it is a slot machine, essentially. But we made them eliminate all reference to Blackjack, to "Twenty-One," or anything like that, and to state plainly on the face of the machine exactly what would happen. And we let them back in business at that point. I see subsequently they've caught them secretly manipulating the damn thing around again, so finally the current Board has put them out of business. And there's a fantastic investment loss there. It was a tremendous industry investment in the state, too, because these things were being made here. And it's the type of industry that you like, you know. It's clean and electronic industry. But—I don't know.

The Keno machines have got similar problems. Some of our wild problems stemmed out of the regular game of Keno, incidentally. The \$25,000 limit is just one of those horribly tempting things, so that people with a touch of larceny in their souls are in this. People are forever dreaming up ways of beating the game. Well, to beat a Keno game requires the help of somebody on the inside, some key employee somewhere along the line.

We had three or four major Keno problems. One was in the very early days of the Nevada Club in Las Vegas in which a man won—hit a ticket for \$25,000. Well, the investigation, which became very complex and extremely expensive, proved conclusively to me that it was a crooked ticket, and consequently the club just didn't have to pay it. And so we ruled.

Well, the "winner" undertook to engage in a lengthy series of lawsuits and criminal

charges and everything else. And Harry Claiborne was the attorney in that deal, too. And we got involved. Lordy, it took months and months and months of fighting in court and various administrative battles to support your conclusion that since the ticket was crooked, it didn't have to be paid.

Then the case died out; then Claiborne came back again, oh, at the time he was going to run for governor, or something, at the time he was in a big political deal. So he fired off some nasty letters to Sawyer requesting that the matter be reopened, and so on and so forth. And so we reopened it, but at this point, all the witnesses who had participated in the scam had disappeared and gone out of the state, and so on and so forth. We finally cut Claiborne off with a pretty harshly-worded letter, which he decided not to make public.

Subsequently, we had a Keno beef in Sparks, which the Board concluded was a legitimate ticket. The club had refused to pay on the grounds that it had been cheated. And, of course, we had the precedent of the other cases that, if it was indeed a cheating ticket, then the club didn't have to pay, which we thought was only right. But we concluded that this one *was* legitimate, and so they did have to pay it. And they appealed that one to the Commission, and by God, the Commission overruled the Board and supported the club. I'm not sure to this day who was right on that one.

One of the Reno clubs wanted to raise the Keno limit to \$50,000 in the smaller outfits, whereupon Harrah's and Harolds and the bigger ones said they'd raise up to \$75,000. We had to call—issue an emergency order, and we locked the limit of Keno at \$25,000, because if it got any higher, it would begin to tempt even us. We had so many problems with \$25,000 we figured it would probably be horrible if it ever got to \$75,000.

I mentioned some of the other games. "A Number One" headaches always come from the bookies. Almost to a man—not to a man, because there are two or three high-class bookies in the state, but almost to a man—they are a bunch of characters. We had two—it was over a period of years we closed I think five bookies in the state, and there are only ten. But two of our classic problems developed in Las Vegas. You know that a bookie has to pay—either collect from the player or pay it himself—a ten percent tax to the federal government on each bet. So to overcome that problem—and their argument was legitimate. They fought this tax for years, and legitimately so. I think it's an improper tax in a licensed activity in a state like this. They fought it for years, but never could get anything done. So one sharp guy down there conceived the idea of taking in a—the bets were written on a slip of paper, and say it was a ten-dollar bet; well, they'll write the figure ten. Well, he conceived this bright idea of writing the ten and giving the player his copy. Then on his carbon he would add another cipher and draw a line under the two ciphers so it looked like one dollar, one and no cents [100]. So this—he would pay a ten-cent tax on that instead of a dollar tax!

Well, good Lord, once again, just by sheer accident in a routine audit, we began to see these darn tickets and it began to look more and more suspicious. We found it actually at two places; they were both essentially using the same type of gimmick. But the problem was, how could you challenge the man's carbon? You could never go back and get the original, the player that had that and collected his money on it, or something of that nature. The originals would be destroyed, and all you had to watch was his carbon.

And we finally cracked the case only because one of the people involved, who

happened to be an owner, was color blind, and he would use a red pencil once in a while to add that extra cipher and draw the line under it, too. They cheated the federal government out of a fabulous amount of money, and the state, too, out of some, because our tax is predicated on the gross. So we put them out of business, and the feds undertook to prosecute them. I don't think they ever completed their prosecutions to this day. But we did close it. And two or three other bookies were—oh, they were characters!

Speaking of bookies and their campaign to eliminate the federal ten percent tax, here's a funny little story to go along with that. In the—I think my final year, about '66 or so, they finally did convince Senators Bible and Cannon and Representative Baring to make an effort to repeal the ten percent tax as far as Nevada was concerned. And Bible and Cannon waited and waited and waited for an appropriate time to put this amendment in on another tax bill. It was going to be a minor little thing that not too many people would see. And they were obviously waiting for a situation in which not too many senators would be present. And they kept—they waited and waited and waited. And finally the time came when the bill itself was beginning to move, and this would be the last opportunity to amend it. And lo and behold, there were only eleven people in the senate. They had some pairs or something or other, so they had the votes to handle the thing, but there was just nobody there. And all the major opponents to Nevada were gone, except Bobby Kennedy happened to be serving as the [presiding officer] at the time. And Alan and Howard slipped this darn amendment in, and it came up and Bobby called for a voice vote. Well, even the impartial observers said the vote was louder yea than nay, and the amendment carried. On the other hand,

Bobby Kennedy ruled that the amendment failed. And after that he came to Bible and he says, "You know what? In Nevada, that's what they call a stacked deck." [laughing]

THE BLACK BOOK

To go back into Abbaticchio's regime now, his major contribution—and sometimes I put that in parentheses with a question mark [(?)]; other times I put it in parentheses with an exclamation point [(!)]—was the concept—and whether it was Ray's concept or not, nobody ever knows. I mean, nobody ever really took credit for it; he got the blame for it when things went bad—was the concept of the so-called "black book." In an effort to fight the association with gambling of people of national reputation as racketeers, as underworld chieftains, Ray undertook to distribute a brief biographical sketch and the picture of some—I think it was eleven people—let's get that straight right now—yes, eleven people. The booklet, just paper with a man's name and picture, his aliases, his FBI number, his California Identification Bureau number, his physical description, and a sentence to the effect that he was reported to be a frequent Las Vegas visitor. That's all that was on each page for each of the eleven men.

It so happened that the state printer had an oversupply of black cardboard, stiff paper, and the booklet, these eleven sheets, were bound in this black paper. It was by sheer accident, no design. So it came out and subsequently was referred to in the press, and is still known today, as the Black Book.

The original members of the Black Book were [reading, turning pages of copy of Black Book]: John Louis Battaglia, a Los Angeles resident; Marshall Caifano, also known as Johnny Marshall, a resident of Chicago; Carl James Civella, a resident of Kansas City,

Missouri; Nicholas Civella, also a resident of Kansas City; Michael Coppola, a resident of Miami Beach, Florida; and Louis Tom Dragna of Los Angeles; Robert L. Garcia, listed here as a resident of southern California—I know a hilarious story in connection with this guy; Sam Giancana, a resident of Chicago; Motel, last name G-r-z-e-b-i-e-n-a-c-y—if you can pronounce it, you’re better than I am—also known as Max Jaben, of Kansas City, Missouri; Murray Llewellyn Humphreys, also known as “The Camel,” Chicago, Illinois; and Joe Sica, a resident of Los Angeles. Now, these were the people who constituted the original so-called Black Book. And there was always, and still has been to this day, a criticism of why didn’t it include names like Meyer Lansky and Frank Costello and other nationally notorious underworld names. The point that was in Ray’s mind at the time, and properly so, I always feel, was that such names as I just mentioned, those last two, were not people who came to Las Vegas. They were not frequent visitors. And this was not intended to be a national index of questionable characters; it was merely a guide to the clubs of the people known to frequent Las Vegas who had highly undesirable reputations.

So they distributed this book with one of the classic letters of bureaucratese. In essence, it was telling the various casinos that the notoriety resulting from these individuals visiting gambling establishments would discredit not only the industry, but the entire state as well. And without telling them forthrightly that they were not to allow them in, they did say that in order to—this is a quote—

In order to avoid the possibility of license revocation for unsuitable manner of operation, your immediate cooperation is requested

in preventing the presence in any licensed establishment of all ‘persons of notorious or unsavory reputation’ including the above individuals, as well as those who subsequently may be added to this list.

Now, Ray, of course, was concerned about the possibility of this whole approach being legally questionable, to say the least. So he was trying to keep the guys out of the gaming houses but at the same time not assume to the state the burden of throwing them out. He was trying to shift the burden onto the houses. Well, the houses resented this, understandably. And it wasn’t long after the distribution of the book that Johnny Marshall with Tom Dragna came to Las Vegas and decided to hit every place they could. They had quite a time; they went to virtually every hotel and every casino and stayed in hotels and were wined and dined and given the red carpet treatment half the time, and everything else.

And so Ray, seeing this as a possible showdown or test of the state’s authority, gathered up every agent he had, which included everybody from the file clerk to the card cheating expert to the slot machine examiner to—every man he had, and he flew them all to Las Vegas one night, and they undertook to put a surveillance on Johnny Marshall. Dragna had gone back by this time. Marshall was in town courting a young singer who caught his fancy; Roberta Lynn, as a matter of fact, was her name.

I didn’t go down on this episode because I was working on the Commission’s staff at the time. But from the tales that I subsequently got, it was absolutely hilarious. It was sort of a “Keystone Cops” type thing. Every time Marshall would move from one hotel to another, well, Ray would go marching in with

his sharp knives—or as the hotel preferred to call them, the storm troopers—and [laughing] advised the house that the man was present and they should get rid of him. But he wouldn't go and tell the guy to get out himself; he would put the burden again on the management. And in each case the management became quite unhappy with the situation because they were fearful of a lawsuit. Marshall was the utmost of decorum; he wasn't creating any problem in any place he went; he wasn't overdrinking or loud or anything like that. He was deliberately being very, very proper, and he was accompanied, of course, by the famed civil rights lawyer, Abraham Lincoln Wirin, of Los Angeles. They were obviously gathering evidence and background for a lawsuit against the state.

Finally, it was in the Desert Inn that, upon Ray's pressure upon the owner, the owners did request Marshall to quietly leave. And for a while he declined, and finally he did. Well, by this time, the entourage of gaming agents wandering up and down the Strip behind Johnny Marshall, and one agent following and running Indian file position had attracted to some degree a lot of public attention, including a photographer from the *Las Vegas Sun*. And as Johnny Marshall went out the door of the Desert Inn, he took a swing at the photographer and the photographer swung back, and there was this kind of excitement at the door and created many headlines, unfortunately.

So within the month, Johnny Marshall and Louis Tom Dragna filed a damage action against the state of Nevada, naming the governor and the three members of the Gaming Control Board and five members of the Gaming Commission, plus the Desert Inn Hotel. And I think he was asking for—oh, it was quite a sum; I think it was, oh, \$500,000 or something like that, from the Desert Inn.

Actually, his claim against the governor and the Board members was only for a hundred dollars apiece or something.

Well, this, the filing of the suit, sort of put a crimp in the Black Book approach as far as expanding it or changing it or doing much of anything with it. And it took my entire term—I was there for five and a half years—and it took virtually my entire term; I inherited the suit and had to defend the state against it. And it took almost all of my time to finally get an ultimate decision from the Supreme Court of the United States.

The upshot of it was that the state's authority to ban or prohibit certain people from going into gaming casinos was upheld in a very fine opinion written by the Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco and then subsequently affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States when it refused to consider the matter. But we went through years of total anguish with Johnny Marshall. We got so we knew more about Johnny Marshall than we knew about ourselves, and Johnny Marshall knew more about us than he knew about himself, I'm sure. And the times that I had to go to Vegas, quietly—we didn't ever follow Ray's approach—Butch and I would just go to the operators and ask them to have Johnny leave every time he came to Vegas. And finally, we got him pretty well trained so that he stayed at motels instead of going to places where there was gambling [laughing].

But I recall one occasion when we arrived at the Dunes. I got word he was in the Dunes, and nobody would do anything until I flew down; and so I had to fly down. By this time the poor old guy has gone to bed; he's asleep. And we went into the Dunes and got hold of Sid Wyman, who was one of the owners. And poor Sid had to go down and wake up Johnny and tell him to "vamoose." But Johnny

was very perturbed with us, and we followed him to the airport to make sure he did leave. When we got to the airport, all he would do is stare at me, and I've never seen colder eyes in my life. Notoriously, although never proven, Johnny was suspected of some rather brutal gangland executions in Chicago, which included throwing one girl in a bathtub of acid and hanging another man on meat hooks in a freezer until he died days later. A very, very undesirable individual all the way around, but by the same token, a very funny individual. We finally came to trial on the darn case. Years later it was—first it was thrown out of federal court by Judge [Roger] Foley, Sr. And then Marshall appealed to the circuit court, and the circuit court said yes, it should be tried on its merits, and so it came back. And all these things took months.

Finally, it went to trial on the merits in, oh, the fall of 1963 or '64, or something. We had hired Bruce Thompson as our attorney, and he had gone through all the initial phases of it, but then he was appointed federal judge himself, so we had to go get another attorney and start all over. So we got Johnny Bartlett, and Johnny is an individual filled with many memories of the West, as he was born down in Amador or Sonora, that country down—the Mother Lode country. He was an early-day assistant district attorney up here in Reno. But he was full of tales, and this Marshall thing just fascinated him. And among the witnesses he got trying to prove that Johnny was a bad man—he actually had no conviction record to work with at all, really, so he got the chief of detectives of the Chicago police department, a fine old gentleman who had much knowledge of Johnny's activities by virtue of having tapped his telephones over the years [laughing]. What's his name? Joe Morris.

So he had Joe on the stand, and Bartlett was questioning him and going into all these

details. Bartlett had talked to him the night before, but he got some of his cases mixed up about murders, and so on and so forth, and he got the names all confused, and by the time Morris was on the stand, well, he was getting Morris confused. But anyway, Morris was a good, straightforward witness, and Johnny Marshall sat there in court with his then wife and glared at us all, and glared at Morris, particularly, on the witness stand, because Morris's testimony was effective.

So came a recess in the court proceedings, and we went into the restroom, several of us, and Johnny Marshall—oh, the guy, he's not more than five [feet] three or four, or something—well, he was five [feet] five, even with elevator shoes, I think. But he was standing at one of the urinals alongside of Butch Leypoldt, who's a good six [feet] two, and Butch completes his task and he reaches over and kicks the pedal to flush it. And Butch looks down and here's Johnny, and Johnny looks up at him and he says, "Well, what do you think of that guy Morris, the Chicago detective?"

Butch says, "Well, I thought he was a pretty good witness."

Johnny said, "Sure is a *dedicated* son of a bitch, isn't he?" [laughing] That was a classic line I never forgot.

So ultimately, the federal court—we had a judge in from California who heard it, and he upheld the state, and the circuit court did, and ultimately the Supreme Court. And in the meantime, Johnny managed to get himself racked up in a—oh, a bombing situation in Chicago and an extortion problem out in Los Angeles and is in the penitentiary at this point, for which I was grateful.

I mentioned earlier that the original suit against the state and the Desert Inn was filed by Marshall and Dragna. When the suit was initially dismissed in federal court, it was only

Marshall who appealed it to the circuit court; Dragna did not. So consequently, when the circuit court held that the case must be tried on its merits, Marshall alone was a plaintiff in that, nor was Dragna associated with it, although I've often wondered if it wasn't done deliberately so that Dragna could bring a new suit in case Marshall's was successful.

Going back to the trial for a minute, Marshall was asked by Bartlett why he sued Desert Inn for \$200,000 or \$300,000, whatever it was, and named the governor and the Board members liable for only a nominal hundred dollars or so, and Marshall's candid answer was that the Desert Inn had some money, and he didn't think the state officials had any [laughing].

RELATIONSHIPS WITH FEDERAL AGENCIES

Let's go back to the early days of my own association with the Gaming Commission. It was in the spring of 1961; Bobby Kennedy had just shortly before been named attorney general of the United States by his brother, the then president, Jack Kennedy. The attorney general of Nevada at that point was Roger Foley, Jr., who is now, like his father, a federal judge.

One day, Foley received a telephone call, ostensibly from Kennedy himself, Robert Kennedy himself—but I don't know that to be a fact—in which Mr. Kennedy's office, or Mr. Kennedy himself, wanted to know if it were possible under Nevada law to deputize federal agents as assistant attorneys general of the state. Mr. Kennedy's representative explained to Attorney General Foley that they had in mind sending into the state of Nevada some sixty-five agents, making a "simultaneous raid" on all casinos in the state. Mr. Foley was at that time in the final stages of being investigated for appointment to the

federal bench. So I'm sure he was reluctant to query Mr. Kennedy's motives too extensively, so he didn't really do anything except say that he would have to research the law, which he undertook to do on his own without conferring with the gaming control people or with the governor, or anything else. He finally telephoned Mr. Kennedy back that the law of Nevada would not permit deputizing these federal agents as assistants to the attorney general of the state, but that the law would permit assigning them as special agents to the Gaming Control Board, whereupon Mr. Foley in due time informed Governor Sawyer of this conversation and of his suggestion to the attorney general's office in Washington.

Well, needless to say, pieces of Mr. Sawyer were found in the gold dome of the capital. He went right through the ceiling and was just absolutely infuriated that the attorney general, without consulting anybody, would go that route. So Mr. Sawyer—Governor Sawyer called a meeting of the Gaming Control Board and of the Gaming Commission. (I was still a nonmember of the Board at that point, but was included in the meeting. And it was a special midnight secret meeting that Laxalt's people are being criticized for now. It wasn't midnight, but it was late in the evening because the people had to fly up from Las Vegas.) [Then] he outlined to us what had transpired up to that point and sought ideas and suggestions.

And the upshot of our collective thinking was that there was nothing else to do but for Sawyer himself to go to Washington and have a talk with Jack Kennedy, which is precisely what followed. Our senators were unable to get an appointment with the president for some time, but Governor Sawyer was able to get one within three days, as I recall.

And he got back there and it was a holiday. I think it was Memorial Day, or right around

that period. He got back there and he did discuss the political facts of life with Jack Kennedy and the inherent dangers in the state allowing the federal government to make simultaneous raids of a casino without—of all the casinos without any objective in mind. There was never any statement on what they were looking for or what they thought was wrong or anything else. But the national notoriety that would come out of that would have been extremely damaging to the state. So Sawyer did block that, virtually singlehandedly, in a political discussion with the president. However, he did make clear that the state in every way wanted to cooperate with the federal government; if indeed there was something wrong in Nevada, let's get rid of it. So it was agreed that the attorney general's office, Mr. Kennedy's brother, Robert Kennedy's office, would be in subsequent contact with us, and perhaps we could work out a mutual plan of action, rather than this unilateral "raid" approach.

So Sawyer returned, and we did subsequently hear from Mr. Kennedy's office that they would like to send two of his top people to meet with us to discuss the problem. They would not, however, meet with us within the borders of the state of Nevada. And everything had to be absolutely confidential and secret.

So it was at this point that Abbaticchio had already been informed that he was no longer going to be on the Board. I hadn't any indication that I was going to succeed him. But the whole thing was dumped in my lap to bring together the proper people for this meeting. So I chose Milton Keefer as chairman of the Commission, and Jimmy Hotchkiss as a knowledgeable former FBI man on the Commission, I took Mr. Leypoldt, and I think Mr. Turner, and, of course, the governor. And then I knew, really, that the

people—these were all basically lay people, and there weren't, really, any knowledgeable people in this group, in detailed knowledge, of hoodlum and racketeering activities. But I had observed on Abbaticchio's staff an investigator by the name of Charles La France, who was not in command of a section but who obviously was the most knowledgeable; he was a walking encyclopedia. Charles was a member of the Bar in Delaware and in Alabama, a former FBI man during the period of Dillinger and that heyday of the FBI, and for many years after that, an espionage agent for private corporations in the East, and also had spent some time with the ass, which was our espionage outfit during World War II. So I took La France with us.

It was agreed that we would meet these guys in a hotel room in San Francisco. And all hush-hush, secret, and so on and so forth. We all had to filter into San Francisco by different means of transportation, and different cars, and no registration ahead of time or anything like that; we just had a room in the governor's name and let it go at that. And none of us would go to this room in a group; we'd filter into the room, and the FBI—or the federal people did the same, and we finally got our people all gathered in this room about ten o'clock on a spring morning.

There were two people sent by Mr. Kennedy. One was a young man whose name I do not recall at all; the other was a man, who, although he did not hold a title, was at that time and still is a very close personal friend of Mr. Kennedy and was sort of a right-hand man without having the title—his name was Walter Sheridan. Walter Sheridan, as the tale unfolds, if I can unfold it logically, will—his name will be refreshed to you later.

It soon became evident in, oh, the first half-hour of conversation that Mr. Sheridan and his associate really didn't have the vaguest

idea of what in the hell they were talking about as far as Nevada and its racketeering and its hoodlums, and everything else. They didn't know what they were talking about, not only as far as Nevada, but as far as the underworld in general—the leaders of it, the names of the people, the relationships between the various groups, and so on. And my little man, La France, as I say, was a wiry guy about five [feet] two or something like that, but just a walking encyclopedia of hoodlumism. Charlie knows the cousin of every notorious individual on earth, plus his cousin's sister and the relationship, and who she married, and who she went with before they were married, and so on and so forth, and who owes what to who, and what kind of an association they had after years in this business. And he was really a find. Charlie was able to just tie these guys from Washington in knots as far as what they were talking about and their assumptions that this was here. Basically, the entire information of these two gentlemen from the attorney general's office came from a 1958 or '59 article in *Reader's Digest* by a gentleman named Lester Velie, and from the rewrite of that article in *Nation* magazine in 1960 by an ex-FBI man named Fred Cook. And these have become the "basic source" of information about Nevada. And unfortunately, I was horrified to find that they were the basic source of the federal government's information about Nevada, too.

The upshot of the San Francisco meeting was that we agreed to permit the federal government to send two or three undercover people who would be assigned to our staff and would be special agents to the Board and would be able to work with the Board, to go through confidential files, to go into casinos, to have the same access to gambling as we did, this being preferable to a simultaneous raid. So Mr. Sheridan and his man carried

this back to Washington and we returned to Carson City.

We didn't hear further from Mr. Kennedy for—oh, I'd gone on the Board by that time—we didn't hear further from Sheridan or Kennedy's office or a darn thing. But finally, along about August of '61, or September, somewhere around there, I did get a call from Dean Elson, who was the Special Agent in charge of the Las Vegas FBI bureau, which in turn is the overall FBI agency for Nevada, or the overall FBI authority for Nevada, saying that his Washington office had requested a comprehensive report and investigation of Nevada gambling. And he acknowledged that basically they had no knowledge, the FBI, who owned what house or who was working in what house or what their history was, or anything about it. Could we send somebody up to work with me and get as much as possible. I asked him, "Well, what happened to the plan that was agreed with by Kennedy's office?" And he had no knowledge of that plan or anything about it. So I told him yeah, send a man up and we'd help him the best we could.

So Elson sent up a young agent by the name of Donald Winne. Mr. Winne, to some extent, was impressionable; on the other hand, he was a quite competent investigator, too. So I turned him loose and gave him not everything in the file, but I certainly gave him access to all the record material, you know; but I didn't give him access to what was gossip, intelligence—what they call intelligence, which is hearsay, somebody says something about somebody else, and the informant says this. The police files just get full of unverified gossip. So I didn't see any point in spreading that to Washington. But I did make available to him all the formal records.

And so he worked for a—oh, a matter of six weeks, I think, and finally compiled a huge two-volume report, probably six, eight

hundred pages, which was transmitted to Washington. I had an opportunity to look at it before it went, and there was nothing tremendously derogatory to the state. There was some information about the background of some of the guys in Las Vegas that was questionable, but it was nothing bad. It was—it was all over—all in all, it was a pretty good report, as a matter of fact. So this went back to Mr. Hoover. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Winne was transferred from the Las Vegas office to the Washington office of the FBI and basically placed on the public relations staff of Mr. Hoover personally.

We heard nothing further from the FBI, but the next thing you know, the wage and hour people had sent in investigators to make an investigation of Nevada gambling. IRS comes in to make an investigation of Nevada gambling. The Department of Commerce sent investigators in to make an investigation of Nevada gambling. The Bureau of Narcotics—every conceivable investigating agency of the federal government that it had—assigned people to Nevada to investigate. And so I was just going nuts with the same people, over and over, and getting the same information that I'd already provided for the FBI in great detail. But nobody ever talks to anybody back there. They don't exchange information among themselves. For instance, to this day IRS and the FBI won't talk in Las Vegas; they won't say a word to each other on the street! So this came to be a very harrassing period.

There were forever these stories in the paper about Mr. Kennedy's crackdown on organized crime and his investigation of Nevada, and so on and so forth. This was an example of the type of thing that started to appear in the national press. This was on November 6, 1961. Now, this was the type of thing that began to—I'm not talking about

the: magazine article in *Nation* or *Reader's Digest* in the earlier years— but this was the type thing that would start appearing on the wires, and the lead of the story. For instance:

“The United States Department of Justice is among those holding the view that everything is not always what it seems in Las Vegas,” according to the November 11, 1961 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. “They doubt whether Las Vegas is the nation's most successful rehabilitation center for, excuse the expression, ‘hoodlums,’”

Post editor Peter Wyden writes. So:

So Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy has ordered the first coordinated federal investigation into Las Vegas and the forces that make it run. There is increasing curiosity in Washington about the handling of the city's only crop: cash. The government has heard reports that millions of untaxed dollars made by narcotics peddlers and other criminals around the country come to Las Vegas to be ‘won’ at the gambling tables.

This is typical. Now, remember, this is November 11, 1961. All that the federal investigation has uncovered at this point is a record of the owners and what have you.

So the governor was upset about this, too, so he called the attorney general's office. He couldn't get Mr. Kennedy himself; he got the guy by the name of Mr. John Lawrence Siegenthaler, the attorney general's administrative assistant.

Mr. Siegenthaler says—started telling him about the newspaper article in the upcoming *Post*, *Saturday Evening Post* article, and

Siegenthaler says, "That newspaper story is a complete falsehood."

I must go a step further here—back to the story for just a second here. [Reading from office memos and papers] I guess this version of the story doesn't carry it, but Mr. Siegenthaler went on, to start saying: "That young lady, Miss Novella, uh—"

And Sawyer says, "Well, I'm talking about the story in the *Los Angeles Times* this morning which will be on television and in the papers here tonight."

And Siegenthaler says, "Let me tell you what I know. In the first place, it is our understanding that this story stems from an article in a national weekly magazine."

Sawyer: "*The Saturday Evening Post*."

Siegenthaler:

They had some sort of an article on this, that I think was really the basis for the newspaper article. The AP reporter here did talk with the attorney general in a general way and did mention the name of Las Vegas. But the truth of the matter is, and the wire services have been told this, that the Justice Department in every major city in the United States has an investigation going. And I guess that includes Las Vegas, but it certainly does not single out Las Vegas. Then he goes on to say, This is an AP report. Now, the other matter that is disturbing us this afternoon, the other news service has a story saying that the attorney general has sent Miss Novella out there to participate in this investigation. This is an absolute falsehood. She went out there on a much deserved vacation. She worked there years ago and has good friends, and I'm sure

it is extremely embarrassing to her because that was the extent of her trip out there. She came back rested and extolling the virtues of Las Vegas.

[Laughing] So this was the type of stuff that was appearing in the press and still being denied by the attorney general's office. That's my only point in pointing this out. Oh, these characters!

But that was the beginning, pretty much, of the allegations in print, stemming from leaks in the attorney general's office that things were all haywire in Las Vegas and there were millions of dollars being lost by so-called skimming.

The *Green Felt Jungle* didn't come out until after '61. *Green Felt Jungle* didn't come out until about, oh, '63, '64, something like that. And essentially, there's really not an awful lot of factual material in *The Green Felt Jungle* at all.

As this harrassment from the various federal investigative agencies developed, we just tried to keep everybody happy, went along with them, trying to be as honest as we could. And it finally began to slow down a bit. And ultimately we developed a very close personal working relationship with Elson of the FBI. I was never able to develop the same kind of working relationship with the intelligence unit of the Internal Revenue Service because of the nature of the individual involved in that work. His name was Dan Smith. He's very religious, straight-backed, doesn't drink, smoke, gamble type guy, and he's totally convinced in his own mind that all of this gambling was just crooked, bad. And IRS approaches the whole thing from that standpoint. However, I did confide in Smith and subsequently in his superiors from San Francisco and Washington that I conceived an experiment to undertake to try to determine whether or not there was indeed skimming.

When I first assumed the job in July of '61, an agent I had at that time was a Wayne Pearson, who is now a member of the Board. Pearson was an individual who by education was a doctor of psychology, but by avocation is a tremendous gambler and a student of mathematics and gambling odds, and things like that. And I put Pearson in charge of this program. He and I pretty well worked it out together..

It was a concept of using unknown people to stand outside the tables, changing every fifteen, twenty minutes so they wouldn't become obvious, starting with an empty box at the beginning of a shift and counting every bill—the denomination of every bill that was dropped into the box during an eight-hour shift; and then at a subsequent time, without arousing suspicion, check our visual count against the house's reported count of that box. Under the regulations, they have to report each box for each eight-hour shift. So it was always available in the record.

And we carried this program out for, oh, three to four years and found a discrepancy which amounted to about, oh—I don't have the figures here—but a very minor loss. It would be less of a loss than Woolworth's sustains, for instance. The only thing it did do, it didn't bear out the concept of millions and millions being skimmed. But by the same token, it did show, obviously, there was some money disappearing between the table and the counting room. But the study at the same time showed that the chance of human error in this type of experiment was such—the chance of a human error was there, because in many cases the figures would indicate that the house reported taking in more money than we had seen going into the box. And you'd be surprised how many times this would happen!

But as I say, I did confide in Smith of IRS that I had initiated this type of program

and that I was particularly concentrating on certain areas and certain establishments, and he became so enamored of it that he ran off to Washington, and pretty soon his superiors from San Francisco were here and his superiors from Washington, wanting to know how I did it. And so I told them they could do it—they said they wanted to cooperate with us and do it with us. And I didn't feel that that was the best idea. I told them they could certainly do it on their own, which they did do. And I think the latter part of '64 and '65—perhaps it may have been '63 and '64—they moved a concentrated crew into Las Vegas and worked it for about thirty to sixty days, using exactly the same system that I had used. And it was their period that did result in these so-called skimming indictments that were returned only last year.

I still feel that unless they have something besides that, that they will not be able to get a conviction. Because if they present the true figures that they are bound to have arrived at, there's just too many discrepancies and too much chance of human error. All that can be is a tool; it can't be a firm, positive result.

Now, what they did, they'd find, for instance, a—say a shortage of thirty dollars on a crap table in a house and then multiply the number of crap tables, and then multiply that by thirty, and then multiply that by three (for three shifts), and then multiply that by a year (three hundred sixty-five), and they'd come up with these fantastic projections that they're skimming \$88,000,00 this year—you know, that type of thing, because it was thirty dollars short. And I just don't think they're going to get that on.

Now, the IRS, prior to this program that I just mentioned—prior to copying our effort there, they did move in a great crew of undercover people into Las Vegas. They rented a building, which was a great

secret, and totally removed from the IRS office down there. The IRS director in Reno, [Dalmon] Davis, would receive mail to the special unit addressed to him, but then he'd open his envelope and he would be instructed not to open the next envelope, to send it on to somebody else, who will open an envelope and be instructed not to open the next envelope, and it would finally get its way down to this special crew. We were able to—we picked up information on it as soon as they hit, and we labeled them as the "Great American Eagle." That was our code word for them. They showed up in our files as the "Great American Eagle." [laughing]

And they were so, really, inept at normal investigative procedures that they didn't even bother to shred their documents. In any investigative setup you either burn or shred at the end of the day. You don't throw them in the trash can because the janitor can take them out and put them in the garbage in the back of the alley. I had a man in the alley. So we had a pretty good idea of what they were doing [laughing]. They were just stumbling around, absolutely going nowhere. Investigating all kinds of citizens, and somebody who was seem with a gambler—they had memos on that—and just wild! And resulted in absolutely nothing, no kind of indictments or charges or cases or a damn thing. The "Great American Eagle," I think, was just a complete bust.

Well, to go [on with] the "Great American Eagle" for a while, they had this special building with the guards downstairs and nobody ever allowed into it. One of these guys'd come over to the FBI and he'd leave his telephone number to have the call returned. And the FBI would call back this number and ask for this individual and they would be told they never heard of him, he never worked there. And [laughing] they were doing things

like that, you know, and trying to be secret. And it just got to me. It was just hilarious!

But in the meantime [in 1962], the FBI, which is a somewhat more experienced investigating agency, undertook a program of its own, unbeknownst to IRS or to us or anybody else. And they started installing a series of electronic listening devices in various hotels, in some cases in bedrooms, and very possibly in my house and Butch's house and the governor's house and everything else. I don't know. We were never able to prove that latter part, but this "bugging" business went on for, oh, about—. Well, that went on undetected, probably for a year or more.

It was finally discovered in the Fremont Hotel, at least, in June of 1963, on a weekend when ironically, the executive offices were being shifted around. The husband of one of the secretaries, who happened to be a telephone man, came down to assist in the movement of wires and the shifting of minor things—they could just do it faster that way—and oddly, discovered an extra pair of wires in the executive office, which led to the main frame of the telephone exchange in the hotel. And by accident, the telephone company itself had been working on the main frame during the past week and had left in the exchange room the master diagram of the telephone system. So this man, being knowledgeable about telephones—being an employee but not knowing anything about the bugging business—was able to trace this extra pair of wires to a bug hidden in Eddie Levinson's office.

Well, when this was discovered, it was after Mr. Levinson had had a number of conversations with Bobby Baker in Washington, with Fred Black, with God only knows who. But in any event, the Fremont put out the word to the rest of the Strip that it—to the rest of the hotels in Las Vegas that this bug

had been discovered, and whereupon in short order there was one discovered at the Sands; there was one in Carl Cohen's apartment on the Sands property; there was one found in Johnny Drew's house, in his bedroom; there was one found at the Stardust—they were found in a number of places. Nobody really knows yet where all they were.

But this led Mr. Levinson, who had reason to believe that the federal government was going to give him some problems anyway, to file a substantial lawsuit, not only against the Central Telephone Company down there, but also another suit against the FBI agents. And then one of his employees filed what is known as a "class action" against the telephone company, and this means that the suit is on behalf of all subscribers to telephones in the Las Vegas area. And this could create some havoc with the poor old telephone company.

Well, this suit is still pending and has been up and down the administrative hill and up and down the legal hill. Oh, it was just two weeks ago the Nevada supreme court ruled that the FBI agents involved must give deposition, must answer questions posed by the plaintiff's attorneys. The FBI to this point has asserted what the attorney general called executive privilege, which relieved them from testifying about any of their activities in this connection. But our supreme court held that you can't violate the law to enforce the law. The outcome of it will be interesting.

Some of the evidence that I have seen is hilarious, typical of bureaucracy. The cost of this bugging operation was billed by the telephone company to an organization known as Henderson Novelty Company. Henderson Novelty Company, oddly enough, gave an address which happened to coincide with FBI headquarters in Las Vegas. And furthermore, the first month's bill to Henderson Novelty Company looked like a bill to any commercial

institution; it had the telephone charge and the federal tax and was paid. The second month's bill, the federal tax was crossed off! (laughing) Bureaucracy! The federal government! Some clerk! And we—well, we don't have to pay federal tax, you know (laughing). Well, this is one of the bits that I'm sure the plaintiff will have some fun with if this thing ever gets to trial.

But more significant—and I don't know if this transcript will become public for a long time—but more significant, after the discovery of this thing—even before the discovery—there had been beginnings of rumors in Las Vegas about bugs. And I began to have knowledge of it almost about the time of its actual discovery and then became what was public knowledge. And I advised Sawyer of it, and he became extremely disturbed again from a very philosophic position. He really wasn't too concerned about the damn gamblers by that point. It had been a headache to him, too. But he was concerned that any police agency or anyone else would come here and surreptitiously invade the privacy of the state and its citizens. So he did communicate with the attorney general's office and was told that, well, if this had ever gone on, it's not going on any more, and so on and so forth.

Then we began to find that there were some that hadn't been found that were still going on. So he communicated again. I don't know whether I have the complete file on that, but he wrote some pretty hot letters. And it finally came into the recorded public area for the first time during a trial in 1964 in Denver, in which the defendants were Phil Alderisio, a Chicago muscleman; Ruby Kolod, an owner of the Desert Inn; and Willie (otherwise known as "Ice Pick Willie") Alderman; and one other individual who was not connected with Las Vegas but was an associate of Alderisio. These individuals

were charged by the federal government, in its first major case against the so-called figures of the underworld, with using the telephone to threaten the murder of one Robert Sunshine, a disbarred attorney in Denver who had some oil investment dealings with Kolod and Alderman, and who, in his efforts to retrieve their investments from dry holes, used some client's trust money and wound up in prison.

In the course of the trial, the defendants made demands upon the government. Number one, they alleged that the FBI had bugged Ruby Kolod's telephone in the Desert Inn, and they made a demand upon the government to produce transcripts of that bug so it could be shown that Ruby at no time ever threatened Sunshine with murder on the telephone, as was alleged in the government's case. Well, the government fought frantically to prevent having to produce these bugs and transcripts, for obvious reasons. It was finally ruled by the court that the court itself would examine the materials and determine whether there was anything in there which could be used in Kolod's defense.

Well, it developed—which I knew would be the case—that there was never a bug on the phone that Kolod used; there was none plugged in his office. There was a bug in the executive office, and Mr. Kolod had been in the executive office only twice in the entire month. So this was not a phone which he did use to communicate with Mr. Sunshine. And consequently the court held that this material would not have to become public. But the government, in its process of arguing against production of this material, did make a statement in the public courtroom that revelation of these transcripts would show nothing but a so-called skimming operation manipulation of funds, at the Desert Inn.

Well, this was the first time that there had ever been a concrete statement attributed to

the United States Attorney General's office of this type of allegation. Following the Kolod-Alderisio trial in Denver, in which they were convicted by a jury of using interstate communications facilities to threaten murder, I did write the Honorable Nicholas Katzenbach, who was then the Attorney General of the United States. [Referring to papers] I pointed out to him the statement made by his deputy, who was prosecuting the Denver case, a gentleman named William S. Lynch, in which Mr. Lynch said, quote,

If we get into the file of this thing, your honor, we are going to spread on the record a series of sordid financial transactions that relate to these particular—the information picked up by these de vices, a so-called skimming operation that was going on at this particular casino. (Desert Inn)

I noted to Mr. Katzenbach the grave importance of this allegation to the state of Nevada, and I respectfully asked if he'd permit a representative of the Gaming Control Board to review the material that had been alluded to in the trial, so that if indeed there was evidence of a skimming operation, we could take appropriate disciplinary action, meaning collecting the tax due both to the state of Nevada and to the federal government. That letter, as I say, was September 7, 1965.

Mr. Katzenbach did not reply to that letter. I got, by the grapevine, that it had created panic in the Department of Justice because it was an official demand from an official agency of the state for their recorded information, illegally obtained, and that Mr. Katzenbach and his aides could not arrive at agreement on the written reply. So they just didn't reply.

Finally in January, I think it was, of 1966, Mr. William Hundley, who was chief of the organized crime section in the Department of Justice, did call me from Washington and asked if I would meet him in Las Vegas. So I flew down to meet him, and I met him in the FBI office in Las Vegas, whereupon his reply—and he told me that the attorney general’s reply to my letter of some four months previous was “no,” because of the method by which the information was obtained, and he was sorry, but there wasn’t anything that could be done about it. So, fine. However, there then started in the summer of 1966—now, it must be kept in mind that Governor Sawyer has made a number of verbal and written protests to the federal government over this bugging. He’s made a number, receiving no answer, just like my answer from Katzenbach. He just won’t even answer you. Sawyer’s made a number of critical public statements. So our stock and relationship with Washington was becoming rather tenuous, to say the least.

I started to tell you earlier—I just might as well insert it in here. It was along about this time that Elson came to me, and without even asking to meet in his office—and certainly, I’m willing to meet in my office or any public area—we drove out, late at night, to Nevada Southern University campus in his car, whereupon he told me that either I or the governor had better exert pressure upon Levinson to withdraw the suit against the FBI, or the FBI was going to blow the state apart. Now, this was a pretty dire threat. It was relayed in a totally friendly manner. It was not relayed antagonistically at all, but it was relayed on a personal basis, between him and me. I doubt that he even had instructions from Washington to do so, but I don’t know. What he was trying to bring about was let’s just drop this suit nonsense, and all this criticism of Hoover and Washington, and

what have you, and how it’s going to be to the ultimate disadvantage of the state, his implication being that they would reveal what was on the tape, and so on and so forth.

Well, I relayed this message to Sawyer, who was not at all pleased about it [laughing], but he decided to do nothing officially, other than I did ultimately tell Elson there was absolutely nothing I could do, or Sawyer could do, or anybody else, to get Levinson to drop his suit. Obviously, Levinson had his suit there to try to bluff the government out of prosecuting him for something, and he was going to leave it be for as long as he could.

So then, the Department of Justice and/or the FBI—and I cannot truthfully say to this day which one—began to do just exactly what they threatened to do [referring to papers]. They started by, obviously, contacting an individual by the name of Jerry Green, a Washington reporter for the *New York Daily News*. And as of July 7, 1966, the *New York Daily News* carries on the front page a massive headlined story saying, “Mob Skim One Million a Month in Las Vegas. Rake-Off from Casinos is Used in Shylocking, Dope Pushing.” And it’s datelined Washington. It says:

A secret federal investigation has disclosed that untaxed funds skimmed from winnings of some Las Vegas casinos are pouring a million dollars a month into underworld treasuries in New York and across the nation, the *News* was informed tonight. Results of the probe were revealed here. Both the FBI and the Treasury Department officials declined to comment.

And to accompany the story, the *News* threw in a picture of Meyer Lansky. This was the opening gun. The old newspaper gimmick

of saying the FBI declined comment and the Treasury Department declined to comment is an old, old method of covering up your source.

Green did make an error or a slip somewhere along the line here, though, in which he [pause]—I can't put my finger on it at the moment—but in which he did indicate that his source indeed was the federal government, either the Department of Justice or the FBI.

Now, that, I said, was on July 7, 1966. That was a Thursday. The following Sunday, the same story using the same information only in greater detail began to appear as the first of a four-part series in the *Chicago Sun-Times* under the by-line of one Sandy Smith, with whom I had previously had social and business dealings. Mr. Smith, in an effort to further disguise the source from which he got his information, had flown to Las Vegas for one day the week before and had telephoned me to let me know he was there, and promptly flew out that night. Well, it became evident that they were going to run a publicity campaign to destroy Sawyer and to destroy the state if they possibly could because we wouldn't back off in our opposition to bugs and on our insistence that they start levelling with us.

Now, ironically, without my yet having seen that *New York News* story, I wrote the attorney general, Mr. Katzenbach, once again, on July 8, 1966, the day following the appearance of the Green story in New York, but I hadn't seen it. [referring to papers] And in this second letter to Mr. Katzenbach, I reminded him of my first letter of September 7, 1965, and told him that we had now come into possession of the transcript of further testimony in the Kolod case in which the judge there had held an additional hearing and had questioned certain FBI agents in

public. And then I cited some of the testimony that was of particular interest to us, and then I told him this (two paragraph quotes from the letter, I think, probably will clear it up):

The clear implication of the testimony cited above is that the United States Department of Justice possesses specific data in relation to skimming operations at the Desert Inn, the amount of money so taken, the recipients, and the identity of those unlicensed interest holders or recipients. Admittedly, it is possible that the information in your custody might aid in one or more federal prosecutions. Yet, as this data had been acquired between March, 1962, and August, 1963, it might reasonably be construed, by some observers, that the intervening time has provided the Department ample opportunity to obtain indictments for any federal violation. (That was a needle.)

So I wrote and told him that, once again, they were obviously in possession—or appeared to be in possession—of information indicating a flagrant disregard for the laws of Nevada. And in order for the Control Board to fulfill its obligation under the oath of office that the members took, we once again asked their cooperation in permitting us to inspect and evaluate the information in their possession. That was on July 8, 1966.

Well, once again, there was no written answer to that letter, but there were all kinds of furious telephone calls from Washington and from the FBI in Las Vegas and everybody else, saying, "For crying out loud, take it easy! Take it easy!" And then these bastards back there in the meantime are putting out this stuff for the newspapers that they won't let us look at.

So finally Mr. Hundley called again; I think it was in early August. And he suggested that I call Mr. Katzenbach directly and seek an appointment to see him, that I'd come back there and see him rather than trying to do this on the record because this was just getting too hot for them or anything else.

So I did call Mr. Katzenbach; he returned the call, and he did agree to an appointment. He said he would see us if, once again, we kept it in extreme confidence, that nobody knew about our leaving the state, that nobody knew of our having an appointment with him, or anything else. So I had to agree with that.

Well, complicating matters, however, was the fact that there was a national air strike on at that point. And so I had to undertake to charter a little Cessna, two-engine airplane, to fly from Reno to Washington.

And I had planned to take Mr. Keefer and—here comes the name that I used once before, Donald Winne, who I told you—after the FBI report he made, had been transferred to Mr. Hoover's personal staff. I subsequently hired him as an investigating agent from Mr. Hoover whereupon he took the Nevada bar, went into private practice, and I subsequently hired him back to state service as the attorney for the Gaming Control Board. So I took Mr. Winne with us to Mr. Katzenbach, too.

As a sidelight on my airplane problems, I had chartered this plane out here at the Reno field and called for it come the next morning, and the girl told me that it was not going to be available the next morning; it was in the repair shop. Finally I got it out of her the fact that the plane didn't exist any more. It had crashed the day before into dozens of pieces. Keefer and Mr. Winne are both a little bit leery of airplanes, and so I didn't tell them about this. So we flew to Las Vegas on Bonanza, which was still operating, and we chartered a plane down there.

First, we flew to Chicago to see Sandy Smith to try to determine from him what type of information he had in addition to that which he'd printed, which was all generalities and nonsense without anything concrete, and also to try to determine his source of information. Well, Sandy denied vehemently that it was the FBI or the Department of Justice and said he'd picked it up wandering the Strip that day he was out here, which was manifestly nonsense.

So that being of no help, we flew on to Washington. Before going to Washington, Elson had suggested that we also see Mr. Hoover, or at least see the gentleman next in command to him while we were back there. And he agreed that he would—since he knew we had the Katzenbach appointment—undertake to set up an appointment with the FBI executive at the same time.

Well, it turns out that—the guy's name was Cartha D. De Loach, I think, who will probably be Hoover's successor. It turned out that Keefer, as an ex-FBI man, knew De Loach very well; they were personal acquaintances and maintained a personal friendship over the years. So we figured there would be no great problem there, and we were instructed by the FBI here to call De Loach Monday morning, early, as soon as we got into Washington. So Keefer did this, and it developed that he asked that Mr. De Loach return the call; he was busy at the moment. But Mr. De Loach did not return the call. We sat around in the hotel lobby all morning waiting for the call.

So I finally decided, well, the hell with this. I'll call Torn McAndrews, who is the chief of the organized crime area in the FBI and comparable to Hundley with the Department of Justice and with whom I had had a previous working relationship and acquaintanceship. So I called McAndrews. Oh, he was delighted to hear from me and delighted to hear I was

in Washington and he said he would be delighted to see us that afternoon, but just let him clear his desk.

In the meantime, Keefer called De Loach again and the girl told him, why, Mr. De Loach had to leave town. So that blew that one. And so about two o'clock, the three of us went over to Mr. McAndrews's office. And the lady said, "Well, Mr. McAndrews is tied up in an all-afternoon conference. I'm sure he just can't be free."

So this began to indicate something, but I still played it cool. And so I went on about some other errands we had, and the next morning I called McAndrews's office again.

A man answered this time and said, "Tom is just upstairs. In just a minute he'll be right back down, and I'm sure he'll be glad to see you." [Laughing] so we go into McAndrews's office and announce ourselves to this little guy that I'd talked to on the phone, and he says, "You know, I'm sorry. I didn't know, but McAndrews had to leave town today. I didn't know that when I talked to you on the phone a few minutes ago. And [laughing] again, I—I'm awfully sorry. Maybe you would like to see someone else."

And I said no, we figured we'd just forget it at that point, and we'll go see somebody else on our own. And— let's see, who in the hell else was the next guy we tried? I know—his name escapes me completely, but we went to his office. And unbeknownst to us, we're followed, trailed by this other little guy who we talked to. And we got into this office of this other guy we knew and announced ourselves to the secretary, and she says, "Well, I'm sure he'd be glad to see you," and went back to the inner office to tell him we were here.

Well, in the meantime, this first little character who had given us the runaround in McAndrews's office comes a-barging in the door—he'd been following us down these halls

and around the corners and everything—came barging in the door and ran back to this guy's office. And the poor little girl was twenty, twenty-one years old or so, came out just red-faced as could be and said, "Well, I'm sorry. He had to leave town." [laughing] So this was our runaround with the FBI in Washington.

So that afternoon, we had our meeting with Mr. Katzenbach, but Mr. Hundley, Bill Hundley, the chief of the organized crime section for the Department of Justice, had suggested—because he was on our side, frankly; he wanted to help and always had. He suggested that we come by his office, oh, a good hour, hour and a half early before the appointment with Katzenbach (our appointment with Katzenbach, as I recall, was four, four-thirty in the afternoon, late in the afternoon) , and we'll spend an hour, as he put it—an hour, an hour and a half discussing strategy, how to convince the old man that he should help us.

So this was fine. And into Hundley's office we go at, I think, about two o'clock or so, and Hundley orders a cup of coffee for everybody. The coffee was just delivered and we exchanged pleasantries about the weather and the trip, and—five minutes, maybe, and the phone rings. And Hundley says, "Yeah, De."

Well, this was De Loach, the guy who's out of town, calling Hundley. They'd been following us and they followed us down into Hundley's office, and De Loach was notified we're at Hundley's office, so he calls Hundley and says absolutely, he's got to see him.

Then Hundley says, "Well, I've got visitors here."

"I can't help it. It's an absolute emergency," and so on and so forth.

So Hundley excuses himself and we sit there for an hour and a half by ourselves. Hundley comes back and they've done

something to him in which he's changed his mind; he's no longer helpful or cooperative or anything. They had some kind of a lever on him that worked.

So we went to see Katzenbach at that point and got into a scholarly debate for—he gave us forty-five minutes; he was very polite, quite nice. We got into—he and Keefer—into a legal, high-level talk. And I finally got tired of that, and I finally asked him, point blank, I said, “Well, is the reason—in addition to the legal reasons that you cite, is one of the reasons the fact that this information you have has perhaps been misevaluated by the various people who have condensed it, and also the fact that it is perhaps not daring at all?”

And he says, “Well, I would have to admit that it is a very good possibility that the whole thing has been misinterpreted, and—” which has never been on the record. That statement from Katzenbach was the first official acknowledgement that maybe they didn't have anything, or if they did have something, it had been subjected to a subjective evaluation rather than an objective evaluation.

We did discuss with Katzenbach the hands through which it went and procedures by which a bug was monitored. The way this was done, there would be five or six monitors in a single room, with one man attempting to flip the tape recorder on for this monitor, another one on for that monitor, as the speaker started to speak, and at the same time, try to make a log of who he thought it might have been that was talking, or when he heard a name to make a log note of when the tape recorder was turned off on this monitor, when it was turned on that one, and so on and so forth. And then the work of this agent would be turned over to another agent who had listened to the tapes and removed from the tapes those parts which he felt would be of interest or of

significance to his investigation. So obviously, you have things totally out of context. And then it would go from his desk to still another desk, where the thing would be written up. And this had been my argument all the way along, that unless they had a verbatim account of everything that was said, they were going to have a very peculiar report. But that was the epic visit with the Attorney General of the United States and the FBI and all the rest of them.

In the meantime, Sawyer's back here in Nevada, campaigning at this point, and talking about Hoover and the Nazis, and so on and so forth, and Jesus, getting things stirred up something awful! [laughing]

Incidentally, while I was in Washington—I mentioned earlier this individual, Walter Sheridan, who was Bobby's right-hand man. I had received reports before I went to Washington that the National Broadcasting Company was planning a huge expose of organized crime, of which much would be about Las Vegas and Nevada and so on. And I knew that after Bobby left the attorney general's office, my buddy, Walter Sheridan, likewise had left the attorney general's office and was hired by NBC for \$50,000 a year to be its investigating reporter. So here we had Mr. Kennedy, his finger again in one of the major communication medias of the country. And Mr. Sheridan is the producer of this two-hour documentary.

So I had lunch with Sheridan, and he said that the governor had given an unfortunate interview in Los Angeles that didn't make him look very well. So I talked with Sawyer a bit about that. And it turns out that Sawyer had been tricked into an interview when he was down there for a governors' conference and they twisted it around so that they had him off the subject altogether and into this bugging

business. But it turned out that it didn't hurt Governor Sawyer much at all.

But the documentary was a crazy thing. They kept using the same actors over and over—even though you don't have actors in a documentary, you have regular people, you know. You can tell these same guys, but they've got different disguises. One's a bookie, and another time he'd be a hoodlum in Las Vegas, and another time they're a Shylock in Miami—and it was a deal! And all of this comes from my old buddy, Walter Sheridan, who was Bobby Kennedy's right-hand man. A very odd man.

A sidelight to the Katzenbach visit, and illustrative of Nevada, and how things can only happen in Nevada: As you recall, I said Mr. Katzenbach had requested complete secrecy on the fact that we were even going to talk to him. The night before our appointment, I get a telephone call in the damn hotel room. And who is it but Frank Johnson, who was at that point city editor or managing editor of the *Nevada State Journal*. And he says, "What are you doing in Washington?" And it turns out Frank had called my wife, who said that I was out of town. Frank then said something like, "Well, what's he doing in Washington?"

Well, Lord, she knew I was going to Washington, but she didn't know anything else about it then, so she just fell for the trap. And Frank was just shooting in the dark. And she didn't even know where I was staying. Well, Frank undertook to get information to call every hotel in Washington; about the fifteenth hotel, he found me.

So I had, at that point, to keep from blowing the appointment with Katzenbach because it would've appeared in the papers back here; it'd get on the wires and go back there before I even saw it. And I had to get Frank's cooperation to not print anything that night on the pledge that I would call him the

next night after the appointment. So I had to tell Katzenbach that it had been broken and that I was going to say we met and discussed the matter, period, and that's all.

I think we should put in the record at this point the discussion of the federal harassment in a sense of Nevada and its gambling; all of this culminated in many newspaper and magazine articles of a very inflammatory and accusatory nature. And it subsequently culminated in a series of indictments against, I think it was, seven people in Las Vegas associated with various hotels, alleging that they had skimmed the earnings without reporting the taxes. In March of '68, all of this came to a conclusion with a plea of *nolo contendere* on the part of two of the people indicted, Eddie Levinson of the Fremont and Joe Rosenberg of the Riviera. The fact that the government accepted such a plea so rapidly, and immediately took them to court, and immediately a sentence was pronounced, seemed to me to support my earlier thesis that the federal government's approach to the whole Nevada problem hasn't been one of total sincerity. Levinson was fined \$5,000 and Rosenberg was fined \$3,000, not on a plea to skimming, but on a plea of having assisted in the preparation of an inaccurate and false corporate income tax return.

It should be noted that at the same time, or on the same day that these men entered these pleas, Levinson withdrew his \$4,500,000 legal wire-tapping suit against the FBI. Obviously there was a deal made. But our newspapers have yet to point up the significance of the whole thing, in that the allegations of skimming and what have you still stand, and obviously, the federal government didn't even attempt to prove them. The indictments against all of the other persons who had been charged were immediately dismissed upon the *nolo contendere* pleas of Levinson and Rosenberg.

FRANK SINATRA AND HIS FRIENDS

The story of the State Gaming Control Board's relationship with Frank Sinatra actually starts probably in 1960, when he was first approved for a license at the Cal Neva Lodge. He had been approved in earlier years for an interest in the Sands Hotel but never took any part in the direction or operation of the Sands. But the Cal Neva was one that he intended to be the major owner in and did indeed that winter and the following summer, in '61—he added a whole new showroom to Cal Neva because the old showroom, which was on the California side, he felt, was not—what's the word I'm thinking of—acoustically suited for his performances. So he spent a substantial sum in building what he later called the "Celebrity Room." He frequently performed there himself, in addition to having other major entertainment attractions.

The summer of '61, as I recall, went fairly quietly, although there were a number of rumors about undesirable people in the Lake Tahoe area, the north Lake Tahoe area. But it wasn't until the summer of '62 the operation began to draw more and more attention, not only from the Gaming Board, but from the Washoe County sheriff's office and the FBI and other law enforcement agencies.

There were a number of peculiar incidents that year, as I recall, one of which involved a man who was killed in an auto accident, and his wife was an employee of the Cal Neva Lodge. There were a number of circumstances that led to suspicions that actually, the automobile accident wasn't an accident. But on the other hand, there was never anything concrete or provable; the matter was ultimately dismissed. The girl, as I recall, was injured rather severely but then was brought back to work. And the matter was, oh, pretty much dismissed, even though there were reports from both law

enforcements that she had told conflicting stories about her relationship with some of the Sinatra people and indicated there might have been something else to the accident than an accident. But as I say, there was never anything proven.

Then later, there was a shooting right at the front steps of the Cal Neva Lodge. One man shot another but he then disappeared—the person who did the shooting disappeared and wasn't found, oh, for, as I recall, about a week. He was located in the Carson-Tahoe hospital. He was severely battered and bruised, and—but was said to have explained to the hospital employees that he fell from a horse. I later talked to the physician who treated him, and the physician commented wryly that it must have been an awfully high horse. But there, again, was never any proof or evidence of the club being involved in it. But he was an employee of the club, as I recall, and the shooting did take place literally right at the front door, and there was a considerable delay before the sheriff's office was notified, things of that nature.

Then there were also federal investigations that year into the transport of women by airplane from the San Francisco area to engage in prostitution at the Cal Neva lodge. And apparently the operation was conducted quite openly from the main registration desk.

But it wasn't until—well, actually, when the time came for the licensing—relicensing, in the spring of '63 of Cal Neva lodge, we did sit down with Sinatra's attorney, a very charming gentleman by the name of Mickey Rudin of Hollywood. And we outlined to him some of the—oh, a variety of incidents that had come to our attention the year before and suggested that perhaps some of these could be corrected by a little more careful selection of personnel up there, to which Rudin agreed. And we also had a discussion at that time

of Frank's reported associations in various parts of the country with an individual by the name of Sam Giancana. Mr. Rudin told us subsequently that he had carried the gist of our discussion to Mr. Sinatra, and Mr. Sinatra had agreed that more care would be taken in the selection of his executive officers and that certainly Mr. Giancana had never been around the Cal Neva.

That year, they did go out and hire a hotel man, an experienced hotel man, for the first time, to ostensibly be in charge. But as it subsequently developed, he didn't really have the authority usually associated with the hotel manager, and the real individual in charge was one Paul "Skinny" D'Amato. Skinny was a character with whom we'd had previous association. He was forever making quiet overtures indicating he would like to get a gambling license and be approved for an ownership interest in the Cal Neva. He never, as I recall, openly applied. By the same token, his overtures were pretty much discouraged because he had a more questionable nightclub operation in Atlantic City and was the subject of considerable investigation by both the Internal Revenue Service and the FBI. But Skinny did show up for the third year, 1963, as— well, as what Mr. Sinatra subsequently described as his personal representative.

It was in the summer of '63 that the federal interest in organized crime began to reach pretty much of a crescendo. The Senate committees, the Department of Justice, Internal Revenue—many of them had begun to identify publicly a number of people they considered to be the leaders in the various Mafia families—the Cosa Nostra families in the major metropolitan centers in the United States. And one of the persons identified as a key figure in the Cosa Nostra—as a matter of fact, one of the twelve members of the board of directors—was Mr. Sam Giancana,

otherwise known as Sam Moony and as Salvatore "Momo" Giancana.

The federal government in Chicago had a grand jury, who in that year, early part of '63, in which they had—among others, had subpoenaed Mr. Giancana to testify. Mr. Giancana had declined, taking the Fifth Amendment, which led to a gambit on the part of the U. S. Attorney's office in Chicago, which had certainly been infrequently used; I have no knowledge of it having been used before at that level. They extended to Mr. Giancana immunity from prosecution for anything that he might testify to which would incriminate himself. This put him in a situation where he couldn't claim the Fifth Amendment on the grounds that it might incriminate him. But by the same token, he could testify and escape prosecution for any criminal act that he might tell about. However, Mr. Giancana likewise declined to testify under those circumstances, and the federal government started a contempt proceeding against him.

In the meantime, the FBI had been keeping him under a twenty-four-hour surveillance, with apparently no effort to be secretive about it; they were just with him almost all the time except when he was in his own home. And so Mr. Giancana tried a legal maneuver, which, likewise, had not been utilized before. He undertook to seek an injunction against the FBI to prevent their surveillance. And he alleged that they harassed his golf game and they disturbed his home life; they had invaded his privacy and a number of other things of that nature. But all of this had received nationwide notoriety—I mean, the government's unique immunity offer to Giancana, and by the same token, Giancana's suit against the FBI became national news and appeared in newspapers and magazines throughout the country.

In Mr. Giancana's case, he did win from the federal court there an order which nullified the FBI surveillance. The federal judge held that, for instance, on the golf course, that the FBI agents had to be at least one foursome behind Giancana. They couldn't be in the immediate next foursome, but they had to be one foursome away. Well, the FBI, of course, protested this type of thing and withdrew its surveillance totally in protest and turned the matter over to the Cook County sheriff's office.

Well, it was only a matter of hours before the Cook County sheriff's office lost track of Mr. Giancana completely, and he disappeared from the face of the earth. This was, oh, in late July of '63. I had, in the latter part of that month, taken my family back to go visit my wife's parents in Kansas. I had driven them back. I visited very briefly myself and was driving back to the West Coast and back to Nevada. As I recall, I was in the Rockies, the Colorado Rockies, and I'd had car trouble somewhere along the line—I had gotten delayed, oh, four or five hours for repairs. And so I was driving fairly rapidly on the mountain highway, and as I came around a curve, I encountered a highway patrol car coming the other way. And as we passed each other, I noticed in my rear-view mirror that he had promptly applied his brakes. I could see the lights go on, and I figured that he probably felt I was going too fast or something, and was likely to come down and tell me about it. Lo and behold, pretty soon here comes the red light and the siren. And so I pulled from the road and the highway patrolman got out and he wants to know my name, which I gave to him, and whereupon he says, "You're supposed to call your office in Carson City" [laughing].

And so in the next town—and I couldn't figure what type of emergency was involved

in that type of thing, that they'd put out an all points bulletin to find me in a mountain highway somewhere in Colorado. It's quite a job when they call on the highway patrol, I must say, because really, no one had any idea where I was at the moment—I called the office, and it was Mr. La France, Charles La France, our chief investigator, who was calling. He advised me that he had received information that Mr. San Giancana, who had disappeared some week or so before, was indeed in residence at the Cal Neva Lodge at Lake Tahoe.

Well, Mr. Giancana was, as I think I've mentioned before—in addition to all the other national notoriety and national lists that were made, he was also an inhabitant of the state's so-called Black Book of undesirable people we wanted to keep out of gaming establishments. But here I am, a thousand or more miles away in the mountains. So all I could do was tell Mr. La France to just keep it to himself until I could get there, and I drove—I just stopped briefly in the next fifteen hundred miles or so—drove directly back to Reno and to Carson City and we launched an investigation that weekend. Incidentally, this was probably about July 30 that we began to look into the matter.

We had determined by that time that Mr. Giancana was no longer in residence at Cal Neva. We did inform the FBI of what we had learned, that he had been there, in which they expressed considerable interest. But they were still in a fit of pique about the Chicago thing and so they didn't extend any offer in investigating the situation. But within twentyfour hours of the time we informed the FBI of our findings, there appeared in the *Chicago Sun-Times* edition of August 2—and this is significant in the ultimate scheme of things. [Refers to papers] As I say, this was within twenty-four to forty-eight hours after

we had told the FBI about it. There appeared in the *Chicago Sun-Times* of August 2, under the byline of one Sandy Smith, a complete story on Mr. Giancana's visit to Cal Neva and the fact that the matter was under investigation by the state and under the headline of "Moe's Visit Perils Sinatra License." This is on August 2, 1963. Nevada newspapermen, who are notorious for not reading anybody else's newspaper, didn't have the same story until thirty days later.

In the meantime, during that month, we conducted a series of interviews and investigations, trying to determine the extent of Mr. Giancana's visit to Cal Neva, the reason for it, to what extent Mr. Sinatra may have or may not have had knowledge of it, and who invited him, and so on and so forth. And we determined principally that Giancana had occupied a chalet registered to Phyllis McGuire, one of the trio of singing sisters who were performing at Cal Neva lodge at that time.

On August 8, after having made a number of quiet inquiries trying to determine what the score was, we decided that we'd better take the bull by the horns and go directly to all the principals involved and conduct a series of interviews. So it was arranged that Mr. La France and one of his staff members—some of his staff members from the Carson office would go to Cal Neva lodge, and simultaneously, I would interview Mr. Sinatra in Las Vegas. We tried to make the two things coincide so that there wouldn't be a chance for them to compare answers and questions and what have you at both ends of the state. Mr. La France's efforts that evening at Cal Neva Lodge were very much futile. He talked to the hotel manager and he talked to a number of employees, all of whom disclaimed knowledge of Mr. Giancana; some of them said they'd never even heard of him, things

like that. And Mr. D'Amato, who, as I say, was actually the executive in charge, declined to be interviewed on the advice of his attorney.

In the meantime, I was in Las Vegas and telephoned the Sands Hotel, oh, about two or two-thirty in the afternoon. I asked for Mr. Sinatra, which was obviously futile because he wasn't accepting any outside calls, which is understandable for anyone in that kind of position. So I talked to Mr. [Jack] Entratter, who was the president of the corporation, and advised him that I would like to see Mr. Sinatra at my office that evening about five o'clock. He subsequently called back and said that Mr. Sinatra was still sleeping and it would be more convenient if I came out to the hotel to see them, to see Sinatra there. And I told him I felt that it might be more convenient for Sinatra, but it wasn't in the best interest of the state at the moment, and I would like to talk to Mr. Sinatra in the office.

Well, lo and behold, Frank does show up about five o'clock. We interviewed him at length, and he acknowledged that he had indeed seen Giancana. He said he'd seen him rather briefly coming out of Phyllis's cabin and that they just exchanged greetings, and that was all. He said no, they didn't ask him to leave, they didn't inquire any further into it, he had no further knowledge of it or anything else.

Of course, we had gained our information earlier to the effect that one of the evenings when Giancana was in Phyllis's cabin that he became involved in a rather violent fist fight with a gentleman who ostensibly was assigned by the husband of Dorothy McGuire to sort of watch over her, and that this fight went on, with Giancana taking the worst end of it. On the other hand, the story continued that after that, Giancana went and got another employee of the hotel and they came back and took pretty good care of the individual

who had been winning. And in the meantime, Sinatra and his valet showed up personally and stopped the fight; they proceeded to put a halt to it.

But Sinatra denied totally any knowledge of this alleged fight. He explained his philosophy to us in a very reasonable manner; he wasn't cantankerous or anything of that nature. He said that he saw Giancana perhaps six to ten times a year and occasionally played golf with him and said that Giancana had been a guest at his Palm Springs home. And he said that he would not associate with Giancana in Nevada, but he would continue his occasional association with him elsewhere whenever he felt like it. He said that he was acquainted with people in all walks of life and that Giancana was one of those that fit into that category. I asked him if he didn't feel that his association with Giancana and people of that notoriety, whether it be in Palm Springs, or Chicago, or New York, or whatever, didn't reflect to his own discredit and also to the discredit of gambling in Nevada. Sinatra nodded at that, and he volunteered only a commitment that he would not see Giancana or people of that type in Nevada and he would continue to associate as he wished when he wasn't in Nevada. And as he said, "This is a way of life, and a man has to lead his own life."

Then we asked him if he realized that the association with Giancana wasn't merely a case of Giancana slipping in to see a girlfriend; there had been quite a few favors done by the club for him, the owners there. And we asked Sinatra if he didn't recognize that that possibly could jeopardize his gaming license. He said he was aware that this was possible, but the state would have to—as he expressed it, the state would have to take whatever steps it wants to in connection with the thing. And it is significant that when we discussed the alleged fight, Mr. Sinatra vehemently denied

knowledge of that, saying, "If there was a rumble there while I was there, they must be keeping it awfully quiet." But on the other hand, when I asked him if he would make that statement under oath, he declined, saying that he never talked under oath without consultation with his attorney.

Neither of us, the Board nor Mr. Sinatra, I'm sure, were satisfied with this interview and didn't settle the matter either way. On the other hand, it did to some extent clear the air, because Mr. Sinatra's testimony was essentially to the fact that he had seen the guy there and it was just a case of a guy slipping in to see his girl, but that he had nothing to do with him, and so on.

He suggested that if we really wanted to get more details, we should interview the people actually operating the lodge, and he gave me a list of names, which included D'Amato and the hotel manager, a number of other members of the executive echelon. Well, of course, simultaneous with the interview with Sinatra, I had people up there seeking interviews with those people, and as I say, the interviews up there were pretty futile. Everybody had a short memory and very limited knowledge of anything east of the Truckee River.

We hadn't arrived at a conclusion; we were still seeking information. I sent Mr. Leypoldt to Canada to interview the participant in the fight. (I think we've mentioned Butch before as W. E. "Butch" Leypoldt, who was a member of the Board.) And the participant did indeed say there was a tight, and indeed Mr. Sinatra had broken it up and was knowledgeable about it.

In the meantime, we discovered that there had been a very mysterious episode in Chicago in which two sizable certified checks were drawn by an individual who today has yet to be identified by any law

enforcement agency and were transported to Cal Neva Lodge by an individual named Manny Skar. Manny Skar was, in the national scheme of things, considered to be a rather minor underworld figure. But apparently, in Chicago, he was close to Giancana. These checks were brought to Cal Neva lodge and then converted to cash during the period of Giancana's stay there. And by all the questioning in the world, you could never bring an acknowledgement from anybody up there as to who had approved the checks or who had even heard of him. A very difficult organization to get information out of. (Nanny Skar, incidentally, was subsequently blown up when he started his car one morning in Chicago. That eliminated him from further investigation.)

As I say, the fact an investigation was under way was in the Chicago newspaper as of August 2, but was not picked up by the wire services and was not seen by any Nevada newspaper, apparently. And in the meantime, we were conducting the investigation, and I had made absolutely no public statements of any kind. I, as a matter of fact, wanted to keep it as quiet as possible, because it was a pretty much of a hot potato. What are you going to do with Frank Sinatra? But after the failure to obtain any cooperation from the executive people at the Lake, who Mr. Sinatra himself had told me to interview, I felt it was necessary to issue a number of subpoenas to force them to come into the Carson City office for formal interview.

And coincident with the issuance of these subpoenas, somebody sent Hank Greenspun a copy of the August 2 *Chicago Sun-Times*. And Mr. Greenspun's newspaper began making inquiries—direct inquiries about whether there was such an investigation, and so on. We answered merely that there was an investigation under way of a reported visit to

Cal Neva by Giancana, who was a member of the Black Book. Well, suffice to say, all hell broke loose in the press and all over the country. Why? This was thirty days later. And why no attention to it whatsoever on August 2, but thirty days later, it just becomes a wild and woolly news story all over. We were just absolutely besieged by the press of all kinds. As I say, we had not concluded the investigation nor certainly arrived at any kind of a decision of how we were going to resolve the problem.

Mr. Sinatra heard some of the early—apparently some of the early radio broadcasts, or his office was advised of them, stemming from the Greenspun story. And this apparently disturbed him (that's something of an understatement). It was on a Saturday afternoon, the day before Labor Day, and I was in my office in Carson when Mr. Sinatra's accountant called me; Mr. Newell Hancock was his accountant. And Mr. Hancock said that Mr. Sinatra was upset about the publicity. He felt that I had initiated the publicity through the issuance of subpoenas, which was absolutely incorrect, because no one except the recipients of the subpoenas even had knowledge of it at that point.

Mr. Hancock suggested that Mr. Sinatra had advanced the thought that perhaps I should come up and have dinner with him and catch the show that night. And I told Mr. Hancock that under the circumstances I didn't really think that that was the best idea. And Hancock says, "Well, he wants to meet with you.

And I said, "Well, that's fine. I will meet with him any time, but it will be in my office."

Well, he was afraid that there would be a lot of press and photographers there. It was a Saturday afternoon, the building's locked, and there's absolutely nobody around the place except my own people.

So then, we weren't making any headway, and Hancock, who lived at the Lake—has a summer home at the lake, finally asked if—well, would I be willing to meet with Sinatra on neutral territory, such as his home.

And I understood Sinatra's desire to avoid personal confrontation with the press of some kind, because he'd probably get into a brawl with them. So I did agree. I said yes, I'd be willing to discuss the matter with Sinatra at Hancock's home, but that really, I saw no point to it because Sinatra and I had already discussed this and we were still trying to get the facts of the thing and we weren't having too much success. So that was the end of that conversation.

It was about thirty minutes later that the phone rings again and a very abrupt feminine voice inquires for me and advises to please hold the line for Mr. Sinatra. Mr. Sinatra came on and—quite charming—and he wanted to know if I wouldn't come up and join him for dinner and catch the show.

And I told him that I had already declined that gracious invitation extended through Mr. Hancock, and he said, "Why?" Well, he wanted to talk to me. I suggested again that he come to the office. And he likewise brought up the point that the newspaper and the press and everything were around there.

I'm not going to continue any further with this conversation at the moment because I did write a memorandum on it at the time which I don't appear to have a copy of at the moment. I'm sure I can show you the one in the state file if necessary. And I think it would probably be better if I refreshed my recollection upon that. It was a classic conversation. It was just—[laughing]. And Mr. Hancock subsequently said that he kicked himself all over the lot for ever giving Sinatra my telephone number [laughing].

In the course of the conversation—just briefly to summarize—there were, oh, a number of things that just could not be ignored said and, I'm certain, did play a part in what decision ultimately was made in this thing.

This is the memorandum I wrote for the files on September 4, 1963, trying to recap that hectic Labor Day weekend. (It is interesting to note how only nine years ago language which today is commonplace on protest signs, in magazines, et cetera, was sealed in large envelopes and labeled "obscene" to protect the pristine eyes of young women file clerks.)

OBSCENE OBSCENE
CONFIDENTIAL CONFIDENTIAL

September 4, 1963
Memo Gaming Control Board:
Re: Frank Sinatra
Sam Giancana

The following incidents and conversations which occurred on August 29, 30 and 31 and September 1 and 2, 1963, are recounted here to the best of my memory and knowledge.

On August 29, during the evening hours at his home, Jack Stratton, office manager for the Board, received a telephone call from William Sinnott, a former member of the Board who now appears to be occasionally employed in a reportorial capacity by the *Las Vegas Sun*. Mr. Sinnott requested information in connection with a newspaper story which appeared in early August or late July in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, under the by-line of Sandy Smith. The story reported a visit to

Cal-Neva Lodge, of which Mr. Sinatra is the principal gaming licensee, of Giancana on two occasions during late July. The story told of an alleged altercation between Giancana and an unnamed individual and said Sinatra broke up the fight after Eddie King, Cal Neva's maitre din, had become involved. The story added that Nevada gaming authorities were investigating the matter to determine if the Cal Neva gaming licensee had violated Nevada's regulation against catering to persons of nationally notorious and unsavory repute. Giancana unquestionably holds such a reputation and has been listed in the Nevada "black book" since its inception. Mr. Stratton had no knowledge of the Chicago story or of the fact that Giancana's visit had been under intensive investigation by the Board since about July 28. Thus, Stratton was unable to provide any information to Sinnott. Sinnott did not call the chairman or a member of the Board. The *Las Vegas Sun* printed liberal excerpts from the Chicago story in its Friday morning edition of August 30.

Later that day, August 30, Dwight Dyer of KCRL-TV, Reno, telephoned the chairman of the Board to enquire about the Chicago story. He was told the matter had been under investigation since its inception; that a number of persons at the ownership, managerial and employee levels of Cal Neva had been interviewed; and that the investigation could not be concluded until certain discrepancies in the information provided could be resolved.

Why it took almost a month for the Chicago story (another along the same line had subsequently appeared in the *Washington News*) to come to light in Nevada is a continuing mystery of the newspaper business. Suffice to say, I was besieged with telephone calls from wire services and newspapers from various parts of the country after Mr. Dyer's television program appeared. The same statements given Dyer were repeated to all other callers. The Board does not make a practice of publicizing its investigative proceedings, but it would have been manifestly ridiculous to deny such an investigation was underway when the matter first came to public light in Chicago, then in Washington and belatedly in the Nevada press.

It is felt the foregoing, although lengthy and essentially trivial, is necessary for the reader to put the balance of this report in perspective. (The information developed during the Giancana investigation is the subject of other memoranda and transcripts and is touched upon in this report only when required for clarification.)

About 3:30 p.m. Saturday, August 31, while at the office on other matters, I received a telephone call from Newell Hancock, an original member of the Board and for the last several years a partner in the firm of Certified Public Accountants which represents Cal Neva Lodge in a number of capacities.

Mr. Hancock opened the conversation with: "Ed, what in the hell are you doing to us with all this publicity?"

I explained to Hancock that the publicity did not originate with the Board, but developed in the manner set forth in the foregoing portion of this memorandum.

Hancock went on to say that "Frank is irritated" and would like to meet with me to discuss the matter, with the aim of making a statement to counteract the publicity. He asked me to come up to Cal Neva and discuss the matter with Mr. Sinatra, then stay for the dinner show of which he and Dean Martin were the stars. I replied that I felt this would be inappropriate under the circumstances and added that since Mr. Sinatra wished to see me, it would be better for such a meeting to be held in my office in the presence of others, including my secretary who would make a record of the conversation. I also suggested that Mr. Sinatra bring with him such personnel as could perhaps resolve the conflicts in statements made earlier by Mr. Sinatra, Mr. King and others interviewed.

(It should be noted here that Mr. King freely gave a statement to a Board agent at the inception of the investigation, but when appearing under subpoena August 30 "respectfully declined" to answer any questions under oath pending consultation with an attorney. I had been informed a few minutes before King's appearance by the attorney for Cal Neva that King might have reason to fear a state criminal charge of obstructing justice if he testified under oath. His subpoena was extended to September 10.)

Returning to the conversation with Hancock, he asked if I would be available over the Labor Day weekend. I said I would be available at my office at Mr. Sinatra's convenience. Hancock suggested 3:30 p.m. Sunday, September 1, to which I acquiesced.

Within one-half hour, about 4 p.m., my telephone rang again. It was Mr. Sinatra. To describe him as "irritated" was a masterful understatement. He was infuriated.

He asked why I couldn't come up to Cal Neva to see him. I gave him the same reasons as I had given Hancock. To which he replied, "You're acting like a fucking cop... I just want to talk to you off the record."

I asked him why he couldn't just as easily come to my office. He indicated he didn't wish to encounter reporters. As I started to assure him such would not be the case, he said in essence: "Listen, Ed, I haven't had to take this kind of shit from anybody in the country and I'm not going to take it from you people." He continued: "I want you to come up here and have dinner with me...and bring that shit heel friend, La France." (Mr. La France is the chief of the Board's investigative division and has participated in some of the interviews mentioned earlier.)

At this point, seeing that the conversation was becoming exceptionally enlightening, I motioned to Mr. La France and Guy Farmer, assistant executive secretary of the Gaming Commission, the only other persons in the office, to pick up extensions of my telephone line. Mr. Sinatra went on to say: "It's

you and your God damn subpoenas which have caused all this trouble.” I replied that only the Board and the people subpoenaed the day before were aware of the subpoenas. “You are a God damn liar...it’s all over the papers,” he said. I said the subpoenas were not in the papers. He said they were. I said they were not. He said “I’ll bet you \$50,000.”

I said, “I haven’t got \$50,000 to bet.”

He said, “You’re not in the same class with me.”

I said, “I certainly hope not.”

Mr. Sinatra continued: “All right I’m never coming to see you again. I came to see you in Las Vegas and if you had conducted this investigation like a gentleman and come up here to see my people instead of sending those God damn subpoenas, you would have gotten all the information you wanted.”

I pointed out that I had indeed sent three agents and a stenographer to Cal Neva Lodge to interview witnesses the same night Mr. Leypoldt and myself had interviewed Sinatra in Las Vegas. I noted that Mr. D’Amato had declined to be interviewed by our agents and that Mr. King had declined to be interviewed by our agents and that Mr. King obviously had lied. I added that I wasn’t satisfied at this time that Sinatra himself had told us the truth.

He said, “What about?”

I said he denied breaking up the fight involving Giancana, while another witness said otherwise. (This witness said Sinatra applied a band aid after Giancana and King combined

forces to work him over in Phyllis McGuire’s chalet at Cal Neva Lodge.) “I’m never coming to see you again,” said Sinatra. I told him if I wanted to see him I would send a subpoena.

“You just try and find me,” he said. “And if you do, you can look for a big, fat surprise...a big, fat, fucking surprise. You remember that. Now listen to me, Ed...Don’t fuck with me. Don’t fuck with me. Just don’t fuck with me.”

The tone of his voice was menacing and I asked, “Are you threatening me?” He replied, “No... just don’t fuck with me. And you can tell that to your fucking Board and that fucking Commission, too.”

Repeatedly, during the conversation, I suggested to Mr. Sinatra that he hang up and call me back another time when he was not so emotionally overwrought. This suggestion only seemed to make him angrier. He noted that he has other enterprises from which he makes his living, that Cal Neva is only incidental to his welfare but is important to the livelihoods of many “little people.”

I suggested it might be better for all concerned if he concentrated on his enterprises elsewhere and departed the Nevada gambling scene.

He replied, “I might just do that... and when I do, I’m going to tell the world what a bunch of fucking idiots run things in this state.”

At this point he renewed his invitation to me and my friends to come up for dinner. I refused the invitation. “You just think about it,” he said.

The conversation ended at this point. I detected no indication during the conversation that Mr. Sinatra might have been drinking. He appeared on his show a few hours later that evening.

Upon returning to my home, I received another call from Mr. Hancock about 5:30 p.m. enquiring if I had received a call from Sinatra. I told him yes and relayed a brief sample of the dialogue. Hancock appeared stunned and commented, "Well, I may have just blown a client." He explained that when he had called Sinatra to suggest the 3:30 p.m. Sunday appointment in my office, Sinatra had expressed extreme displeasure and asked for my telephone number. Hancock complied and hadn't heard from Sinatra since.

However, Hancock had heard from D'Amato who reported that two Board agents had arrived at the Lodge to observe the 6 p.m. count of gambling table drop boxes. (This is a routine Board program and has been conducted on Labor Day weekend in the Lake Tahoe area for the past three summers. The Cal Neva schedule had been set up well in advance, but had slipped my mind, and it was merely coincidence that the two agents arrived within minutes after Sinatra hung up the phone to me.) Hancock said he advised D'Amato it was just a routine program and to think nothing of it. He said D'Amato was upset, however, because when he advised Sinatra of the agents presence, Sinatra had said: "Throw the dirty sons of bitches out of the house." Sinatra also ordered that if the agents returned,

he was to be personally notified. The agents had no knowledge of the preceding information or of my talk with Sinatra. It developed there was no trouble because Irving Pearleman, the casino manager, advised them on arrival that the count already had begun, so the agents concluded there was no point in entering the counting room at that time. They advised Pearleman they would return another time. He asked if they would be back Sunday, and they said no because they had other clubs scheduled for that day. (Actually, the agents had previously been instructed to avoid Cal Neva Sunday because we had another undercover counting program underway there that day. This program likewise is routine and has been carried throughout the state.) The agents in the weekend box counting program at the Lake were Don Aikin and Gene Kramer of the audit division.

In keeping with their schedule, Aikin and Kramer appeared at Cal Neva Monday (Labor Day) for the 6 a.m. count. Shortly before 9 a.m., Aikin awakened me by telephone at my home and reported he and Kramer wished to see me quickly. I told them to come over to the house immediately. They arrived about 9 a.m. The two agents reported to me that at the completion of the count, which had been conducted in a friendly atmosphere, Mr. D'Amato had surreptitiously placed two \$100 bills in the crook of Kramer's arm as he sat at the counting table. (Details of this matter are reported in another memorandum by the agents

concerned.) Suffice to say here, the money was returned and D'Amato explained that it was just a little gift to compensate for the inconvenience caused them Saturday night. Of course, the agents had no knowledge of having been inconvenienced Saturday night, since it was they who made the decision not to enter the counting room after being told the count already was underway

It was indeed an interesting Labor Day weekend in Carson City.

Edward A. Olsen
Chairman

The following day, as I recall, was Sunday, and it had always been—at least during my day—pretty much of a practice on major long weekend holidays to have our auditing staff participate in the counts of various major casinos. They would work pretty much around the clock, observing one count here and observing another count—and when I say participate, I don't mean actually counting money, but observing the count. This was a procedure that we used throughout the year, but particularly during heavy volume periods.

Well, right after—it was within apparently an hour of Mr. Sinatra's telephone call to me that Saturday night, two of my agents, who had been on a prearranged schedule for the entire Labor Day weekend, showed up at Cal Neva Lodge and requested admission to the count. Well, this apparently threw the place into a flap. D'Amato fled to confer with Sinatra, and Sinatra said, "Throw the sons of bitches out of here!" [laughing] He was still mad at his conversation with me.

In the meantime, the agents had determined that the count had already started and it didn't serve their purpose to go in on it late because you can't verify if you're not there

for the whole thing, so they turned around and left and announced they would be back at a subsequent time. Well, they did. They came back Monday morning, six-thirty or seven o'clock for the count, and went in and observed it—just totally routine—and they had no knowledge whatsoever of, number one, our whole problem with Sinatra; that wasn't even known within the office because the office didn't read the Chicago papers, either. It was, as I say, just beginning to break in the local papers, so they really had no knowledge of what the score was. And they certainly had no knowledge of Mr. Sinatra and my telephone conversation.

So these two auditors—the count had been concluded and they were verifying and about wrapped up, and Mr. D'Amato comes along, and one of the boys was standing up against a— well, sort of, with—with his arm crooked, bent like this [gesture]. D'Amato comes along, and they can feel him touching his arm, and he says, "Here's one for each of you." So the agent—then D'Amato just takes off and the agent turns around and here's two hundred-dollar bills stuffed into the crevice of his arm.

And [laughing] well, this was just—you know, horrifying! They didn't know what to do about that! So the one agent tossed it out on the table so the other agent could see it. And the two guys were really hilarious characters. They shuffled it back and forth trying to get rid of it, you know. And finally, D'Amato comes back in and he says, "Aw, you can take that. I mean, that's—" And D'Amato explained it was just because he'd put them to all the trouble the Saturday night before by not letting them into the count. Well, that wasn't the case at all, not letting them into the count. They'd determined that it had started and they'd left. But ultimately they managed to get the two hundred-dollar bills back into

Mr. D'Amato's hands. So they came down and got me out of bed and made that report.

Well, that was just the straw that broke the camel's back, as far as I was concerned. I was just fed up with the whole organization. I couldn't get any straight answers to anything, and they were just nothing but headaches, the whole business up there. I felt that it was just—continuation would be detrimental to the entire gambling industry in Nevada.

So as quickly as I was able to get the lawyer to work and legal papers drawn up, we prepared a complaint, seeking the revocation of Mr. Sinatra's license at both Lake Tahoe and at the Sands in Las Vegas on the grounds of his having done all the things that—well, essentially on the grounds of his having conducted an unsuitable operation and having associated with people who were deleterious to the gaming industry.

Prior to filing the complaint, I did, of course, advise Governor Sawyer, as the state's executive officer, of what I felt had to be done. And I remember going to his office the afternoon before, and I took with me a number of memorandums—in particular, the memorandum in connection with the telephone call—and the other background information in connection with the Giancana investigation and the business of the hundred-dollar bills to the agents. When I told Sawyer that I was going to file a complaint for the revocation of Sinatra's license, well, the man just dropped his teeth! This was the last thing in the world that he felt he needed at the moment! [laughing]

He said, "Why?" So I showed him this information and he carefully went through them, and finally, he said, "When?"

And I said just as soon as the legal details could be worked out.

And his only response at that point was, "Well, you'd better be right." [laughing]

So that was Sawyer's total involvement in this part of the filing of the thing, although he was subsequently accused of having ordered it as a big publicity stunt and to try to get himself ingratiated with Jack Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, and all that nonsense.

In any event, on September 11, 1963 we did file a formal complaint, [referring to papers] alleging that the Park Lake Enterprises, Inc., which was Sinatra's corporation which owned Cal Neva Lodge, had violated—broken the laws and the regulations covering gambling in Nevada. We detailed that at various times between July 17 and July 28, 1963, Giancana sojourned to Chalet No. 50 at Cal Neva Lodge with the knowledge and consent of the licensee, Park Lake Enterprises, Inc., its officers, directors, agents, representatives, and employees. And at various times during his sojourn at said Cal Neva Lodge in Chalet No. 50, we said, "Giancana was served food and beverage by employees of the licensee with the right of transportation by said employees and representatives of the licensee in automobiles owned and/or controlled by the licensee, and was permitted to drive an automobile owned and/or controlled by Cal Neva Lodge and the licensee, and was extended other courtesies and services by the employees and representatives of Park Lake Enterprises." Then also, we alleged that Mr. Sinatra had openly stated that he would continue the association with Mr. Giancana, and had thus defied the law of the state.

In count three, we alleged that Mr. Sinatra engaged in a telephone conversation which was "designed and intended to intimidate and coerce the chairman and members of the State Gaming Control Board to discontinue performance of their official duties, and to drop the investigation then pending regarding the visits of Sam Giancana at Cal Neva Lodge, operated by Park Lake Enterprises, Inc."

Continuing from the complaint, “In said telephone conversation,” we said, “Frank Sinatra maligned and vilified the State Gaming Control Board, the Nevada Gaming Commission, and members of both said Board and Commission by the use of foul and repulsive language which was venomous in the extreme.

We also alleged in count four that one “Paul D’Amato, the managing agent and representative of Park Lake Enterprises, Inc., listed on the payroll records as advisor of said corporate licensee in the operation of Cal Neva Lodge, attempted to force money upon two hired agents of the State Gaming Control Board of the State of Nevada who were then engaged in their official duties of verifying the gross win at the gaming tables at the Cal Neva Lodge. In spite of the effort of said representatives of the licensee to disguise the purpose for the payment of money, which was never accepted, the active attempt to force money on said agents was tantamount to an attempt to bribe them.”

Then we made one further allegation, a count five, in which we alleged that one Edward H. King, “who, occupying an executive and supervisory position with the said licensee, deliberately failed to respond to a subpoena and left the jurisdiction of the state.” And we alleged that, “Upon information and belief, the said failure of Edward. H. King to appear or testify was instigated by respondent, Frank Sinatra.”

Well, when the complaint was filed, as I said earlier, all hell did indeed break loose. The club and its people were infuriated about the allegation of bribery. They didn’t look upon it as bribery at all; they looked upon it as a kindly gesture. Yet in all the time that I was in office, we never had an incident of someone trying—even trying to give you money of any kind. And we only had knowledge of two things where such was aimed at the Board.

Now, obviously, we couldn’t go into a major hotel, particularly in Las Vegas, and order a drink or a sandwich or anything else without somebody coming along and picking up the check. You couldn’t get the check away from him to save you. But this is, and still is, and always has been a way of life in Las Vegas; it’s not so much up here, but it is in Las Vegas. They have fantastic promotional budgets and they are forever buying drinks and meals for the press or any official, from the Village Green in Connecticut on up to the governor. It’s just the way they live.

The response to the complaint against Sinatra was—the public response to it, the publicity given, frankly, was just clear and gone out of context with what was going on. And obviously, Sinatra being the national public figure that he was, I guess I should have realized that it would attract a tremendous amount of attention, not only the press but from individuals all over the country. There were literally hundreds of letters that came from every part of the nation.

And the unfortunate thing that I found out was that so many people had a—apparently an ingrained resentment of Sinatra because he had been successful, or he came from a poor background and made money, or something like that. And so many of these things were racial overtones. People were just *bitter* about the man. So they were very complimentary to the state for trying to do something with him.

Well, that had no part in this picture at all. On the other hand, there were some delightful letters from people who were either Sinatra fans, or had known him—friends, something like that—which were in his support. Maybe one of these days you might browse through some of these if you think they might be of interest.

Ironically, one of the first calls I received on the thing was from Paul Laxalt, who was

then the lieutenant governor. His call was very commendatory. He felt that it was about time that the state did something about Sinatra. He subsequently issued a public statement after it was all over to that effect.

However, the press reaction was somewhat different, in that the Las Vegas press was, to put it mildly, put out. The Reno press more or less played it straight. But Hank Greenspun, who had a personal association with Sinatra and is a great fan of his, wrote a series of columns in which if I'm ever roasted again in my life I'll never be roasted like I was by Greenspun. They're worth saving for posterity, although they're not in total, in any sense, accurate. But they're so well written that they're well worth reading.

The *Review-Journal* took it upon itself, as a result of the allegation and the complaint concerning the telephone call—took it upon itself to do a big editorial, implying that I had a wire tap system in Carson City which permitted us to tap incoming telephone calls and record them. And they nastily indicated how Democrats in Carson were taking the lead from the Washington Democrats, who were at that time bugging everything, so-called Democrats in Washington.

The next legal move came in the form of a subpoena *duces tecum* from Harry Claiborne. I mentioned before that Mickey Rudin of Hollywood is Sinatra's personal lawyer. But Harry Claiborne, the rather well-known criminal attorney in Las Vegas—I shouldn't say criminal attorney; I should say specialist in criminal matters from Las Vegas—was retained by Mr. Sinatra to defend the administrative action brought by the Board.

Mr. Claiborne's first act on September 27 was to issue a subpoena *duces tecum*, in which he demanded that I produce all of the

records, files, et cetera, in connection with the Sinatra investigation, and that I also appear to testify in a deposition in his office and bring with me all copies of recordings, tapes, or other translations of that alleged conversation.

Well, I couldn't help but josh Harry a little bit. We had tangled a number of times before in some other cases. So when I was called for the deposition in his office in Las Vegas, I brought my briefcase filled with all the materials that he requested. And as I sat down, I opened the briefcase, and on top of the pile of papers, in obvious view, were two rolls of recording tape. Harry glanced at them, and not once in the entire four hours of cross-examination did he ever refer to tapes [laughing] or a recording. And obviously, they were just blank tapes that I'd picked up in the office [laughing]. Never even once, until finally, at the very end, he said, "Did you bring the tapes with you?"

And I said, "No, because I don't have any tapes."

And here, he'd been looking at these things all morning. So then I said, "All I have is a memorandum which I prepared myself and some memorandums prepared by others who happened to be listening in on the phone at the same time."

Well, in any event, this—let's see, this deposition was on the third of October. Rudin and Claiborne were both there, incidentally, and, as I say, it was a rather stringent cross-examination for about four hours in which they sought to perhaps change my mind about the matter—I don't know.

But on October 7, four days later, Sinatra issued a press statement through Claiborne's office. Portions of it appeared in the newspapers. And I think in fairness to Frank that I ought to put in his statement.

October 7, 1963

STATEMENT MADE TO THE
PRESS BY HARRY CLAIBORNE
FOR FRANK SINATRA:

About six months ago I decided my investments and interests were too diversified and that it would be in my best interest to devote most, if not all of my time to the entertainment industry. Not only as an entertainer, but as an investor and an executive. To achieve this, I instructed my attorney to adopt an orderly plan to liquidate my nonentertainment industry investments and to merge my interests in the entertainment industry with one major company so that I could centralize my activities and investments in the entertainment industry. As part of that plan, I intended to divest myself completely from any involvement with the gaming industry in Nevada. I was surprised, hurt and angered when the Nevada Gaming Control Board asked the Nevada Gaming Commission to revoke my license to participate in the gambling industry in Nevada. My immediate reaction was to contest such recommendation, although it was consistent with my future plans. However, the Nevada Gaming Control Act specifically provides that a gaming license is a "revocable privilege" which the Nevada Gaming officials may grant or revoke at their discretion, and that I had no "vested rights" to retain this privilege. Therefore, the only issue in the contest is whether, in the opinion of the Nevada Gaming

officials, I should be given the privilege of being associated with the Nevada Gaming industry. Since I had decided that I belong in the entertainment industry and not in the gambling industry, no useful purpose would be served by my devoting my time and energy convincing the Nevada Gaming officials that I should be a part of the gambling industry. I have recently become associated with a major company in the entertainment industry, and in forming that association, I have promised not only to devote my talent as an entertainer to certain of our joint investments, but I have agreed to devote my full time and efforts to that company's activities in the entertainment industry. Accordingly, I have instructed my attorney to notify the Nevada Gaming officials that I am withdrawing from the gambling industry in Nevada. For many years I have tried to aid the growth of the gambling and tourist industries in Nevada and I would like to think that my efforts have been of some help. Since the casinos provide wonderful opportunities for established and new performers to present their talents to the public, I sincerely hope that these major industries in Nevada will continue to grow and prosper.

This was accompanied by a letter to us from Mr. Claiborne [referring to papers] in which he said, "Mr. Sinatra has asked me to inform you that he has decided to withdraw from the gaming industry in the state of Nevada, and therefore respectfully requests that all gaming licenses that have been issued to him be terminated."

That didn't end the vitriolic attacks which had been launched by Greenspun in Las Vegas. He was still going whole hog. [laughing] He was so angry. The concluding paragraph of one of his columns is "the state administration has its pound of flesh. I hope they enjoy its eating—the hypocrites." [laughing]

The Cal Neva was closed, of course, shortly after the complaint was filed. It would have closed anyway because it was a seasonal operation and it was right at the end of the season. We subsequently, as I recall, reached an agreement with Mr. Sinatra, giving him sixty or ninety days to sell the stock of his Las Vegas hotel, which was the Sands—the stock in the Sands, which he did on schedule. And that closed the formal aspects of the Sinatra matter.

There was one other interesting episode that developed, oh, some months later. It was probably early winter of '64, some four or five months after all of this. I was at the Sands and had accompanied a California couple to the late show at which Sammy Davis was the performer, and whom I think is a great performer, incidentally. After the show, the crowds had broken up and I was still with this California couple; we were getting ready to leave. I forget where I was staying, but I wasn't staying there and we were leaving. So they had walked with me and we had gone up to the newsstand to get the paper. They happened to spy Sammy Davis off in a nook in the newsstand, practicing with a golf putter that they had for sale there, and he was just trying it out. And nothing would do but these strangers from California think that they would just run right up to Mr. Davis and effusively tell him how much they enjoyed his show, and so on and so forth. And I'm sort of standing back watching the thing, and they gathered me into it and introduced me to Mr. Davis.

And Davis looks at me for a second, then he turns to the California people, and he said, "I'd like to talk to this man alone."

Then I thought, "Oh, God, here comes a brawl for sure."

So they go on their way. Davis gets me off in a corner, and I don't know whether he had a few drinks, or what. He had just come off the stage not ten minutes before, so I'm sure he couldn't have had. And he undertakes to tell me in many of the same four-letter words that Sinatra used what a great thing I had done. He says, "That little son of a bitch, he's needed this for years. I've been working with him for sixteen years, and nobody's ever had the guts to stand up to him!" [laughing] And coming from Sammy Davis, Jr., that just threw me! And he went on for, oh, five or ten minutes of—you know, the same thing.

So we parted friends, and he invited me up to have dinner with him and his wife the next time he was at Harrah's at the Lake. We never did follow that up, nor did he—but that was the invitation.

There was one other significant episode in the Sinatra matter. It is not a matter of record at this point. It came about while the case was still pending. President Jack Kennedy came to Nevada, and we gave him a—oh, a tour or a caravan by car through Las Vegas, and the governor rode with him—Governor Sawyer rode with him. And during the course of that ride, Mr. Kennedy did say to Governor Sawyer, "Aren't you people being a little hard on Frank out here?" Now, that's about the highest degree of political pressure that you could ever put into the thing! Sawyer merely replied that it was out of his hands and the thing would be settled legally, judiciously, and so there was no further discussion. But there was this very definite suggestion from the President of the United States, that frankly, we were being a little tough.

I said there was always a question of whether Sinatra had been drinking at the time he telephoned me. He didn't sound at all like he'd had anything to drink, but he was in an extremely emotionally charged state. I'm sure that it was a matter of just the way a man is, you know.

During the pendency of the case there were several oblique, oh, little maneuvers from little people that were trying to solve the case, solve it in the sense of, well, maybe there would be a campaign contribution made here, or something like that—never directly from anybody that I could really identify with Sinatra. And it was people who either felt an emotional kinship to him, or something like that. As a matter of fact, it was the only time that I really got a little worried about my own safety in a sense. It did not, again, have anything to do with Sinatra or the Mafia or any of his underworld friends, or anything of that nature, but the emotionalism of people who identify themselves with public figures, entertainment figures, particularly. Either they were extremely anti the guy, or extremely *for* him. And I could conceive of some crackpot doing something out of a misguided sense of helping Sinatra, you know. Because we had on occasion had calls indicating that—and don't let this get mixed up—I mean, we had, on occasion in the past, had calls indicating, “You'd better not step on the starter of your car in the morning,” and stuff like that, but never in connection with the Sinatra thing.

This guy, D'Amato—I might as well throw this in the record—who was a character—all these guys are likeable! That's the trouble with them. You can't help but like all of them, just personally, to sit down and chat with them, or something. This guy, D'Amato, who wanted a license so bad at one point, had an intermediary in the Reno area invite

Dick Ham to dinner at Cal Neva Lodge with this person, you know. They'd go to dinner together, you know. When they got there, it turns out that, unknown totally to Ham, who was executive assistant to the governor, who shows up at the table but D'Amato! It was a three-way dinner instead of a two-way dinner. And at that point, D'Amato made what, to my knowledge, was the only really open offer in the whole time. He offered \$25,000 if Sawyer would take care of the license for him [laughing]. I guess this is the way he operates, you know. So Ham came back to the office and wrote a memorandum and gave it to me, and I don't think he ever did tell Sawyer.

I think that, really, some of the things—Greenspun allegations or reasoning—probably should be included in a story like this, to balance it a bit, because after all, I'm just telling one side. But Hank just argued constantly that Sinatra had done more for the state than anybody else, that certainly he was a temperamental individual and once in a while exploded. But as Greenspun said, “Hell, I've exploded at Olsen myself. If that's a reason to be kicked out of the state, well, there's a lot of us that should go.” And he just—oh, he just ate us up, chewed the Board, and me, particularly, over and over. He alleged it was all a publicity stunt. And he doesn't know to this day that he was actually scooped by thirty days on the story, Sandy Smith's story, which appeared on August 2, and the Nevada story started appearing exactly thirty days later.

And Sandy Smith got it from the FBI. This ties into the subsequent things. We would give information to the FBI, and they'd turn around and give it to special newspaper friends in Chicago and elsewhere to make us look bad. It just turned out to be a hopeless situation.

Significant of Sinatra's—oh, I don't know if you should call it power—but significant of

his abilities to get away with a lot of things, I ran across a subsequent memorandum by some sheriff's officers in Las Vegas, which is sort of interesting. This was in 1965. It details an episode in which Mr. Sinatra is using very loud and profane language in the restaurant area of the Sands hotel and generally creating a considerable disturbance. But the reporting officers conclude their report by saying that they did not wish to create an incident in the hotel; it would obviously end up with bad publicity. So no steps were taken to arrest him [laughing]. This was a report to Sheriff Ralph Lamb.

And subsequently, of course, you remember the last newspaper episodes, after Hughes took over the Sands and Sinatra got into another one of these "famed" situations that he can get into and finally was disabled by Carl Cohen. He cancelled his contract at the Sands and moved to Caesar's Palace.

Oh, it might be interesting to mention how we first discovered that Giancana was in the area. He and Phyllis were driving her great big, long Cadillac, and it ran out of gas near the Christmas Tree lodge. So they went in there and started to gamble and drink and—you know, have dinner, and what have you. They won about \$3,000 this Friday night from this little Christmas Tree lodge's single table, which would pretty much disable that type of a gambling enterprise. And apparently they didn't feel too good about that, so they came back the following night. In the meantime, the Christmas Tree had helped them get gas for their car and get them organized and on their way again. So in return for all these courtesies, they decided they ought to come back and give the guy a chance to win his money back. Well, they won another \$1,900. And it was out of that episode that we began to get reports—he was recognized up there—I shouldn't say

necessarily up there—but he was recognized during that period. And that's when we began to get our reports that he was in here.

Was the Christmas Tree not included in the usual definition of gambling places where he wasn't supposed to go? Yeah, it was, definitely, but on the other hand, actually, the people at the Christmas Tree had no idea who he was at the time. But the mere fact that they determined who Phyllis was, and then later on, people began to put two and two together. Then when pictures were shown to them, they obviously could identify him then. But they were innocent at the time of any knowledge. The little places like that weren't really expected to be too familiar with the Black Book people. There was never one of the—the Black Book people never showed up in those little, tiny places.

THE CLOSING OF THE SILVER SLIPPER

The Silver Slipper episode in Las Vegas was one of the more interesting in the enforcement field. In one of our routine equipment pickups, we covered, oh, I think it was thirteen clubs in Las Vegas that night and about five or six in Reno, and picked up dice and cards all the way along. When we picked up this many dice and this many cards, you have to understand that each card has to be examined, each deck has to be examined, carefully, with a variety of lights and glasses and things of that nature. Each die has to be measured, balanced, calipered. These are routine tests, but they are tedious and slow and time consuming. So it wasn't—I think this was—I can't remember, but for illustration purposes, it was, say, a Saturday night that we made these pickups. The chain of evidence was always preserved on any pickup of equipment; it was delivered by the agents back

to the office in sealed envelopes signed by the pit man, then the dealer, then the agent, with the name of each house on it. Then they label it as to the contents of the envelope. Then the stuff is delivered back to the office and put in a safe. And it seems to me this was a Friday night or the beginning of a weekend when all these things were picked up. So it wasn't until Monday that the agents who examined the equipment began to work on this vast pile of material in Las Vegas. And it was, oh, three or four days before they finally came to the Silver Slipper envelope.

When they got into that, they detected what they thought was edgework, which is a method of bevelling or sharpening, flattening the edge of a dice someplace, so that it was inclined to trip as the dice is sliding on felt and caused the die to flip one more time over onto the number favorable to the person using this type of die.

When they discovered it in Las Vegas, I was called, and so I flew down there. I felt we did indeed have a case. The dice had been deliberately tampered with, and I didn't realize then how cleverly it had been done. But it was something you couldn't feel, so we undertook to file what was known as an emergency order. In a cheating incident, incidentally, the state has the power to immediately close a gambling house. In an incident of other infractions, the law or the regulations, you do not have that power. You file a complaint and there's a hearing and then there's a decision as to whether they should be suspended or revoked, or what. But in a cheating incident, the Board, upon acquiescence of at least three members of the Commission, can file what is known as an emergency order and close the joint up tight right then and there. And this had always been a procedure in a cheating incident. It

wasn't at all unique to the Silver Slipper. So we did file an emergency order closing the Silver Slipper. But this was about a week; I think it was almost seven days to the night after the equipment was picked up.

And this subsequently led to a lot of criticism from the press of, why did we wait a week to do it? It was just a case of the routine of finding the dice and in the preparation of the legal documents. And with five Commissioners spread all over the state of Nevada, you have to run around and get their signatures on the order, which means quite a lot of traveling, all the way from Smith Valley to Las Vegas.

So we went in. I didn't go down to the closing, but I sent the people down. And we did close it. And one of the newspapers—the Review-Journal, as a matter of fact—Bob Brown, who subsequently managed Laxalt's campaign, found out somehow from somewhere that there was indeed going to be an order, a closure, so he was out there with a photographer and there were some photographs taken which led to a lot of subsequent publicity—or subsequent criticism' that it was again another big publicity stunt, all staged, and what have you, which it certainly was not.

The Slipper at that point made an interesting test of the Nevada law by going to Judge Zenoff's—he was then district judge—going to his home that night and getting him to sign an injunction against the Board prohibiting us from enforcing our order, which he did sign—the preliminary injunction. So they reopened. Then Monday morning, we went to hearing before Judge Zenoff. And at that point he read the law and found that he had absolutely no authority to do that. He criticized the law as being too strong and giving the state too much power, but he

recognized what the law said and so he vacated the injunction, and they were closed again.

We subsequently went to hearing some weeks later on the dice. I fortunately had decided that perhaps I needed a little more scientific assistance in this particular case than I did in the other ones, because even though my experienced gambling employees would testify to the dice, I still needed, I figured, a scientific analysis. So I took it to Sacramento, took the dice to Sacramento to the California Identification Intelligence (CII) bureau, where we got a physicist to photograph them, examine them, and analyze them. And if I hadn't had him as a witness, I think I'd've lost that case. The Commission kept wanting to know why I didn't roll the dice and test them to see if they were crooked—I mean, see if they would end up favoring one thing or another. And the Commission, as I say, were lay people and they really had no knowledge of gambling when you got right down to it. And obviously, I couldn't roll the dice and test them because the edgework was very, very delicate and it would soon wear off and so there'd be no evidence left.

Well, this physicist determined—and this was the cleverest bit of dice that I've ever seen, really, perfect dice that had been done very, very carefully. And I can't explain it very well. The edgework on one side would bevel up, and on the other side it would bevel up in the opposite direction, so that when you put them in a square or a caliper or something, the darn things would measure right. And still, the edgework was there.

Well, we finally did get a decision from the Commission in which they upheld the Board and revoked the license of the Silver Slipper. But it was a tough hearing, I'll tell you.

In the meantime—there again, every time you get into one of these, these characters would crawl out of the woodwork. In the

meantime, some private detective shows up. And for a fee of \$10,000 or something, he would produce a witness and some movie films of an offer made by one of the owners of the Silver Slipper to have some guy come in and testify that he put the dice in, and so on and so forth. They come in and produce all these movies and everything else, and they go out and tape their acting scenes, you know. You can't trust anybody!

That case, to this day, is still pending. They never did appeal it further. They filed notice of appeal and a brief in the case but never did pursue it.

One of the owners of the Silver Slipper, not the major owner—I was always convinced, actually, that the major investors, the major single investors in the house, had absolutely no knowledge of the hanky panky that was going on. It was handled by another investor who was in charge of the gambling. But this guy, whom I suspicioned, and suspicion to this day, had come to the Board some, oh, nine or ten months earlier to say that he suspected that somebody might try to put some crooked equipment in because he was fighting with the unions. I think he was just trying to prepare himself a little alibi in case he got caught is all.

GAMBLING TOKENS

Let's go to the token for a few minutes. I believe it was in 1964 that Eva Adams, the Treasurer of the United States and a former Reno girl, came out and made a speech to a service club in Reno in which she predicted the imminent disappearance of the silver dollars. Her prediction was quite accurate. And as a matter of fact, there are many who blame her for implementing the disappearance because the silver dollar just immediately became a collector's item and it was withdrawn by the millions. This had a

serious effect on Nevada gambling because of the dollar slot machines and because of just the psychology of playing with metal at the dollar level on a crap table or "Twenty-One" table or something like that. And the plastic cheques, or chips, had been substituted for five- and ten- and hundred-dollar amounts for years. But the silver dollar, every time anyone had undertaken to replace it with a plastic cheque, the action on the tables would decrease. It was just—people enjoy using the silver money. And, of course, psychologically, if they had four or five dollars in their pocket, they were more inclined to not regard them as money and go ahead and get rid of them before they left. And so the coin was very, very important to the gambling industry. This we recognized and gave a lot of thought to how to solve it.

Governor Sawyer was concerned about it, but ironically, one of the early calls I had also came from Paul Laxalt, who was the lieutenant governor, who was an attorney representing two of the major gambling establishments in the north, and he was quite concerned, we wound up by investigating the possibility of using metal tokens as a substitution for the dollar, but we ran into a horrible body of federal law, which at first appeared to make such a substitution just about impossible because of the federal government's very proper opposition to private coinage.

Also, oddly enough, we had on the Nevada statute books a law which specifically would have forbidden the use of the tokens in slot machines. And I had helped word the law myself, oddly enough, some years before. We made it unlawful to use anything but United States coins in a slot machine. So that was my number one problem, was to get that law changed and still protect the houses against counterfeits and foreign coins and slugs and things of that nature, and at the same time try

to explore the federal law to see if there was any possibility of getting around that.

We got an odd break in that a guy in Philadelphia by the name of Joseph Segel had only the year before established a private mint principally for the purpose of minting coins for foreign governments. Segel, being a sharp entrepreneur, certainly saw the potential of the silver dollar disappearance in Nevada and he hired himself an extremely able Philadelphia lawyer, a guy by the name of Rosenberg, as I recall, who did extensive research into the federal law, and then he came out, met with me, and he finally convinced me that actually, by making or by minting tokens of a specific type and size and lettering, we could use them without being in violation of the federal law. But on the other hand, we couldn't run the risk of antagonizing the federal government any more than they were already antagonized.

So I figured we'd better pursue this one at the top. And so I went to Washington and met with the attorneys for the Mint and the Treasury Department in a number of conferences, and we finally worked out an understanding whereby we could use a metal token providing it was not of the same size as the silver dollar or any other U. S. coin, and providing that it could not be confused with a silver dollar or other coin by means of design or lettering or anything of that nature, and providing that it could not be used in commerce.

Traditionally, Nevada gambling chips have had the same—virtually the same status within the state as cash. I mean, you can take a five-dollar Harolds' Club cheque and go down and buy groceries with it, or a hundred-dollar cheque and go buy a dress with it, or anything else. It's almost universally accepted in Reno and in Las Vegas and at Lake Tahoe as cash. But to get around the federal law, we had to restrict the tokens so that they could

not be recognized or redeemed outside of the house in which they were issued. And this was really the hardest part of our battle, as an educational program, to try to convince the tourist and the resident and the club that these tokens were just absolutely worthless except as a gambling tool within the club which issued them.

There are a number of other manufacturers or minting firms, no private mints, actually—Segel has the only private mint—but a number of other manufacturing firms that were very interested in getting into the token business in Nevada. And Harolds Club, as I recall, was one of the early ones; Harrah's, I guess, was, probably the first, and then Harolds. We had for a time four or five different manufacturers with four or five different types of tokens. But under the regulation adopted, each token had to be approved by the Gaming Control Board in advance. And here we had to, oh, watch for any possible symbolism that would—the dollar sign, or the word “dollar,” or things like that. Finally, though, this Segel pretty much cornered the market, and I don't think at this point that there's any other token in the state except those manufactured or minted by his firm.

He also had, as a sidelight to his business of minting foreign coins, established a “coin of the month” club, or a “medallion of the month club,” a sheer gimmick, in which he sold stock only to numismatic enthusiasts, coin collectors. And the thing was fabulously successful. They would strike a medallion each month of a different person, Franklin, Roosevelt, Wilson, you know, some famous person in history, and for the membership fee in this club, well, it entitles you to buy one of these tokens at seven and a half dollars apiece, or something like that. But there would only be a limited number made. And he also would make two of these in platinum, one of which

would go to the Smithsonian Institution and another would go on public auction, with the proceeds going to the Numismatic Association of the United States, or some such organization. And the platinum ones at auction never sold for less than \$2,000, and frequently more.

Well, with that sidelight and the Nevada sidelight, Segel actually never did get into much of the minting of foreign coins because he had his hands full minting these Nevada tokens. And the funny part about it is the tokens promptly became a collector's item, too. They would be carried away by the thousands, all of which was—the Nevada gamblers suddenly awakened to—was one of the greatest things that ever happened to them. As Bill Harrah put it, the odds were better on the tokens than they were on the crap table. The token would cost him twenty-five to thirty cents apiece; he would sell it to a customer for a dollar; the customer would keep it as a souvenir, so that it would be a seventy percent profit there for Harrah. And this happened all over the state.

But at the same time, Segel conceived another idea for collectors. He knew the psychology of the collectors for sure. For each club's token order, he would strike one thousand—the first year he did this—one thousand in pure silver. Five hundred of them he would give to the club to distribute to their good customers; the other five hundred he retained himself, so that he wound up with five hundred sets of mint—or proof—silver tokens. Well, two hundred and fifty sets he gave away in the state, and the other two hundred and fifty, he sold. The first year's sale, they went something like—I think it was two hundred seventy-five dollars for twenty-seven tokens. And the last I heard, the same thing is worth around eight hundred bucks. It's just a fabulous escalation.

They subsequently wanted to mint fifty-cent tokens, and we opposed that for a long time on the premise that fifty cent pieces were still available. But finally, oh, in the latter part of '66, when they had virtually disappeared and they hadn't gotten the new mintage from the Treasury going full blast yet, we did approve a few fifty-cent tokens, but they never did get into widespread use.

SOME PROBLEMS OF THE PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER

Let's see. We have talked a little bit in the past about cheating and some of the problems. I always felt that the state—in the gambling part of it anyway—had really two major concerns, one as far as publicity and attitudes developed. One had to do with the hoodlum or racketeering ownership and association and things like that. I never really felt that that hurt Nevada from a business or commercial standpoint, because the housewife from Petaluma would find Las Vegas all the more glamorous if she could actually come and see a real live hoodlum, you know. So it didn't keep away the people, but it was a danger in the federal sense, in that if Congress acquired a belief that Nevada was indeed a haven for organized crime, it could lead to an ultimate federal prohibition of gambling. But secondly, the other great danger I saw was any type of a public belief that Nevada gambling wasn't honest. I felt that this would have a total and drastic result in a hurry, in that people just wouldn't come from California and elsewhere to gamble if they thought they were going to be cheated. So we were always concerned with rumors of cheating, reports of cheating, and things of that nature.

But in—oh, it must have been around—this was back in around '64, it seems to me, when we were there [consulting papers].

I think it was back in '63, actually. We got word through the grapevine that there was a professor in Las Vegas trying a system but had expressed the belief that he had to be accompanied by a card detective to keep from being cheated. And I was curious about this type of an attitude and where it developed, and I happened to know the card detective that he had with him. It was a guy by the name of Mickey MacDougal, who has written a number of books on gambling, and in the distant past had done some special assignment work for Bob Cahill's group. MacDougal was in Las Vegas under an assumed name; why, I don't know. But he and this professor and a third guy were wandering all over the various places while the professor tried his system. So I called the people and they gave me a long song and dance about boy, how things really were terrible down there. They were doing all kinds of awful things to this poor professor.

So I asked him if he would be—if the professor was willing to meet with us to discuss what he had seen or allegedly had seen. They would, but they would rather come up here than I go down there because they wanted to check the system in Reno anyway. So Macdougal and the professor, whose name was Edward Thorp, and a third man (whose name skips me at the moment, but an alleged writer who had been working on a gambling book for twenty years and he'll probably be working on it for twenty years more) all showed up. And we met in Reno in the conference room. And I had the foresight to bring a stenographer with me so that we could more or less get a transcript of what these people were saying. I also brought my knowledgeable people with the cards, because they were playing "Twenty-One."

Thorp launched into a horrible tale of how every place he went, as soon as he'd get started, they'd bring in a "mechanic," which is

the trade term for a cheater, somebody who could do anything with cards, and they would promptly start cheating. Consequently, he could never get his system really to succeed because of the human factor; they were always doing one thing or another. And he had mechanics hiding behind posts and coming in response to phone calls from the pit and dashing in through the front door on a dead run to take over the dealer's spot. And he just felt these behind every tree.

So I got him to try to give me time, place, incident, in as specific detail as possible. Thorp would start on the detail and his partner would interrupt him and be no, it would be a different dealer, it would be a different place and a different time. Then Macdougall would get in, well, no, there's really no cheating in that episode. And these three of them were just contradicting themselves all evening long. And finally, Macdougall said on the record that he frankly couldn't support Thorp's statements. And here Macdougall was the card detective and Thorp was the professor and the player. The card expert said he couldn't support Thorp's statements that he had been cheated as frequently and as blatantly as the professor claimed.

So there wasn't really much further I could do with that thing; I mean, there was never enough specific detail in any of the doctor's complaints to do anything about. But he subsequently wrote a book about his system called *Beat the Dealer*. And in that book, he had a chapter which he devoted to his experiences in Las Vegas and said once again he was cheated by virtually every place that he went. Well, the book had a certain acceptance among "system" gamblers, but it really wasn't of sufficient general interest to be harmful, I didn't feel, so we didn't really protest or file a formal protest with Thorp or the publisher or anything.

But then the book caught on, just the concept of beating the dealer, even though the mathematical formulas were so complex that the average person would never be able to use them. Just the concept caught on, and it started to be reviewed rather extensively in a number of national magazines. But the climax came in *Life* magazine, which devoted about four or five pages to a review of the book and interviews with Thorp and his experiences. And each time this thing would get repeated, and each time the allegation of cheating would become worse, you know. And finally, the *Life* thing just up and said that every place in Nevada that he went—Lake Tahoe, Reno, Las Vegas—the house would make unfair use of cheating dealers to beat his system. But even at that, he still won— you know, that type of thing.

Well, this really threw the gambling industry into something of a panic, because after all, millions of people read and believe *Life*. I fired off a lengthy telegram to them in which I denied Thorp's allegations and told *Life* that I felt that it had libeled the state as well as a number of business firms in the state. *Life* reduced the telegram to, oh, about two or three paragraphs and did print it in their "Letters" column, but then ran an editorial note on the bottom because ironically, from the time my telegram had gone to *Life*, and the time it appeared weeks later, the episode of the Silver Slipper had developed and I had closed them. So *Life* put an editorial note on the bottom of my letter implying that because I had closed the Silver Slipper, this really confirmed all the allegations of cheating. It was an unfair little touch, typical of *Life*.

But in the meantime, the gamblers had very seriously gotten together and tried to determine what, if anything, should be done. I met with people on the Strip and the downtown Las Vegas gamblers, too. They all

gathered in a meeting out on the Strip one day and did retain an attorney to study the concept of filing a libel suit, a class action. There was no specific house mentioned, but the cheating allegation went against all the houses. The Vegas gamblers finally backed off because they are by nature leery of courts and lawsuits and things like that, and they pretty much backed off and just stuck their head in the sands.

Bill Harrah in Reno, though, was extremely upset. And he ordered his law firm to make an extensive study of the possibility of a libel action. And frankly, I was in favor of it. I felt *Life* had been consistently—the whole Luce organization has consistently needled Nevada gambling. I felt that the mere filing of the lawsuit would tend to make them think twice in the future about some of their broad or general statements. Harrah's law firm felt that there was grounds for a libel action. It would have to be joined in by several different houses in different parts of the state where Thorp was known to have played. But the law firm very properly advised Harrah that their chances of winning a libel action were fifty-fifty. I mean, it's a hard action to ever collect anything on. The press has pretty broad latitude.

So Harrah, being a typical gambler—which means that they never want to gamble on anything—decided to not file suit but to file a letter of protest, which he did do—a strong letter of protest—to *Life*. I don't think it ever did get printed.

But that was about as close as I've ever seen a gambling industry come to trying to defend itself legally. They've been remiss in that, probably because they're frequently indefensible. But when they are defensible, they frequently just stick their heads in the sand and let people say most anything they want. This stems from the old gambler's attitude that a gambler can never win in court,

which is true elsewhere, and not necessarily true here. But the old-timers just

I remember one time I had. Johnny Drew, who was an owner of the Stardust and the Desert Inn, was accused in a Chicago newspaper of running a major crap game in Chicago at the time he was an owner in Nevada. Well, this is strictly *verboten*. He can't gamble elsewhere at all and hold any interest in Nevada. So we hauled Drew in for a hearing and we hassled it back and forth, and he denied it and denied it and denied it. And I had no proof or evidence of it; I just had a newspaper story and was trying to get him to file a libel action. If it's untrue, they've got him in trouble and can seriously damage him, you know. But he finally concluded the hearing, says, "A gambler can't win in court." And so it has never been filed. You could never get these guys to do—Eddie Levinson in the bugging suit was the first time, really—and Carl Cohen, I guess he filed. But that was about the first time they ever really took action to defend themselves.

The Thorp book and the subsequent magazine articles brought a tremendous amount of correspondence from shocked people all over the country. Each letter we had was very carefully answered. Then, of course, in Las Vegas—after the "system"—a number of people started playing the system, which is basically nothing more than an old countdown system which professional gamblers have used for years, keeping track of the cards in the deck and knowing what's left and adjusting your bets in accordance with the number of high cards left and the number of low cards left.

The Las Vegas gamblers unfortunately banded together and decided to change some of the basic rules of the game which had been in effect. They weren't really rules of the game, but they were basic procedures

which had been in effect for years, and it gave the appearance of their being frightened of the “system” players and trying to give the player a bad break, reduce the odds, increase the odds in favor of the house. And this brought us a great deal of trouble, too, in the sense that it just appeared bad. And I had to answer each and every one of those letters, too, that came in, and tried to explain that it was just a change in the competitive bonuses offered by each house, and frankly, I didn’t think it would last for more than six months. And it didn’t; they all went back to the old way in short order.

The houses finally settled on the general practice which had been used frequently before and had never been a subject of state attention or anything else. But they finally settled on a general practice of reshuffling the deck, oh, about halfway through to counteract the countdown people.

Actually, Thorp was never considered a very successful player, but there are some that have been around for years— one guy in particular by the nickname of “Junior”—who are just fantastic. At the “Twenty-One” games, you never even want to see this kind of a guy. He doesn’t cheat, but just a tremendous memory of every card that’s played and being able to analyze what’s left, like a good bridge player does, you know, and bet accordingly. God, he just makes a living out of it, and a good living. He broke one little place here in Reno, a joint called Swede’s. Why Swede’s would even play with him, I don’t know, but perhaps they didn’t know him. But he got in there one night and played all night and took their entire bankroll [laughing], plus a couple of promissory notes that the old gal who owns the joint gave. And then for years after that, he plagued me for trying to collect his promissory notes from her. She was never back in business, and there wasn’t anything I could do about her notes anyway.

And another episode involving Junior was down in Henderson, I think it was, or North Las Vegas. He got into a game down there and just about took that little place’s bankroll. He concentrated on little places because most of the big places would never even let him play. They all recognized him. I guess he just about had this guy’s bankroll, and the owner decided he’d cheated so he pulled out a gun and was going to shoot him, and it led the police coming, and—oh, what a big mess! [laughing]

This tale was told to me by a good source, very close to the people involved. It has to do with Hank Greenspun, the publisher of the *Sun*, and Beldon Katleman, one of the early-day Strip gamblers. Katleman is described even by his friends as an individual who would rather acquire a dollar through chicanery than four dollars legitimately. And he and Greenspun used to play gin rummy, and played it hard, fast, and frequently. And apparently, the way the story goes, Greenspun was most often the winner—almost always was he the winner—and took Beldon for quite a bit of money over the years. But finally, one day, on April 10, 1963, they got into an extended game, and Greenspun lost. As a matter of fact, by the time the game was over, he’d lost \$27,000, just in a head-to-head gin rummy game with Katleman. So Greenspun wrote out a check to Katleman and went on home.

And when he got home, he got a-thinking, “By God, that Katleman, he probably cheated.” The more he thought about it, the more convinced he became that Katleman had indeed, through chicanery of some kind, fleeced him of \$27,000. So he calls Katleman and tells him he stopped payment on the check and that he just feels he didn’t acquire the—he didn’t win the money legitimately, and he just wasn’t going to pay. well, Katleman fumed and hollered and yelled and what have

you. There wasn't much, really, that he could do about it, though, because gambling debts aren't collectible.

So the matter was forgotten, or apparently forgotten, by both parties, but obviously wasn't really forgotten because five years later, Katleman reads in the newspaper where Greenspun sold his television station to Howard Hughes. So Katleman gets out this check dated April 10, 1963 for \$27,000. He looks at it, and he begins to think about it and it occurs to him how simple it is to change a three to an eight. So he changes the three to an eight, makes the check dated April 10, 1968. So he presents it to the bank and it clears [laughing]. He gets \$27,000. And I guess Greenspun was fit to be tied!

And the story goes on that Greenspun called him and threatened criminal prosecution and this and that and the other thing. Greenspun, it should be noted, has been a leader in the Jewish community down there for years. So Katleman tells Greenspun, well, just go ahead and do whatever he wants to do, but he does have on his desk a number of checks, contributions to the Bonds for Israel and the Israel war fund and this and that and the other thing, and he says if Greenspun should reacquire that \$27,000, that he, Katleman, would have to write to all these Jewish organizations and tell them that he couldn't make the contributions after all because Greenspun had welshed on a bet [laughing]. I think that's a great story [laughing]. They did it; they—even if it's not true, it's so like both of those characters.

Maybe I've mentioned this before, speaking of the psychology of the players—a player could be the most moral, highly respected, church-going citizen of his community who would never steal a penny from anybody, and come out here and start gambling, and the whole concept changes.

It's all right to cheat a gambler; it's all right to do anything to a gambler, no matter what it is, and this is where you get some of the damndest activity on the outside of the tables in this state.

SKIMMING ALLEGATIONS

Well, you mentioned the skimming hearings. Maybe I'll just recount a little bit of some of the problems involved in that thing. They developed in an election year, '66—or were developed deliberately, I think. Sawyer made one unfortunate comment during his campaign when he suggested that wire-tapping or bugging of the casinos was against Nevada law and that as far as he was concerned, he was for criminally prosecuting the people responsible and putting them in jail.

Well, the FBI didn't take kindly to that comment at all, all the way from the local level to Mr. Hoover himself. And this led to the all-out effort on the part of the FBI to give Mr. Sawyer a hard time, and they were quite successful in doing it.

In the meantime, I had a hard time with all the rest of us. Oh, about a month or six weeks after this Sawyer comment appeared in the headlines—and Sawyer was sincere. He felt that the bugging was a very evil thing. He was sincere as far as prosecuting anybody; if he had a chance, he'd've done it. The Department of Justice—and I never have been able to pin down whether it was the attorney general's office or the FBI. I frankly have a sneaking suspicion it was the FBI; I've always felt that, but I'm not about to—. They started furnishing unattributable information and unprovable information to Sandy Smith of the *Chicago Sun-Times* and a guy named Jerry Green of the *New York Daily News*. The gist of these articles were that the government

had proven to its own satisfaction that there were millions of dollars in taxes being— that the gamblers were eluding millions of dollars in taxes by the so-called process of skimming, which is the removal of money from the box in the counting room without entering it on a ledger that it was in the box.

These stories also spoke in specifics about—never named specifics, but they sounded specific; they never were, but they sounded specific—about certain couriers carrying hundreds of thousands of dollars every week to underworld—organized underworld figures in the East, and then returning by plane to Las Vegas and picking up another briefcase of money, and going through the whole process all the time, the whole implication being, of course, that Nevada was indeed financing the underworld, which had been an allegation made by Bobby Kennedy, after he read the Reader's Digest article of many years before.

These stories in the East were naturally picked up—not by the wires. The wires were pretty much leery of the libel possibilities in those things, too, so they didn't pick them up. Because there was no attribution, no attribution to the government or to the FBI or to the Department of Justice or anything else, just "sources," type of thing.

Well, they were picked up in Nevada by the Nevada press. And this put us in a hell of a spot. Here it was in the middle of an election campaign, and what are you going to do?! I mean, these old stories have been kicking around for years and years and years. You've been with this thing, living with it for six years; you can't prove any of these allegations. Maybe some of them were true, but you never—there was no evidence to support them.

But Sawyer and Milton Keefer—Keefer was the chairman of the Commission—felt

that the Commission ought to hold hearings to try to determine the evidence. Well, Jesus, this is going to be nothing but a circus, and it wasn't anything but that.

But by this time, the fact that the state has taken official cognizance of these newspaper allegations, it indeed interested the wire services and the television stations and everybody else. And by the time the hearings opened in Las Vegas, the office was just packed with newspaper people.

Well, the Las Vegas office of the state Gaming Control Board was in an old ice cream store, and the walls were little more than cardboard, and there was hardly any place where you could hold a private conversation. It was felt that to be able to elicit information under oath that the hearings would have to indeed be closed. You couldn't have them open to the press because a gambler or anybody else who is called to testify just isn't going to speak freely in public. And the law did authorize closed hearings of an investigative nature. So Keefer said the hearings would be closed.

We were faced the day before the hearings with the problem of soundproofing the room. I suggested that someone go out and borrow a big rug and hang it over the entrance, the main entrance out into the hallway where the reporters would all be, just to baffle the sound a bit. They didn't take that suggestion, and somebody else came up with another idea, and finally, they wound up by moving a big filing cabinet, almost a floor-to-ceiling type filing cabinet, around in front of that door. Well, that effectively baffled the sound. It soundproofed the room very well. But it looked like hell when the television people all fastened on it and ridiculed us [laughing], just had a ball, and said we were barricading the press from the door, and so on and so forth. I've been in press too long. I knew damn well if anybody'd put their ear against that door,

they could hear anything they wanted to. So the filing cabinets created great problems.

Well, we went on with these damn skimming hearings, oh, for days and days and days, and really elicited nothing but a lot of detail about how the money was handled, which the Board knew but the Commission didn't, because the Commission has never been involved in it. And so it wasn't really anything new to the Board, but the Commission was holding the hearings, and Jesus, it just went on and on and on and on and on. The procedures for signing fill slips when you're going to replenish money on a table, and the procedure for a credit slip when the table has won money, and you're returning some money to the cashier, the procedures for the cashier to—the records that they keep, but then back to the basic procedure of what happens to the money when it is removed from the table, the so-called drop box, in which they dropped the bills.

Well, there's a tremendous series of internal controls in a major gambling house because there's so many people would like to get their fingers into that money. But the Las Vegas gamblers, particularly—again, coming from an old school—would never really quite trust anybody, so there was always an owner involved. And if there were two or three factions of owners, there'd be two or three owners involved. And it didn't make any difference if was the midnight or eight a.m. or eight p.m. or four p.m. or two a.m., or whenever they counted the money, there would always be these owners getting out of bed and coming down, and the box would be removed from the table by a security guard, or two security guards, and taken to a counting room. Now, in some places, the counting room was wide open and could be observed by cashiers or other employees going by, or anything else. And in other places,

the counting room was a vault, almost—soundproof and seeproof and everything else. The possibility of money being taken at the count is—just cannot be denied positively. But on the other hand, the likelihood of being able to acquire vast sums of money on a routine basis is just not good. There're too many people ultimately involved in the darn thing. A dealer has a good idea, for instance, what he puts down in that box during his shift. A girl dealer here in Reno can tell you to within ten dollars what she's got in the box, because they want to know. Part of their livelihood, too, is winning. And if they haven't had a good drop, they know that the boss might be mad at them or something. So they just keep almost a subconscious eye on what they have in the box. Well, the same thing's true in Las Vegas. So if a dealer knew he put \$25,000 in the box that night and subsequently the box count only shows \$5,000, the word's going to get around. And pretty soon the dealer's going to start owning the club through a little process known as blackmail. And the cashier has to verify the counts and things of that nature. So the whole skimming problem, although it exists, or can exist, isn't as bad as the federals have always felt.

We subpoenaed essentially the chief of the intelligence division of the Internal Revenue Service in Reno, a guy by the name of Dan Smith; and the Special Agent in charge of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for the state who was stationed in Las Vegas by the name of Dean Elson. This again was sort of a grandstand play. But these guys had both personally and orally, verbally, to other people, made some pretty derogatory remarks about Nevada, but never backing them up with facts or evidence or filing charges, or anything of that nature.

So Smith appeared with, I think, the chief of the Internal Revenue Service in Reno, and

they cited from a long regulation that they were precluded from testifying to anything because they were in the process of an investigation, and so it was just a formal deal.

The FBI guy showed up, and on the instructions of the Attorney General of the United States, claimed what he called “executive privilege.” The FBI men coined a little term, “executive privilege,” which was a phrase and a concept contrived by Attorney General Katzenbach. The FBI subsequently claimed executive privilege when it was called to give depositions—when its agents were called to give depositions in the telephone bugging suits. And that’s what our supreme court just this year [1968] threw out as being invalid. There is no such thing as executive privilege as far as our supreme court is concerned. We had no recourse in the hearings except acceptance. Executive privilege—no comment, you know. Being an administrative body, we had nothing else we could do about it.

But going back to the hearings, Sawyer was becoming more where they all read it, and generally they were in agreement with it; there’s no question about that. But there was a lot of nitpicking—and especially the ex-FBI guys didn’t like to be a little too harsh on the FBI, so that got modified to some extent.

So Sawyer wanted them to go ahead and issue the report. It had to be retyped, and so on and so forth, So we spent all night editing the damn thing and retyping it, and finally we gave him the final draft to look at, oh, about one o’clock out at his apartment.

And once again, back to the problem of him and Reefer. They never really did see eye to eye on too many things. And it had to be signed by Keefer—at least by the chairman, you know. I couldn’t sign the damn thing. It had been billed as a Commission report and always was. Well, Reefer had gone home sick.

He wouldn’t even participate in the editing or the reprocessing or a darn thing. And so I explained to Sawyer that he had gone home sick. Well, it was just too goddamn bad; he was going to have to get up [laughing]. So he calls—Sawyer calls Reefer and gets him out of bed. Reefer’s furious, Sawyer’s furious, and—oh, Jesus! So, sure enough, though, they sent the report out by messenger and Milton did sign it. And so I retyped it again; I had my girl retype it again, and we worked all night, released it to the press the next day. It was called a “white paper.” It didn’t have a damn thing; it was just a lot of exercise in futility. But it did get across some of the facts of the matter which had never been publicized before. It was an interesting paper from that standpoint.

People became interested in the newspaper reports of these hearings, which tried to make so much out of nothing. They just had nothing else. I tried to get Keefer at least to go out and give them a briefing each day so they’d have something to write, instead of sitting out there writing about the music and the file cabinets and things of that nature. But Milt, he wasn’t about to be pressured by the press, and he couldn’t understand that there had to be a deadline for a.m.’s newspaper and a deadline for p.m.’s newspapers, and that you’re going to get along a lot better and get better, more favorable coverage if you cooperate a bit, especially in a situation like this, where you haven’t got anything. It’s all a song and dance anyway, you know.

Why was there such a difference between reports of the hearings that were held in Las Vegas and the ones that were held in Carson? Well, the basic difference—the hearings in Las Vegas all involved people against whom the newspapers had made these allegations, and against whom the federal government, through the newspapers, had made the

allegations. The people that were called in Carson were never involved in any allegations of skimming at all. There was Johnny—we called in Johnny Ascuaga, Harolds Club, Harvey's Wagon Wheel, and I think Harrah's. This, again, was the Commission's concept. They were trying to arrive at the difference, if there was a difference, in the way the money was handled up here and the way it was handled in Las Vegas.

Well, the basic difference up here was that the owner seldom counts. Harrah, for instance, hasn't been in the counting room of his place since it was built. It's done by employees. Harvey's, it turned out, a relative—a distant relative of the owner was one of the counters, but Harvey never got in there. The same way at Harolds Club. But the Las Vegas [clubs], which had a group of owners in most instances, then you—where they would have a minority or a majority of stockholders and things like that, well, you'd have different owners coming in and physically and actually counting the money. And consequently, the allegation could certainly sound more truthful made against the Las Vegas places than it could against Harrah's or some place like that, where the owner's not even in there. So that was the difference. The hearings in Vegas were more of a prosecutive nature, trying to trip them up, see? Maybe there was something to this, and then—so it was more of a cross-examination, whereas the hearings in Carson were basically just informational, merely dry, boring detail of how Harrah's handled their money, how Harolds handles theirs, how Johnny Ascuaga handled his, Harvey's. So that was the major difference in the hearings.

Well, also, there's a difference in the people. Here again, in Vegas, the guys called to testify are old-time gamblers that gambled in the East, and they shun television, reporters, photographers, *anything*. They shun that.

So instead of coming in the front door and proceeding back when they're called to the hearing room, they come in the back door, sneak in the back door and duck cameras and things like that.

Well, in the Carson hearings, we had a great big room and a great big lounge where reporters could sit around and so on, and the guys waiting to testify—the bookkeepers from Harold's and the bookkeeper from Harvey's and so on and so forth—would sit out there with the reporters. And they could talk for hours, and there was—you know. It's the difference in the north and the south, and the difference in the personalities.

The Las Vegas guys are just—they're a breed dying out, but they're a fascinating bunch of characters. They just—even though they've assumed the cloak of legitimacy, they still don't even think of themselves as being legitimate sometimes. They still think in terms of "the old gambler," which, of course, is exactly the very element that has given the town its glamor and given it its competitive nature, its excitement, and a darn sight more than Reno has. Reno is just not attracting the people at all like Las Vegas has.

The old-time gambler in the East, the big timer, the professional, you *always* had to have a fancy restaurant and a good floor show to attract these customers. He wasn't playing for nickels and dimes; he was looking for high rollers. And whereas Reno has just catered to the man's natural instinct to gamble dollars and pennies and nickels or anything else, the Las Vegas people have fancied up, and that's why we have the huge resorts and attract money people. Not the dollar player, but the \$10,000 player.

That, incidentally, is one of the factors developing in Las Vegas now of concern to a lot of employees, that the Hughes organization, which now controls—what is it?

Some thirty percent or more of the gambling on the Strip is catering more to ordinary people instead of the big player. And so the big players no longer go to the Desert Inn. The Desert Inn, for instance, used to have about the biggest, the DI and the Sands. The big players are no longer found at the DI or the Sands. They go out to the new ones or Caesar's Palace or those places. I think there's going to be quite a change in the character of the town under corporate operation. Kind of sad in its way—it really is. And I'm wondering how it's going to affect the overall business.

Now, Harrah, of course, became the biggest—has still the biggest single volume house in the state up at Lake Tahoe, does a greater volume than any of the Las Vegas establishments or anything else, but he does it principally with being right on the state line and a short drive from Sacramento, from San Francisco, and all of northern California, and they're principally just small players, but he's got a huge establishment.

The Las Vegas houses seem to have geographical areas from which they attract patrons. They would deliberately try to diversify their ownership so that there would be an owner, say, from New York and an owner from Miami and an owner from the Chicago area, all of whom have been sporting men there before and know other sporting men. And thus, by personal invitation, they get out here and they get royal treatment and bring their friends. And it's a different type thing altogether.

Harrah's, for instance—oh, sure, they'll buy a drink in the—in the pit for players, but they don't cater to VIP's or anything of that nature. You rarely ever see one of the Reno clubs—for instance, the press; in Las Vegas, anybody who's a newspaperman never pays for anything. That's just been standard procedure down there for years, and especially an out-

of-state newspaperman coming to the town to do a blasting story on them. They don't care. Hell, he's comp[limentary], hotel room and drinks, food, everything else. Reno just doesn't do things that way.

Oh. The conclusion of the skimming hearing report was a recommendation that even though there was no evidence deduced to support, or, for that matter, to deny these newspaper allegations, there would be a change in the appearance of things so that these allegations would, of their own weight, die because it would be impossible. And we suggested the study of a possible electronic means of—. I have advanced for years the concept of microfilm; merely every time a bill dropped in the box it would be photographed. Well, there's a firm, fast audit of that box; it's a table audit. And this is the thing that the new administration has been trying to pursue. They haven't really achieved anything in two years now, but it's a hard problem. But if we could just arrive at some kind of a system—. It was proposed that the owners never be allowed to go in the counting room. Well, this is sort of a hard, arbitrary rule, to tell a man who's got fifty million dollars invested that he can't watch his money, you. :know. I think the new group have adopted a regulation which holds that at least one or two employees must be in on the count in addition to an owner. In other words, you could not be—I don't think it now can be exclusively an owner counting, or by a group of owners.

Some guy did come up with an electronic system in Las Vegas which theoretically would count each bill and record it on a computer for each table. And the way he explained it to me, it sounded pretty good. It met most all of the stumbling blocks that we had encountered. And he finally got it into a test at the Mint, I guess it was. This was after I left office. But

the thing obviously just failed; it couldn't handle it.

I still think the simplest method would be some type of a microfilm or some type of a device such as is used in these change machines. The change machine, you give it a five dollar bill, it recognizes a five-dollar bill, or a one-dollar bill, it detects a one-dollar bill. There's a fine little mechanical or electronic refinement that has to be made in it, and I think it would be quite successful and solve most of our problems.

If we could just change the concept of these people going into a locked room and counting the money, the allegation would disappear. Still, the money has to be counted some way. I mean, old Fitzgerald at Lake Tahoe stands behind a cage with the public right on the outside, watching him counting these *hundreds* and *hundreds* and *thousands* and *thousands* and *thousands* of dollars. Well, that poses a security problem. This is far worse than a bank; there's no bars or bulletproof glass or anything like that, and all this money out in public view—Jesus, the temptation is just fantastic! So I never felt that the public counting of the funds was the answer, plus it creates that psychological attitude in the outside player who's just lost of, "Look at that son of a bitch with all of that money," you know.

PUBLIC RELATIONS AND GAMING CONTROL

Now, you were asking about my relationship with the press. Actually, it was generally good throughout. As a matter of fact, I'm sure that the press was the one that influenced Sawyer into appointing me to begin with. And whatever set that idea in their heads—. But among them, ironically, was Frank Johnson. Frank remained throughout

the whole period my best press contact, really. When I really had to get something straightened out, I could talk to Frank and get it in the paper more or less right, or perhaps what I thought was right, sympathetically sometimes.

The problem with the press over there that I had, principally, were that the wires switched to the use of totally inexperienced youngsters. And damn! That's a pretty rough job, to put an inexperienced youngster into—covering state government. Plus, there was some problem with some press in that they, like everybody else, have political philosophies of their own, and anything that they could do to needle the Sawyer administration or any part of it—Bob Smith was one of those, for instance; Ed Allison, who now is the governor's press secretary—anything they could do to needle Sawyer's people or to make them look bad, they had great sport doing.

I didn't cultivate the press particularly, because so much of our work had to be out of the public eye as much as possible. But on the other hand, I didn't try to con them too much, either. Out of my own experience, I knew that it was frequently better to sit down and discuss with them, and level, and hope for the best.

The primary problem was the inexperience—Sawyer, in his early days, had an awful time. He had a thin skin, as most people going into a gubernatorial chair have, just like Laxalt, who's the same way. He [Sawyer] had a tendency to get quite displeased.

One of the major episodes that Sawyer got into was when the press had him arrested for conducting a closed meeting of what? The highway board or something. This disturbed him intensely. It really did. And he had every desire to fight it to a bitter end. I came into the picture along about that point, and

there were approaches made to me by the newspapers to try to get him to cool it and reach a compromise, and let's just the both of us forget the whole damn thing. Frank Johnson was an instigator of that episode, too, although with the full authority of his bosses. And what they had, they had Sawyer, the attorney general, they had the controller, all arrested for conducting a closed meeting of the board and in violation of the so-called open meeting statute.

Sawyer was primarily disturbed because in an arrest, it shows on the record for the rest of your life. And that was the main thing that annoyed him. After I advised him that the papers were ready to back off and settle the thing—this was after the suit had been pending for some time—he did cool down a bit himself, and the newspapers finally asked that the charge be dismissed. But Sawyer never forgave them for it; it still rankled him years later.

Sawyer, in the early stages—oh, it wasn't 'til about I think just before his second term began—he had no professional press assistants in his office at all. Bob Faiss worked over in Employment Security, and I was in gaming—Sawyer was always accused of hiring more newspapermen than anybody else. Then there was Chris Schaller, working for—oh, I guess he came in the picture later after Faiss came with me; I forget when it was. But there were three or four guys in various parts of government that Sawyer would call on, but he never had a full-time guy until finally—well, when I was appointed chairman, they hired Faiss to take the job that I had, which is more or less of a public relations job. And then Sawyer decided to make a change in the Gaming Commission secretary; he appointed Walter Wilson to what? Oh, banking, or some darn thing. And so then Chuck Munson came in as the secretary of the Commission, and

we shifted Faiss over to the governor's office as a full-time press secretary. But that was about the first time that such had existed, although Charlie Russell did in the early days have Art Suverkrup, who had been a former newspaperman, and he had him in a key spot. The problem of the other side of the coin: naturally, an administrator wants his activities to be reflected as if he's doing a good job; this is human nature. But my primary problem over there was that the press was forever calling for comments on damn things that—the gamblers were always getting into some kind of trouble, some gambler somewhere. But somebody would make an allegation about a Nevada gambler. And we just couldn't comment on all these things. You don't know what—you know. You get a call at the crack of dawn in the morning about some statement made in Washington by Bobby Kennedy. "Well, what's your comment on it?" And I finally got to the point where I just ducked most press calls and forbid my assistant to make any statements without clearing with me. Because you can say the wrong thing off the top of your head that doesn't necessarily reflect upon yourself or your own agency, but can reflect upon the whole—injure the whole industry and the state. And it got, after a while, to the point where you had to pretty carefully consider everything you said, except in politics [laughing]. The people who were working directly for Sawyer and with him all the time were extremely dedicated people. Faiss, for instance, is a totally serious, almost humorless young man; basically a good sense of humor, but it seldom displays itself.

Dick Ham was Sawyer's chief administrative assistant, another dedicated, very serious guy, although with a far more—oh, Dick was far more able to understand the foibles of individuals in the government and permit somebody to perhaps make fun of

him. Faiss could never—had never—well, just like right now. Dick was here this morning. He came in to see me and was telling me about his talking to Faiss this morning. And Faiss is now all gung-ho Humphrey. He's working in the White House. So he was totally dedicated to Johnson. Then when Johnson switched out, well, Faiss is now just *totally* for Humphrey. And so Dick made some snide remark about [laughing] McCarthy or something, and Faiss just could see no humor in it at all. Well, that's how things were over there. You could never criticize the governor to Faiss. You could do it to Dick or to the governor, but you don't do it to Bob [laughing].

UNIONS AND TRADE ASSOCIATIONS IN THE GAMING INDUSTRY

We never really had an effective dealers' strike. What happened is that the gaming industry was about as remiss as any segment of the economic world in providing decent wages and working conditions for their employees. Instead of keeping up with inflation and the times, the houses always worked on the concept of, well, the employees were making a lot of money from tips; or besides, we can always train a new one and break another one in. Particularly was this true of the women up here. There were just thousands—a labor pool of thousands of women dealers that could step in and handle a routine game. So having run these training schools for so long, they didn't fear a labor shortage if a veteran dealer did quit. So by 1963-64, the wages were still fifteen dollars a day, seventeen dollars a day, things like that. But the tips, which back in the immediate postwar free-spending days were generous, had declined substantially. The girls up here in Reno, sure, some of them might have a day in which they'd make a couple hundred

dollars. But on a routine, the average for tips had probably dropped from, oh, twenty a day to five a day at the most. And the same thing was true in Las Vegas, where they didn't use women dealers; they used only men.

So there was a growing labor unrest. And the effort to start a union would have been successful, I think, if the guy, the organizer, hadn't been one Tom Hanley. Tom is an old labor man with a questionable reputation in Las Vegas, and I think most of the dealers in Las Vegas were afraid of him; they were afraid to become mixed up in a union that he started. But for a while, he made some pretty heavy inroads and almost got it off. And I saw in the paper the other day where he was picked up on an assault charge again. He's been picked up on several of those. And Hanley was forever trying to get the governor or me in an embarrassing position of being antilabor. We weren't antilabor, but on the other hand, the very essence of gaming control collided with the concept of a union resolution of a dispute. Say a dealer is fired by the owner on a suspicion of cheating. Well, you see, the state has caused the dealer to be fired—has caused the employer to fire the dealer—because of the improper conduct of the game. Well, then the dealer appeals to the union and goes through an arbitration thing, and the arbiter says, "Well, there's not enough evidence here, the dealer goes back to work." Well, there was a basic collision there. And actually, Sawyer felt and I felt that there really was a need for higher wages and a better working situation for people in the gambling industry, but we couldn't support the unionization, especially under Hanley, who—he—he's just no damn good. And I finally did sit down with Hanley to try to reach an understanding, and he agreed that if they did ever come to a point where they got a contract for the house, that they would exclude an arbitration clause as far

as a dealer being discharged was concerned. And this might have worked, but he lost every election that he tried. In the meantime, the Culinary Workers, who had for years ignored the dealers, got into the act so that when the unionization would go on the ballot, the employees would be asked, "Well, do you want a union, or do you want to be represented by Hanley, or do you want to be represented by the Culinary Workers," this was enough to divert Hanley that he could never get a majority vote that would bind the house. In the meantime—in the later stages—the Seafarers Union, of all people, came into the act through a disgruntled employee, or a disgruntled associate of Hanley's, and so they all got to fighting among themselves. But the agitation itself did improve working conditions to some extent in the industry in Las Vegas. I don't know that it ever did much an Reno. The women are, as I say, in a more difficult position because up here they don't have the big games and they've trained so many. The occupation is so appealing, particularly to young women coming from out of state, that there's never a shortage of labor force. And I don't know how the gals up here will ever get anything resolved. The subsequent result not only of the unionization efforts, but of, oh, the outside attitudes, was a development of trade associations in the state. For years, there had been various efforts made to get the individual gamblers together, even in their own community, so that they could examine problems and perhaps respond with a single voice. But the nature of the people was such that it was just impossible for them to ever agree on anything. The Reno group couldn't agree with each other, and the Las Vegas group had the same problem; and certainly the two of them couldn't get together. But there did develop about 1962 or '61, somewhere around there, an organization

in southern Nevada known as the Resort Hotel Association. This was composed principally of the owners of the Strip hotels and of—the Fremont, I think, was a member of it at the outset.

They first hired George Ullom as the executive secretary, but George left in only about a year for apparently a number of personal reasons. But the association did begin to take an interest in, and be somewhat concerned with, the gambling image in Nevada. I would frequently work with them on problems of image. For instance, on, oh, discovering crooked dice in another state which would bear the imprints of Las Vegas hotel monograms that indicated that it came from there, you know, or it was destined to go to Las Vegas. Ullom, as I say, lasted only about a year. Then they hired Gabriel Vogliatti, who's an old Reno boy but had been gone from the state for years, working principally with various McCarran committees in Washington. Gabe was not a gambler and really had no knowledge of gambling at all, but he was a good mixer and could put on a good front for the association.

They would get together about once every month and discuss various problems, and actually, I think it contributed quite a bit to bringing some stability to their approach to problems down there. For instance, when the Life magazine printed an interview with Dr. Edward Thorp, the mathematician who allegedly discovered the formula ..for beating the "Twenty-One" games, Life essentially libeled the entire gambling industry by saying that Thorp's system wouldn't work because the gambling houses would introduce the human element in cheating. I recall we called a special meeting of the association down there, and I, frankly, urged them to sue for libel in a class action. There were several of them that were all for that, but the final

consensus was that oh, hell, a gambler can't win anything anyway, so we're best off just to forget it. So I wound up writing a letter of protest to Life myself, a portion of which they printed, and that was all. The success of the Las Vegas association, the Resort Hotel Association, finally led pretty much to a creation of a northern Nevada group, known as the Gaming Industry Association. Now, even before the Las Vegas group, there had been a group of small operators headed by Bill Fong of the New China Club. He had tried to form the trade association, oh, years before, clear back in the 50's, but it had never really gotten off the ground and was composed only of places like his own; none of the big places ever became involved. So the forming of the Gaming Industry Association, with Harolds and Harrah's as the principal movers behind it, was really the first solid move in the north. They hired Charles Munson, who had been for a time executive secretary of the Gaming commission in Carson and then had moved over to become the administrative head of the Health and Welfare department.

The development of these two associations (the one in Las Vegas is now headed by Robbins Cahill the original chairman of the Gaming Control Board) paid off. The development of the two paid off in 1965 and '66. If you'll recall the move by Joe Matthews to substantially increase gambling taxes, and he circulated a petition to put it on the ballot as an initiative? The two associations acted very responsibly in that long drawn-out fight. The Matthews proposal was just totally unrealistic and totally unreasonable. And on the other hand, if it did ever get to the point of going on the ballot as an initiative, its chances of passing would be alarmingly good, because many people look upon the gambler as a guy with an endless supply of money, and he should pay more tax, and

that type of thing. So the Gaming Industry Association up north and the Resort Hotel Association down south did a lot of good, solid statistical research on their own incomes and on their contributions to the economy, which a number of us were able to effectively use in quashing the Matthews petition. My own role in that thing was primarily one of having a series of private meetings with the publishers of the newspapers, leading bankers, the leading utility people—leading business-economic people of each community, of Las Vegas and Reno, and setting out the facts of life to them—I mean, of what this type of a tax could do to the industry and in turn do to their own businesses as being destructive. After the guys finally began to get the picture, especially in the newspapers, they began to give Matthews much less publicity. They had created him out of nowhere and didn't realize that they were actually creating a Frankenstein. You'll recall, Matthews joined forces finally with Bill Galt in Sparks, and Galt sought a couple of elective posts but was effectively defeated. Today [1969], Munson and Cahill, as the respective heads of these two associations, can frequently be found, for instance—I would suspect every day—in Carson City, lobbying for bills or against legislative bills that would have an effect on the industry. And they've become quite respected and accepted lobbyists, whereas the gaming industry, before, never did really have a spokesman; you'd find guys like Marion Hicks and occasionally Cliff Jones or Moe Dalitz or somebody like that, showing up to push or pull on something, but never the industry as a whole. And I'd say although the two associations have not merged, Munson and Cahill have mutual respect for each other and are able to work together very well, so that it's not always that two of them have to be there. Last session, for instance, they were

effective in bringing about a compromise in the tax increase. This session, I think they're primarily concerned with trying to kill the dog racing move, because dog racing, being a night sport, would be a definite competitor to the casinos, whereas horse racing, being a day sport, usually isn't. Also, the associations—I don't know what role the associations have actually played in this—but again, one of their major problems—gambling problems in the legislature this year is this damn corporate licensing problem. This is something we struggled with for four or five years I know, and never came up with an adequate answer. And then right after I left, in the '67 legislative session, they went ahead and passed a law which would permit giving a license to a corporation, a common stock—a publicly held corporation is what I mean. But the law has been unworkable and they haven't been able to really figure out the guidelines to work with it, and so at this time we're still struggling with the problem. The thing boils down to a basic decision I think that the state has got to make: to what extent is this tight control of ownership that we've tried to exercise in the past—to what extent is it really necessary, and to what extent is it really effective? If you turn your gambling license over to a Hilton hotel, for instance, or a hotel corporation which is publicly held, the stock is sold and traded on the market every day and you would never have any idea who owned the place. And to some way of thinking, so what? That is, as long as you have a control of management and require the licensing and investigation of management, isn't that enough? I mean, there are two schools of thought on this thing. But I think what's alarmed a lot of people at this point is the recent disclosure of one of the publicly held hotel-gambling places in the Bahamas, that they've suddenly discovered the Mob owns it

now through a public stock transfer that was very easy for them to acquire, you know.

The reason some of the major houses wanted a public stock law is that they could then attract a chain hotel operation with Hilton or one of the other big chains, which theoretically would infuse new capital into the community, and with a nationwide or international system of referrals, would be bringing new people, and things like that.

But as I started to say earlier, I think we have to make up our minds whether we have to know who owns it or whether we can forget it. I don't think you can have a corporate—a public stock licensing law and know who owns the gambling joint any more. I don't think it's necessarily bad, but—.

With these trade associations, what other kinds of things do they get interested in? Do they go into other problems of state administration and so forth? No, no. They have generally avoided going beyond their own area, and wisely so, I think. I think they've very carefully refrained from supporting or opposing other programs unless it is directly affecting the gambling industry.

In their methods of operation, do they operate pretty much the same as other lobbyists, or do they have a special approach? No, I think that was sort of my point to begin with. Actually, they've become quite respectable. Whereas the gambler used to do it in the traditional manner in which a gambler did anything, now, with a front man and a spokesman in a business suit and obviously well-educated and well-informed, they've gained a lot of respect. I foresee the day when they will finally form one association, or merge these two, I suspect. Of course, the irony of the association in Las Vegas now is it principally consists of one man, Howard Hughes, as far as the membership is concerned. He's never been to a meeting, of course.

Incidentally, did you see that recent Esquire magazine article on Howard Hughes? It was written by Ovid Demaris, you know, [who] is the coauthor of the *Green Felt Jungle*, and he did a hatchet job, just terrible, to the point of trying to quote [Oran] Gragson's speech impediment in print. I mean, you know—that type of thing. It was in very, very poor taste.

POLITICS AND THE GAMING CONTROL BOARD

I never did like the politics, as such, of working in government, and I suspect that I was actually unique in the sense that we kept politics out as much as we did. Traditionally, the Board was created to pretty much be independent of politics, but on the other hand, when you are appointed by a governor and you are beholden to a legislature for operating funds, politics are there.

I had my first taste of it within, I suspect, within two or three weeks after I became chairman of the Board. One of the people who was identified as a close associate of Sawyer announced that each of us was expected to contribute five hundred dollars to the coming election campaign. Well, I didn't quite agree with that type of an approach, and I decided I detested it right then and there, and I made no contribution whatsoever. I never did hear anything from Sawyer on this, nor anyone else—but these kind of things.

Very rarely would Sawyer use an open or direct approach, if indeed he had such an approach. It was always his people who would be trying to get you to hire somebody, or the number of political applicants whose only qualification was that they were registered Democrats, or worked for Sawyer, or voted for Sawyer, or something like that. It was just absolutely amazing, the firm belief that they

have that that was a sufficient qualification to go to work for the state. You just couldn't shake it. I mean, characters that would come out of the woodwork, that—my Lord, you wouldn't have them around, you know. But they insisted that they should be employed. Well, we were relatively lucky in avoiding most of that. We probably got more of those types of applications because we were about the only agency that was exempt from the civil service act. So consequently, we didn't have to hire through the State Personnel and could hire and fire at will. So we probably, just because of that one fact, got more of those kinds of applications. But we fought them, or at least I did, for years. The problem of raising money in a political campaign must be monumental. Fortunately, I was never asked or requested to participate in it, but I couldn't help but see some of the problems of the people who were trying to raise money. I remember Sawyer's—they had a—what was it? In that last year, something about a hundred-dollar dinner, or some damn thing? I know that at one point he got all shook up because very, very few of my people had purchased tickets. Well, not very many of them could afford a hundred dollars, let's face it. I sure as hell didn't buy a hundred-dollar ticket. I went to the dinner and I got a ticket, but I didn't pay a hundred dollars for it!

Then Sawyer subsequently—and he's not unique in this at all, I know—had to undertake to put the arm on the gamblers for campaign contributions. And just how that is handled, I've never really known. I tried to remain naive in the political sphere of things because I had another job to do. And if ever I got involved trying to raise money, how the hell could I ever police them, you know. And Sawyer recognized that and so consequently never did involve me at all, although there were others who were close

to him who very definitely weren't shy at all about hitting a gambler for a substantial contribution. I would love to know, for my own knowledge, really, how much each house gave each candidate in the last gubernatorial election. It would be—. This, I think, is one of the problems that Nevada faces, in that gambling's being the major industry as it is, and unquestionably, the major source of political funds.

Just what influence do the gamblers ultimately wind up with in the government? I always felt that actually, their cumulative influence was not very strong because of their own competitive rivalries and because of the fact they've always been so disorganized. They are gradually getting organized now, and I can see an influence growing. Particularly, you're going to see it, I think, when you begin to have things like the Howard Hughes empire. Combined with the Webb empire and combined with Harrah, there is a good thirty-five percent of the gambling in the state is in the hands of three people. It's going to pose an ultimate problem, I fear. We never had political pressure from Sawyer as far as gambling license matters were concerned. Oh, occasionally, he would express an interest in the progress on a particular case or an interest in what the outcome might be. But any influence that he exerted in that area was done very, very—oh, what's the proper word—very adroitly, in that he never pushed or pulled much. On the other hand, some of his people would occasionally try to use their association with the governor to get somebody a license, or try to urge you to give somebody a license. Probably one of the—and I never knew about the background or how it came about; I guess just maybe out of party politics. But one of the closer gamblers to Sawyer, or one who seemed to be able to get his ear as fast as anybody, was Major Riddle of the Dunes. And still,

when I ordered Riddle to cover up his bare bosom dealers or I was going to close him up and he went screaming to the governor, the governor stood with me. He didn't give in to Riddle on that at all. That, incidentally, was a—the whole concept of this bare bosom problem and the racial problem. That all started right after I got into office, too. Roger Foley was the attorney general at the time. And I always had to assume that by virtue of the influence of the Catholic bishop, Roger decided to write two gratuitous—gratuitous legal opinions that nobody had asked him for. I had a single policy throughout. Unless absolutely necessary, I never sought a formal legal opinion, because I always felt that in one way or another, it was going to limit the law and define the law and consequently make it all that much harder to work with. Roger sits down and delivers to me, and at the same time delivers to the press, two separate opinions, one of which said the Gaming Control Board had the authority and the duty to maintain “decent” entertainment in the state. And two, that it had the authority and the duty to make sure that all people who held gambling licenses did not practice discrimination in any manner. Well, holy cow! These were real problems to deal with. Sawyer, himself, had always been a strong and sincere civil rights advocate. But in all candor, I was probably the only one that was close to him who was—that agreed with him. The balance of the Board and the five members of the Commission did not believe *that way at all*. So as far as the civil rights thing, the way I approached that, I had to do that on a strictly sub rosa manner because I didn't have the backing of my Commission or the rest of my Board. So what I did was, I hired a couple of Negro undercover men to police the casinos. And this one particular guy—I had a great big, black guy, I remember. He would inevitably

be thrown out. And you'd be amazed. This is going back in '60 to '63, I think, all this. He would go into a casino, but he was under instructions never to make an issue of it and never, of course, identify himself as an employee of the state or anything, because none of the undercover people could ever do that. But if he were asked to leave., merely make a note and give me a report.

Well, I gradually would have enough of these and then I would, either by visit with the casino or by correspondence, inform them that a Negro agent of the Gaming Control Board had been asked to leave their club and this cannot be tolerated. And it put them in a real flap! [laughing]

But we did wonders, really, in getting the casinos open. I didn't have too much influence on the hotels, yet, but— you know, on rooming and things like that. But the casinos, the last ones to buck me was the old Palace Club here in Reno and the El Capitan in Hawthorne. I finally broke the Palace Club of the habit, but the El Cap, I never did succeed with them until finally the federal law was passed, and they gave up at that point. But this was a devious little method of accomplishing what I thought was a proper goal.

The Negro agents were fully cognizant of what I was trying to do, and they were both professional gamblers; I mean, they both knew their business, as far as being competent to detect cheating. But they served the auxiliary purpose of awakening the casinos to the fact that they just couldn't throw people out, because they might be working for the state [laughing], no matter what color or anything else they had. And this was a very quiet accomplishment, but one that I sin proud of, really. We never gave up.

Well, the same year as the Sinatra episode (because the guy was at my house at the time), the State Department called and said

they had a police chief from, oh, one of those islands off the Atlantic, the Bahamas. This guy was from St. Thomas. The State Department said they had a police chief who was visiting metropolitan police departments all over the country. And that—although ours wasn't a police department as such, they did want him to visit our operation because of the possibility of gambling developing where he was. They mentioned to me that he was a Negro. And so I figured this is no great problem; I've made headway with the casinos. But I undertook to try to get the gentleman a room reservation in Reno. And there again, this was one time where I had to absolutely use brute force, despite the fact that he was a visitor under official auspices of the United States State Department and everything else. I had a hell of a time! I finally got him into the Holiday Hotel by just direct threats to the owners. When we look at the turmoil today and recognize some of the progress that has been made—it's sort of sad, you know, that there's still so much unrest.

Well, of course, actually, there was a Negro—allegedly a Negro undercover man on the staff when I got there. And he was placed there strictly by virtue of "the push" of the racial movement. And he wasn't a very effective gentleman in any respect. And right at the height of the agitation toward the end there, I had to end up by firing him. And this created all hell in West Las Vegas among the Negro leaders who came to see us. But to a man, every one of them— and some of them were pretty militant—were reasonable when I explained why I fired the guy. I mean, he filed a whole month of false time reports, hadn't gone to work at all in all that time but would file—dutifully file these reports that he'd been here and he'd seen that. And good Lord, when we began to check up on him a bit—and the thing was just fabricating.

Going back to Roger Foley's second opinion on the "decent" entertainment, that I just rejected unilaterally. I couldn't feel that we could undertake to be moral censors as well as gambling policemen, although there were times when we did use our influence to try to bring about an upgrading in taste, perhaps. But we never undertook to tell somebody that they couldn't have a bare bosom dancing girl, or something like that. Although in the case of the Silver Nugget in North Las Vegas, we did flat order the discontinuance of the use of naked dealers at the "Twenty-One" table [laughing]. And that was not done from any moral standpoint at all, but strictly from the standpoint of gambling and the distraction presented to the player when he's putting his money on the gambling bet. And we just found it to be wrong. Although, actually, if Riddle had taken us to court on that one, as he threatened to do, I wonder if we would have won it. It would have been a good one, because California had a couple of decisions against their Alcohol Control Board in which they tried to ban topless cocktail waitresses and got slapped down in the courts. And I'm afraid the same thing would happen to us. But at least we made it stick for the time being. I needed Roger Foley's opinions like I needed a hole in the head. I've mentioned some of the people around Sawyer. I will try to expand a little on that and some of the activities that might kind of flesh them out a little bit. Well, oddly enough, we didn't really have a large group of confidants. I don't—you never could figure out where you were on the list. I know there were things that I sat in on that I just really shouldn't've, you know, because I wasn't a political advisor to him, or things of that nature. But on the other hand, a lot of times things that you should've been consulted on, so that he would at least be armed with fact, hell, nobody'd ever talk to you, you know.

Of course, I think Hazel Erskine was always an influence, because Hazel is a pollster, and she's good and she's a professional. So I think that she was very close, but I never was at a meeting which she was at. But Sawyer had few meetings. For a while, he tried what he called a cabinet meeting, with department heads. And boy, that lasted for about six months. And we'd get together, oh, once every month, I guess it was, and discuss morality in government and dedication and achievement and accomplishment, and so on and so forth, and our own problems, our interagency problems, and have some pretty good arguments. People were always having problems with the personnel department and the personnel department was always having problems with somebody else, and those type things, so they were good from that standpoint. But Sawyer rapidly tired of that nonsense. Those things just sort of died out, the cabinet meetings. I suspect that Dick Ham, Muriel Mooney (who was his confidential secretary), and Bob Faiss were probably the only people who were really close to him. Now, there may have been others on the outside. Grant was a great one to meet everybody; he never walked into a bar or a restaurant or a public place of any kind without—if he wasn't recognized by somebody, he'd damn well go over and meet somebody and shake hands and introduce himself, and "Hello, I'm Grant Sawyer, who are you? And what do you do? and so on and so forth. And finally, somebody would get around to asking him what he does, "Well, I'm the governor." Well, most people would just fall over flat, these California tourists, and things of that nature [laughing].

Bette, on the other hand, was not really an extrovert. She had a tendency to speak her mind rather openly and rather sharply, especially with a couple of drinks [laughing] -

At some of the cocktail parties you get mixed up with, she'd discover some Republican—they just had this party thing so tight that she'd discover some Republican or somebody who had worked against Grant, or something like that, and boy, she just went right into them, ragh, ragh, ragh! Great discussions; they were always interesting affairs. She looks like such a mild-mannered sort of a person, and she is. She's fairly mild-mannered and a very nice gal. But I just don't think she ever really cared for political life.

Of course, Carson City is a horrible little community for particularly governors' wives. There's an old social clique over there, old gals, and the new governor's wife will come in, and boy, she's just cut dead, you know. And still, she's the governor's wife so there's a lot of toadying, too, by others. We just solved the problem for our own selves by just staying totally out of society in Carson City. We just felt that any social affairs we had, we'd have people from Reno or personal friends, but just not ever get involved in making appearances for appearance's sake at various functions. I think it worked to the best, because all these little petty rivalries and petty social climbing setups that develop in a small town are pretty disastrous. As for some of the legislators, when you had things that you had to get through: did I have to do my own lobbying, or did they drop in to see me, or did I have some special friends that would put our things across? Well, I had personal friends from the old days. And in some cases, they would be political enemies of Sawyer's and so I had to be very careful in dealing with them. But frequently, I would be able to get more done that I had to have done through my own contacts than through so-called "party contacts." I had help from guys like Mahlon Brown, old Fred Settelmeyer, who was a staunch Republican senator for many years. In one session, we were just

about to go down the drain with a goofy bill that Henry Berrum always put in every year. I finally had to go to Fred and he got it killed for me. So I played pretty much both sides of the aisle, and sometimes it was just more effective. Basically, we tried to keep gambling out of the legislature as much as possible. The concept of the gambling tax was always raising its head, and so consequently, there would be an extraordinary number of demands upon the office for statistical information which would allow them to arrive at—in other words, what would a half percent increase in the tax mean to Clark County, to Washoe County, things like that.

The law has always said that the revenue of an individual house is confidential. It was a law passed by the legislature, and so I took the position to the legislature that it applied to them as well as it did to the public. And if they didn't like it, they'd better change the law. And this created a lot of consternation to begin with, but the majority understood it. But we had some characters who would want to have the individual figures for each house, and they were the type of legislators that were not wanting them for statesmanship, but for personal use in some manner. I just didn't trust them, and so I adopted a policy. And then Sawyer supported me on that, and in the ultimate, so did the legislature.

The bill that Berrum—the irony of politics in this state—now, Berrum's a member of the Gaming Commission, and boy, he's the last guy in the world that would go for this bill now [laughing]. But the bill that he forever was—during the first two years of Sawyer's term, when Abbaticchio was chairman of the Board and the Gaming Commission had been created, and so on, it was under Charlie Russell's administration that they were just not spending the money that had to be spent to even try to do a job. He, too, acknowledges

that; so does Bob Cahill. They were trying to be economical, too, as Republicans say they want to be. Well, Abbaticchio made such a spectacular increase in expenditure that the—in the two years, he tripled the expenditures each year, and—oh, did some flamboyant things that it would have been well not to do, like trying to order fancy walnut furniture and carpets for the office, and stuff like that, which was blocked by the purchasing department. But the spectacular increase in expenditures which were justified, but which were quite noticeable, brought a demand from the legislature that, geez, we've got to curb that wild-spending organization over there. We've got to do something with it.

Well, under the law, as originally enacted in '55, the agency is permitted to spend for administration of the law up to ten percent of the revenue it receives in taxes. Well, in the early days, this was a good idea, and it's still basically a good idea—I contend it is.

But Berrum decided he wanted to eliminate—repeal that provision and just put the gaming agencies under a straight line-item appropriation from the legislature. And this was the first major legislative battle we had to tackle, to convince the legislature that because of the nature of the gaming agency, you could not budget for need because the industry was expanding, and we were forever—any kind of an incident could develop somewhere that required major money to handle. For instance, if you found a cheating house and you had to have a hearing on it and you end up in court—the Johnny Marshall case must have cost us \$100,000 or more, just in court fees and appearances and what have you. I mean, you couldn't possibly budget for that type of thing, so you couldn't have a direct line-item appropriation, or you couldn't even have a lump appropriation because you might have to go over it.

Well, I finally got it licked in '61, and I got it licked again in '63. And by '65, Berrum was still insisting on this thing, and I think we finally reached a compromise with him, where we would—yeah, we reached a compromise, which I felt was legitimate for both of us (the legislature and the Gaming Board), by which we would go under what was known as the authorized expenditure law. The legislature would authorize us to spend x-amount, and by the time I left, it was about \$800-, \$900,000 a year. And in event of an emergency which we could justify to the governor and to the budget director, we could go over the authorized expenditure upon their authorization—from the authorization of the governor and the budget director. And I felt this was fair. We could still go over, up to that ten percent figure. Well, of course, by the time we were taking in \$15 million a year, ten percent's a pretty good chunk. And I never did, in the whole time, spend more than five percent of our tax revenue. As a matter of fact, the gaming agencies, despite the wild things that they had to do in enforcing the honesty of gambling and trying to keep hoods out and everything else, we collected more tax with less expenditure than any other agency of the state, as far as tax overhead expense was concerned.

But this was always a hard problem to explain to the newspapers, and you wound up having to deal individually with each legislator to try to get the concept across because one of the basic—well, why the thing was put into the law, originally, was to keep the legislature or any particular group of legislators, like the appropriations committee, from being able to limit the funds available to gaming to such an extent that there would be no effective regulation or control of the industry. It was a five-man appropriation committee; it would only take three men to

block a major investigation, for instance, by just not making funds available for it.

I tried for years to get a dealer registration law through which would permit some state authority over people employed in the gambling industry. They have all these wild laws on the owners, but a dealer caught cheating at a club in Reno, we could close the club, but the dealer could go to Las Vegas and get a job, or go to Elko and get a job, or go to Winnemucca. And you had no authority or any control whatsoever over the dealer. That was all left in the local hands, and the local sheriffs and the police chiefs seldom paid any attention to it at all.

So I finally did get an act passed in—I guess it was in '65. But I wrote—had to write it myself; I couldn't even get a lawyer to help me. But the damn thing is so broad that I was afraid to ever take it to court. I was afraid it would get declared invalid. It's too strong in a way; and the draft that I originally wrote, the legislature itself strengthened it somewhat because of the developing union problem in Las Vegas. This whole gamblers' union was another real headache.

THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN OF 1966

You know, actually, I just was never really too involved in the [1966] campaign except insofar as trying to field these awful hot potatoes. Oh, well, yeah, I did get involved subsequently—what was it? Sawyer was a great one for having other people make statements, which was all right. I mean, if somebody's going to attack the administration of gambling, well, really, the statement should come from me instead of from Sawyer. But he was always firing out statements; and he was always, I felt, too damned inclined to make statements when he shouldn't, at times when I felt, "Jesus, just ignore it. Stick your

head in the sand, and if it doesn't go away, at least you're not going to muddy it up more," you know.

But what was it, gee, that he got me off on? Laxalt announced that if he were elected, he would personally go back and visit Mr. Hoover and solve all these problems between the FBI and Nevada, which at that point had developed into problems between the FBI and Governor Grant Sawyer [laughing]. That was the first time I've ever seen a governor run against the FBI, or vice versa, the FBI running against a governor, but—. So Laxalt said he'd go back and personally visit Mr. Hoover and work these problems out.

Well, frankly, I felt that that was the type of statement that you just ignore on its face. It's ridiculous, you know. If we've got problems, you're not working them out by going to see Hoover. But, no, Sawyer insisted that I make a statement. What kind of a statement am I going to make?! You know, you can't even talk to him. All you do is get a telephone call from one of his aides, says he wants a statement issued right now. So you don't even have a chance to confer or compare notes, nothing. That was the problem with the campaign. They were totally wild! So I said something to the effect that a visit by Mr. Laxalt to Mr. Hoover would be akin to Chamberlain's trip to Munich [laughing]. My meaning was that it would have no effect whatsoever; and then also, it would be just abdicating to the federal government, God damn it. Well, Sawyer thought that was great. He read the story [laughing]; he thought it was great. So he takes it and enlarges it upon a speech in Winnemucca in which he ends up comparing Hoover to Hitler. And Jesus, the fur really flew then!

I got my head in the sand, and Laxalt fired off a telegram to Hoover, apologizing for Sawyer's comments [laughing]. Oh, what

an idiotic campaign, really. That one little statement that I made that was obscure and didn't say anything about Mr. Hoover being Mr. Hitler or anything else, you know, and Sawyer takes it and enlarges it. He just thought it was great, he—the whole thing. He enlarges on it in a speech [laughing]. He felt he'd won the election with that, and there was others who felt that he lost the election with that, so I don't know which [laughing].

That was a basic problem, and I suspect it probably is in every campaign. Sawyer was almost a loner. He had a few very close people travel with him, perhaps, but the rest of us—you never had time. He was moving so much, so fast, all the time, that you'd never have time to sit down and find out what the hell the party line was, you know. Where're we going today? You know. What crisis is up now?

Oh, what was it—oh, some other goddamn thing started to break. One of the Laxalt boys had gone to California and done some investigation down there and determined that Milton Keefer, who was the chairman of the Commission, was in partnership with a couple of the owners of the Riviera Hotel in the development of a golf course-resort type thing in Palm Springs or somewhere around there. The word got to Sawyer that the Laxalt people were going to make a big deal out of this and spring it right before the election to show the total debauchery and conflict of interest and all that non-sense in the gaming situation.

So I get this frantic telephone call from Sawyer one Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock. And boy, "He wants you on the next plane in Las Vegas." (This was Bob Faiss, his secretary.) "And Sawyer wants you on the next plane. He wants to meet with you at two o'clock in Las Vegas. And do you know where Reefer is?"

"I don't know where Reefer is." For crying out loud, he was fooling around out at the

Lake somewhere. I knew where he might be, but I didn't know how to find him. Well, they found him.

So I rushed like mad to get to the airport in Reno, and here's Reefer. So I asked him, "What the hell is going on now, what kind of a crisis?" Well, he doesn't know, himself, really, what it is, but he's got a suspicion that it's this thing, so he explains it to me. And basically, he was the attorney who drew up the corporation. And there was forty or fifty people in the corporation, and as his attorney's fee he got one percent—or the option to buy one percent, that's it.

So we both get into Las Vegas in time to meet with Sawyer at two o'clock, except Sawyer's not there. He's somewhere else. He'd moved by that time; something else has crossed his mind. And so we don't get to see him until, oh, almost midnight that night. And this is indeed what it was all about. And what should we do. Frankly, the thing didn't strike me as—as it came out factually, it didn't strike me as being of any consequence of any kind. So what? You know. But Sawyer was all upset. But I did manage to get him quieted down more or less on that one. And it turned out that the Laxalt people frankly didn't think it was of much account themselves and didn't use it at all. It never did come out, although they had done quite a lot of work to verify the facts. But to their credit, they didn't misrepresent any facts and said, well, heck, they couldn't use it.

Paul did level the so-called "conflict of interest" charges against two of the Commissioners, Keefer as being an attorney and practiced in Las Vegas, and against Jimmy Hotchkiss, who owned the armored car service—the only armored car service in Las Vegas, and did every day cart the gamblers' money from the house to the bank, and the change back, you know. And the gamblers

were certainly among his biggest customers, there's no question about that. Although when Sawyer first appointed Hotchkiss to the Commission back in '59, they did consider this question and so they sought an opinion from the attorney general as to whether under the law Jimmy would be—could be considered to have a conflict of interest by virtue of his occupation. And the attorney general held no, that he couldn't, that that law had to be interpreted fairly strictly, but said you couldn't have an interest in a gambling house, and so on and so forth, because in a state like this, it would be virtually impossible for anybody in business or in the professions to not have some dealing with a gambler somewhere along the line. But Laxalt did level his accusations against Jimmy, and it was unfortunate because Jimmy was far and away the most independent-minded guy in the whole business and was less influenced by pressures or personal concerns than anybody I've ever known. Incidentally, I'm going to regress for just a moment here. It was after my statement on Chamberlain and Munich and Laxalt and Hoover that Laxalt gave his famous speech in Reno at the Holiday. And during the question and answer session, somebody asked him about the Gaming Control Board. And I guess he was fuming from my Chamberlain-Munich thing and said that Olsen was a good newspaperman, but he didn't know a damn thing about gambling and he'd sure get rid of him if he were elected governor [laughing]. And that Butch was a good sheriff, but he didn't know anything about gambling and he'd get rid of him; and then Ned Turner, he'd just get rid of anyway, period. And that's the irony of when Paul does become governor, first he appoints a television salesman-announcer as Gaming Control Board Chairman, and when that one didn't work out, he appoints another newspaperman! [laughing] Going

back to the conflict of interest thing, now you can see the problem that has developed in the new administration over this [George] Von Tobel, a member of the Commission, selling a mining claim to Howard Hughes while Hughes has got an application pending to buy two more hotels. I don't know; I sympathize with Von Tobel in that situation. On the other hand, if he knew with whom he was dealing, it shouldn't've been done while the applications were pending in any event. This is what I would feel. Sawyer actually had a smooth-running organization in his final term. He got most of the personality bugs ironed out. And he was a pretty good taskmaster; he didn't relish people goofing off or things like that. He was known to chew people pretty well when he had to. But the final campaign, I just never saw a man get as frantic—which, I guess, if you're dedicated to politics and this election business, you just really have to live with it. Bette hated it. She was really about the happiest woman that you could ever imagine when he was defeated. The night of the election—oh, it had been traditional on election nights to go up to the mansion, and there were several of us who were close to the picture. But that night, Carole and I didn't really want to go out—it always gets to be a pretty good drinking brawl—so we decided to stay home. We never watch television. I did turn the darn thing on shortly after the polls had closed just to see how it was going in the East. And they had these damn electronic forecasters this last time, you know? And within ten minutes of the time the Nevada polls closed, this guy comes out and says, "Paul Laxalt is the governor of Nevada!" [Laughing] I was just stunned! I just couldn't believe it! There were only a handful of votes counted, you know. So I watched the rest, oh, for another hour or so. And Jesus, pretty soon the next electronic forecaster came on with

the same thing—these computer machines they had.

So we figured, Jesus, this is absolutely so shocking that we'd better go up to the mansion. And here we had the saddest looking group of people you could ever imagine, some people sitting around crying, other people just getting drunk; you just—you've never seen such a shocked bunch of people. I don't think that anybody, with the exception of Sawyer himself—. The polls had indicated to him that he was in serious trouble. So he took it with—well, with what Paul called, "showed a lot of class" [laughing].

Sawyer went down to the television station in Reno, drove over—I think one person went with him; he wouldn't take anyone else—went over and gave his speech conceding the election. And it was a classic. It was a classic of statesmanship, really.

He was a tremendous orator, speaker. I only wrote one speech for that man, and it was on gambling. But I've heard the same thing from many others that have written speeches for him. You know, governors have to—all the damn talking they have to do, so the speeches are written from specific areas. And I don't know if I told you this before, but the one I wrote, he sat in the back seat of the car that we drove over to Reno. He had to make it; it was a speech to the San Francisco Press Club, which was a fairly influential group; they were meeting in Reno. And he read that damn thing by the dome light of the car and just as rapidly as could be— and once in a while he'd make a change—and that's *all* he saw of it, was that one time. And when he got on the podium and delivered it, he didn't even hardly look at it. You couldn't tell that he actually had a text. He'd made certain nuance changes, certain deletions, certain additions—he was just a tremendous man at grasping things and putting them out. Time after time he did that,

and people that were close to him would, you know, spend hours laboring on a damn speech and then take an hour to read it, and then see Sawyer just glance through it and figure, oh, hell, he didn't like it or he's going to throw it away or something—and then have him get up and deliver it almost word for word.

I don't know how much our effort to—what we thought was an effort to stick up for Nevada against improper federal activities, I don't know how much of an influence that actually had on the campaign. I suspect in the long run it probably didn't have too much. But that's basically all the issues had boiled down to, was whether you were for J. Edgar Hoover or "again" him. I see Senator McCarthy coming out now saying he'd fire Hoover. Did you see that? [laughing] I figured, "Oh, oh, boy, I wonder what they're going to do to him."

After the election, he [Sawyer] was offered the governorship of Panama and had accepted it. It's a presidential appointment. And so he asked me and Carole to go with him. And I guess we were going to go. And Del Frost, who used to be the assistant warden (he was a very competent young man) he asked him to go, too, and I think Del was going to go. We didn't know what we were going to do or anything about it. But it was just something—you know. I didn't really know whether I could work closely—or work for Sawyer or not, because he was a personality with whom I'm not sure I wouldn't have clashed on occasion. But we figured we'd give her a try for a year, and—since we had no job anyway [laughing].

But President Johnson, who would have announced the appointment, is a guy who does not like appointments to be leaked to the newspapers before the announcement. Well, the FBI deliberately leaked the appointment of Sawyer. And that did it. That's why he didn't go to Panama. He had accepted it and

was going to leave. We had to pack and leave in thirty days. And the FBI then leaked it in Washington, I'm convinced. And then, we do know one of their agents here in the state—and they never—see, there has to be a security investigation for that type of an appointment. So in the process of the security investigation, he told people, to the point where it even actually got into the newspapers. And they never tell you what they're investigating for—a position in the federal government, but that's all. So this was Hoover's final little bit of revenge.

**OBSERVATION OF A JOURNALIST
AS GAMING CONTROL BOARD CHAIRMAN**

What use do I think that my training as a newspaperman was to me in this work that I did for the Gaming Control Board? Oh, that's sort of an "iffy" question. I think the primary thing that was of help, probably, was the training in the field of acquiring facts, information, and the training that you automatically get out of newspapering, or pretty much get out of it, in dealing with people, in being able to evaluate people, perhaps a little better than someone who hasn't been in that same type of work. In other words, you could more or less spot a phony a little faster, perhaps, than you otherwise would; I don't know. But that seemed to me the best thing that I was able to apply to the Carson job.

A NEW CAREER: TELLING THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA STORY

Well, I think I mentioned to you that Paul—if I hadn't resigned, I'm sure he was going to fire me. He certainly didn't stand in the way of my going to work at the University, and as a matter of fact it was his brother, Bob, who tipped me to the fact that there was going to be a separation of functions and there might be a job available at the University. So I've always said one brother fired me and the other one hired me.

I started to mention, though, of what has developed in my relationship with Governor Laxalt at this point. A sample of it is last fall. He suddenly decided that it would be to the best interest of the state for him to endorse and actively support Question Number Two, which would've increased the bonded debt limit. And since the University in Las Vegas and Reno would be the principal benefactors of that, he felt that the universities should take an active part, too. And so he asked Chancellor Humphrey to have me get in it and come over. So I went over to a meeting; there was just a small group of us. And the time was just horribly short before election, you know, about—we only had about six weeks.

So Laxalt asked me to draft a letter inviting the power structure of the state, all the utility heads and the banking heads, and all the economic leaders, church people—and every conceivable power group—PTA, schools—to a meeting at the mansion. And we wound up in a week's time with more than forty people responding to this airmailed invitation. And I'm sitting way off in the back trying to be inconspicuous and anonymous, sort of. And Laxalt insists on my coming up and joining him at the podium, and he has his arm around my shoulder [laughing], old buddy-buddys. So that's politics in Nevada.

Now,. I want to discuss the University a little bit. Actually, the University has never had, in a direct sense, a public relations director. We've had a number of people who've been effective working from their own areas. What President Miller had in mind was someone who could field a variety of problems in the public relations area and in a soft-sell approach.

When I first got here, we created the job actually by separating the news service from

Bob Laxalt's publications and press office, and I was made Director of Information, which carries the implication of all kinds of activities. To begin with, there was no office space. I wound up in a cubbyhole in Scrugham Engineering. And then after Mr. Humphrey was appointed acting president, he felt that I should be closer to his office. So he found some space for me in the top floor of Clark Administration. And then when we completed the reorganization, we finally found a more or less permanent home on the ground floor in Clark.

The effort to tell the University story is not one that I think can be really planned out. It's to a great extent done through the use of news releases on various activities of the University. I try to play down the travel by individual professors and things like that so as not to alarm the legislature that the people are traveling all the time, which they seem to think. I try to get across the constructive things that are accomplished, the new programs.

Of course, one of our major efforts has been devoted in the past two years to the medical school proposal. I've worked very closely with Dr. Smith on that. I try to interpret in lay language the actions and production of the academic people, who, although very knowledgeable, frequently do not communicate as well as they could—they communicate well, perhaps, but they don't communicate so that they're understood by the Kansas City milkman.

We field all kinds of inquiries to the University. I don't try to answer them all myself, but I try to direct them to areas where the answer can be found. For instance, somebody called last fall and wanted to know why the rattlesnakes weren't biting [laughing]....you know. I didn't know they weren't! But I finally put the person who was

making the inquiry together with somebody in zoology. And you get the same type of thing on psychology problems and political problems.

Then I try to keep the president and the chancellor—I work directly for President Miller seventy-five percent of the time and Chancellor Humphrey twenty-five percent of the time, directly under them, and I naturally try to keep them alerted to potential public relations problems. But I'm in a better position, frequently, to get information about something that's going to develop that can create a problem and try to head it off.

For instance, the one of the so-called publication by the student newspaper of an alleged list of Communist professors provided by former state Senator James Slattery. Well, that would be the type of thing which would be extremely legally dangerous as far as the student association is concerned, and at the same time would be wrongfully harmful to any individual whose name might be printed in such a manner. We were successful in getting the students to think about the problem and not do something that could ultimately hurt the University and themselves. Oh, there's just a myriad of those kind of things to work with.

I have done very little lobbying at the legislature. I've gone over really only about four or five times this year (1969), principally to assist in the preparation of material for hearings on the medical school.

The Proposition Number Two bit that I mentioned earlier required virtually full time for about five weeks, to try to convince the voters that the state and universities are growing at such a fantastic rate that to wait another two or four years would put us hopelessly behind in a building program. Well, our campaign was not effective. We lost it by almost 10,000 votes. Well, it was an effective campaign, but it wasn't successful.

And so the state is now having to take another alternative, and that's through the creation of a state building authority. And the unfortunate part about this, if it is found to be legal by the courts—the legislature is adopting it and adopting a test to go to court. If it is found to be legal, it is still going to cost the taxpayer far more money than it would if the state were able to go out and sell bonds, because bonds are sold at a very low rate of interest when they have the full faith and the credit of the state behind them, whereas a state building authority would have to pay higher rates of interest for any money that is involved.

Well, frankly, I feel that the answer to our north-south fight, or misunderstanding, is principally one of communication. For instance, there had never been a Reno newspaper reporter see the University in Las Vegas before. There never had been a Las Vegas newspaper reporter see the University of Nevada. Well, we participated in getting the Board of Regents to arrive at a different approach themselves. So now their meetings are held alternately on the two campuses. And it took me about a year, but I finally got the Reno newspapers to agree to send a reporter down to each of the Las Vegas meetings, and I've gotten one of the Las Vegas papers to send a reporter to Reno Regent meetings. And this has, I think, begun to close the communications gap. Mimi La Plante from the *Gazette*, for instance, spent a week in Las Vegas and did a rather good series on the University in Las Vegas and its problems. And for the first time, the people in the north got a concept of it, you know. The reporter from the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* coming to the Reno campus every other month has changed her mind quite a bit, too, now. There are problems in Reno, also.

These are just slow things, and it will take a long time to solve. But I think if our

newspapers and our television stations do a responsible job that we will overcome this north-south problem, as far as the University is concerned, in time; I mean, Las Vegas is big and it's growing much faster than the north has ever experienced a growth. The needs of the University down there are understandable.

It all came, I think, to a north-south focus—the north-south fight focused on the medical school problem. There were some in Las Vegas who opposed the establishment of the program in Reno principally because they would prefer to have it in Las Vegas. But on the other hand, there were many down there who honestly felt that the priorities—the need for money for standard academic programs—is so great down in Las Vegas that the medical school should be postponed anywhere.

As you know, we still refer to it as the “medical school,” but that isn't really what the program is now. The concept of a two-year medical school, I'm sure, would not have been bought by the legislature, even the northerners. But during the feasibility study that's been conducted in the past two years, a new and innovative approach was developed, and we now call it a “health sciences program.” But it's valid; it's designed to encompass a two-year medical school, but at the same time provide a career training opportunity for literally hundreds of other kids in the paramedical professions, physical therapy, biochemistry, the X-ray areas, lab technicians, things of that nature.

The cost, undoubtedly, is going to be great. On the other hand, the state has now been offered some eight million dollars and it's—almost, it's too much of an opportunity to turn down. The eight million cannot and would not be available for any other single purpose except for medical education. And I think, really, with the growing need for medical people in the United States, that the

federal government is going to be moving into the medical education area more and more as it has in other science areas. I suspect that a program like this, if it is successfully developed, will be—much of it will be financed by federal funds in future years.

How did this change in concept come about? I think it just sort of developed naturally. I don't think it was really done from a standpoint of, well, can we sell a different type of thing better than we can sell just a two-year medical school that would train only fifteen kids. I think when actually they got into it and were trying to figure out the finances of it, they determined that they already have a number of departments on campus—in Ag and in chemistry and in physics and in anatomy—that through being combined into a single interdisciplinary program, you would be able to utilize a great number of existing faculty people. And they also found that there were eight or ten highly qualified practitioners and practicing physicians who were willing to devote time to teaching. And by the time you put it all together, I think it just really sprung up and developed pretty much on its own as they were conducting the study.

It wasn't really any particular person? No, I don't think it was. I think Dr. Smith had this Dr. Norman Baxter—he's the academic vice president of Little Rock University—to come in and assist him with the actual preparation and conduct of the study. But he principally relied upon our own faculty committee and upon the consulting deans from medical schools all over the country. What they are trying to find is some means of shortening medical education. And this program offers the potential of shortening medical education by a whole year, because it's a twelve-month program. It's not just a two-semester program.

The primary thing I did to try to gain public acceptance was to abstract—I reduced

Dr. Smith's two-volume feasibility study to five pages, because obviously, nobody in the legislature or anywhere else was going to read this comprehensive study with the exception, perhaps, of the Board of Regents. Even then, it was a fairly technical study. So I tried to reduce it to about five pages. Then also, I assisted in preparing a series of slides which in very elemental fashion illustrated the need for medical education in Nevada and the growing need for it. It illustrated the proposed program and what degrees would be available in it, and how this program would in time—a long time—begin to fill some of the professional vacancies in the medical area in the state. It was principally just an interpretation problem, or job, as far as I was concerned.

Now Dr. Smith himself has been indefatigable. He's an amazing little man in that he, I think, must have spoken to more than a hundred and fifty groups all over the state—Elko, Ely, Winnemucca, Las Vegas. He's traveled the state more now, I imagine, than almost anybody on the staff. He's been to all parts of it, and parts that even I haven't been to. And he's effective—he makes an effective presentation, and he's so dedicated and sincere that I think that that's really, gradually paid off. I think there's no question but that there's a political element in it, that some of the northerners who would perhaps not agree with going along with such a program at this time if the opposition from Las Vegas had not been so hot. But it boiled down finally to the northerners stuck together as a group. There's only one northerner, the senator from Ely, who didn't go along. And even he said he would if necessary.

So I think that the University was able to exploit the north-south antipathy; I think that happened. I don't think the University particularly endeavored to exploit it at all, but

I think it just happened to the advantage of those who supported the program. Two years from now, with another reapportionment, [laughing] that would just—it's gone.

Well, I'd better not be getting into personalities, but I think Mr. [James] Bilbray's overzealousness in trying to advance the cause of the south has worked to his disadvantage and to the disadvantage of itself. Because even the Board—the Board of Regents—on the final vote of the Board of Regents was eight to three, which meant that two southern Nevada members swung over and voted with the northern members. And I think Bilbray, as I expressed, in his overzealousness, was possibly responsible for that (laughing).

How does the job of the newspaperman compare or contrast with the job of the public relations man? Well, I have a little advantage there in having been on the other side for as long as I was. I try to be totally honest with the press. I don't try to hide anything, but by the same token I'm not shoveling out something that would be disadvantageous to the University. I encourage the press to come on the campus as much as possible and to dig for their own stories. But at the same time, I try to maintain for myself their utmost respect. And even though they know exactly what my function is—to try to get something good about the University in the paper—as long as I don't lose their trust in me, it works to my advantage. Actually, they print verbatim virtually everything that we send them. The Nevada newspapers are fantastic that way. The University probably—it does; it gets more publicity, more space, over a period of time than any single institution in Nevada. And virtually all of it is constructive. Now, obviously, when our personality conflicts develop on campus, or issues develop between departments or units of the University, the newspapers do make capital out of that, also.

But I think we've had a minimum of that type thing.

When I first came, one of the problems was that the press basically had grown to distrust the Regents because of their frequent tendency to meet secretly. And they had a system of committee meetings prior to the whole Board meeting, and some of these committee meetings would be secret. Well, the press began to imagine things, which is what always happens when there are secret meetings, and the Regents generally were in pretty bad light in the newspapers. Well, gradually, we've pretty well corrected that, I think. The committee meeting concept has been abandoned altogether. We have only one committee that meets now; that's the finance advisory committee to work with our endowment funds, and that meeting is open, although I take the reporters to lunch instead, because frankly, when you're discussing the investment of money, a lot of times it's more helpful to be able to do it, candidly and privately. But on the other hand, if a reporter wanted to go, the meeting is open.

The Regents now have met openly all the time, and they hold a personnel session at the end of their regular meeting. The press has accepted that. I think things are working along pretty well. Quite frankly, I think much of the credit on this has to go to Edd Miller and Neil Humphrey. Humphrey is a totally honest man. And he is available to the press at any time and he doesn't try to work with me as a buffer, nor does Edd Miller work with me as a buffer, to—you know, instead of talking to the reporters themselves, have them call me or something. It doesn't work that way. They'll talk to them directly and honestly. And I think that, really, that's been the major area of our success, is because we've got some damn top-notch administrators at this point. I just hope we can keep them.

Do I think there is such a thing as overexposure of the University? [On a recent evening, the local paper carried nine stories about the University.] What happens there is I try to avoid that, but what happens is that frequently there'll be so damn many little meetings or public service functions (a concert or a seminar or something like that) that'll develop in one week's period—like next week; it's just going to be hopeless with all kinds of little things. Well, I try to space these out in presenting them to the newspapers, but then they get into a backlog, and it's not urgent type news. And then all of a sudden they run across a day when they've got a good blank space, and they'll shovel in all these University stories. And ye gods, it looks like the *Sagebrush*!

I don't think overexposure is a problem. The only place where I get to worrying about overexposure as a problem is, for instance, in the discord that developed between the University and DRI over the proposal of DRI to become a separate unit of the system rather than a unit of the Reno campus. The presentation of that position, or that argument, was frequently done, I thought, a little too harshly. And so this does provide a built-in controversy which the press loves, and you do get too much exposure—I mean, the sane situation developed with the argument of who was going to administer the computer center. Once again, there were harsh words exchanged, and, frankly, in some quarters, an effort to leak information to the press to make one side or another look better. I think there is too much exposure for that type of thing. But I don't think that you can have particularly too much exposure on a—what I say, a soft-sell impression that the person gets after a year or two, that the University is indeed an active area, an active unit of our community, and there's this going on there, there's that

going on, and this—you know. And that's the approach I'm trying to use, rather than frankly big stories. I try to just have a series of little stories that show up just continually. And I don't know; I hope it's working.

CONCLUSION

Do I like telling the story of an institution, or do I like better the role of the reporter out on the beat? At the moment, there can only be one answer to that. But I would tell a young person to indeed get some experience in the actual functioning in a newspaper, and then get the hell out of it because you can't make any money. He's got to get into some other related activity in order to make a living. Newspapers are still notoriously a bad pay. So I prefer telling the University story than undertaking to try to dig it out at this point. I think, also, that there's an element of age in that. I think as you grow older, the concept of getting up in the middle of the night to go cover an airplane crash and chase around all day on something else is—it just gets too much.

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